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THE BRIDE OF GETTYSBURG.

AN EPISODE OF 1863.

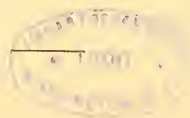
IN THREE PARTS.

BY

John D. Hylton
J. D. HYLTON,

Author of "Voices from the Rocky Mountains," &c., &c.

Otium sine Literis mors est.
Animi cultus humanitatis cibus.

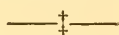


PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY.

1878.

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PREFACE.



As this book is only written for the perusal of true admirers of genuine poetry—those who can appreciate lofty imagination, grand conception and combination of ideas—graceful, fluent, flowing numbers—choicest harmony of cadence and rhyme, freighted with high and noble aspirations, filled with feeling and pathos, adorned with simile and metaphor—who know that it is not enough for sentiments to be natural, graceful, and proper, in order that a poet may acquire any high degree of poetical merit, but that he must also be sublime and pathetic: For such persons of exquisite taste and feeling of heart this poem is written. So, from those of an opposite bias of mind, the author hears praise without being elated, and ribaldry without being in the least depressed. He has so frequently seen the first too lavishly and precipitately bestowed, and the latter so cowardly and faithless to its purpose, that he deems it is often the only index to real merit in the present age. He is not so arrogant as to declare this the finest poetical production of the century, but if it has its equal in beauty of thought and expression, he will thank any one who will be so kind as to show it to him. If some parts of this poem are found to be inferior in action to others, it was so meant to be by the author. No scenery is grand, beautiful and sublime, without undulations and breaks: Its valleys and hills, its rivers, its torrents its rills, its towering trees, its grass, its weeds, flowers and thorns, sunshine and and storm. This will be seen, as the numbers of this story appear.

THE AUTHOR,

Palmyra, New Jersey, 1878.

THE BRIDE OF GETTYSBURG.

PART I.

A tale of love and sorrow, of a sad and piteous time ;
A tale of war and slaughter, wouldst thou learn it ? hear my rhyme.
A tale of those dark, bloody days, when within this land arose,
That fratricidal war, so grim, from its beginning to its close.
A tale of those who fought and bled, and won, and paid the price ;
For they with the countless dead lay down—a willing sacrifice.
Nor ask me how this wild, mournful, legend, came into my ken ;
As truth let it pass, as others go, amongst the sons of men.

'Twas when o'er Pennsylvania's fertile hills and valleys came,
The fierce, invading Southern Host, like a destroying flame ;
And from their harvest-fields her terror stricken children fled,
Or with their crimson gore, her winding streams ran warm and red.
And through her sister States, her cry for aid and succor went,
Swift as the lightning's flash across the cloudy firmament.

And from the far off East and West, and from the glorious North,
Battalion on battalion streamed, like mountain torrents forth.
They flocked from cities, and from fields, from tall mountain and from
glen ;
From plough and quarry, forge and loom, an'1 mines, sent forth their
hordes of men ;
The prisons were unlocked, and all those who pined in dungeon den,
Were gladly called forth to war for her, for all were needed then !

As from realms where piercing frosts descend, and freezing breezes blow,
The swarming cranes embodied fly, where suns congenial glow ;
With ceaseless noise and clamor the myriads fill the dusky air,
So, vast the armies flocked to aid her, in those days of dark despair ;
Vast as the flies that o'er leagues of carrion hum at evening warm,
When far o'er the silent valleys looms the coming thunder storm ;
Countless as the bees that from a hundred hives together swarm ;
So vast, so thick, for her in war array, did fierce battalions form !

Oh, 'twas a time of bitter anguish ! of weeping and of wail !
Of heart-devouring teen ; and all with fear or grief were pale !
For sisters parted with their brothers, mothers with their sons ;
Many whom they ne'er shall meet again, while time her chariot runs !
Fathers left their little ones, and husbands left their weeping wives,
But many meet on earth no more, till the Judgment day arrives !
Maidens parted with their lovers, friend with friend, and kin with kin ;
O'er the land was naught but weeping, parting, or busy battle din !

'Twas then within New York, where the shining Hudson runs,
There dwelt in manhood's prime, one of earth's boldest, bravest sons !
One like those brave Three Hundred, those sturdy, godlike men of old,
Who fell for Greece and liberty, with Leonidas the bold !
Or one like those ever glorious, those triumphant Three !
Who warred on Rome's Bridge against a host, and kept their city free !
Like them he rose in all his strength, to keep this land from thrall ;
He rose to battle for her right, to strike, to conquer or to fall !
Go, gaze on the sons of men, but a manlier form, I ween,
Since first the race began, ye'll find, has never trod on green !
Tall was his form, his shoulders broad, close trimmed his yellow hair,
And in his lightsome face you might trace, hope, triumph, no despair.
But when stirred to anger, he was a mortal fierce and grim ;
Trained in all manly practice, huge of thew and strong of limb.
And mark his fiery glances how swift around they dart,
They show his courage fierce and firm, though compassionate his heart.
Yea, gaze in his deep blue eye ! and right plainly you will see,
A strange wild blending of savageness, with mild humanity.
With all their fire, see a heart turned to kindliness and love,

For in him has nature mingled well, the eagle and the dove.
He leaves his home of peace and love, to face the battle flame,
For not through him he keenly feels, shall Northmen come to shame !
O'er his heart no human power a cloud of fear can roll,
For well he knows to die or conquer, proves a sturdy hero's soul !
A few brief hours are left him to bid farewell to all,
A few brief hours ere he must go to triumph or to fall,
And there ne'er lived a nobler one within this world of ours,
This sphere of checkered ways, of paths of thorns and flowers ;
But who to some cherished one, would bid farewell ere they depart ;
Some much loved one who through all time, shall linger in that heart ;
Who through earth's bright or dullest scenes, through all life's joys or
cares,
They there enshrined shall dwell and know no change through endless
years.
Yea, their image graved on that heart, warming it with deathless glow,
Cheering it as the sun the world, through all its peril, pain or woe.
Yea, one who weeps when they depart, and smiles with joy when they
return,
Who'd nurse them through all ills, or constant mourn above their silent
urn.

It is a lovely summer day, by Hudson's beauteous stream,
The sparkling flood is turned to gold by Sol's departing beam,
The banks of trees and flowers in the stream, are sweetly mirror'd there,
Those banks of trees and flowers that scent the balmy summer air ;
The sun grows slant on the hills, the wind is breathing through the trees,
The flowers bloom mongst their roots, the grass is waving to the breeze ;
Murmuring rill of vale and hill, dance in the rays of the sun,
The herds gambol by streams that through luxuriant pastures run ;
The sun is sinking, all the sky aglow, and vale and hill-top blaze,
Like molten ore, in the intense, full splendor of his parting rays.
And like rejoicing things of sense and thought, the graceful linden trees,
Flutter their green glittering leaves unto the healthful summer breeze ;
The smiling sun goes down, and o'er the wide and glowing stream,
In all her queenly loveliness, comes forth the moon's broad beam ;

O'er the landscape bright are harvest fields, and corn in tasseled bloom,
Lilies wave their heads on high, and load the air with sweet perfume.
And like an all-pervading spirit, upon this earthly ball,
Night slowly flings her silent drapery, her gray and dusky pall ;
And woos her to repose as a mother her infant unto sleep,
One by one the stars come forth, and like sentinels their vigils keep.
Far to the right, all ghastly white, on sloping fields of green,
Like flocks of scattered sheep, wide wastes of tents are dimly seen.
And oft cometh wild, merry shouts, as though happy souls were there,
For all those gallant hearts their farewell songs are singing loud and clear.
They sing of love and not of fame—forgot is grisely war the while,
Though most bear ghastly scars from many a reeking carnage pile.
And as their songs grow louder, and swell upon the balmy air,
From manly cheeks into the earth, drops many a silent tear !
Oh, gallant hearts ! who can tell the anguish and the doubts that fill,
Your bosoms now ? or the strange misgivings that through your bosoms
thrill ?

While now you bid your last adieu, to those whose hearts are mourning
sore,

Alas, brave chiefs ! you've kissed your last fond kiss, ye'll meet on earth
no more !

The seasons will roll on, and bring all their storm and shine and rain,
But never to your loved ones, shall you, brave hearts, return again !
And till yon pine the lightning shivered, shall uprear its lifeless stem,
Wives ! mothers ! sisters ! daughters ! maidens ! shall ye look in vain
for them !

Beneath a poplar tall, there on the bank of living green,
This lovely eve in thoughtful mood, our gallant youth is seen.
And by his side his promised bride, like an angel standeth there,
Her lovely face upturned to heaven, as though in silent prayer !
Fairer than the fairest flower, that ever bloomed in shine or shade,
Is she, the idol of his soul, that young and glorious maid !
Oh, the sweet, sweet smile upon her lips, her eyes so kind and sheen ;
Never since the first of womankind, was such a face, I ween.
High is her brow, and fair as snow ; her long bright, glorious hair,

Which falls on her cheek, like gold-hued cloud flakes on a morning fair ;
(Or as the radiant halo seen round some far off happy sphere),
Waves o'er her fair, thin-draped, heaving breast, sporting with the
balmy air.

As the winds in summer sighing over amaranthine flowers,
As the low, sweet, songs that float through pleasure's happiest bowers,
Or as the lonely Anawanda, when storms have ceased to blow,
That sings amidst Brazillian wastes, her voice is sweet and soft and low.
Her lips are as the fairest rose when moist with heaven's shower ;
Her eyes as two bright stars of light, at midnight's tranquil hour,
When the silver moon has waned from heaven, and frosty is the night,
Two bright stars that gladdened heaven and earth with their majestic
light ;

Her round arm white as the foam from ocean's heaving billow born,
Her footsteps lighter than the mists that sail along the hills at morn ;
Or as the softest murmur of some far off melodious song,
When at eve across the waters on fragrant winds it floats along ;
Or light as the glancing spectrum that a perfect prism throws,
When full on it through a narrow sphere a smiling sunbeam glows.
Her mouth is as amaranthine bud, or gem of asphodel,
When first it 'gins to bloom on Oriental moor or fell.
Fairest of womankind, on which ever rosy morning gleamed !
Fairest creature of the earth on which moon or stars have beamed !
Is she, that pure and gentle being who standeth there the while,
A maiden with a seraph's heart and with an angel's rosy smile !
In naught has nature failed to bless her ; with her all virtues dwell
Lovely is she to look upon ; high born, and also nurtured well.
Her pure young heart gives virtues birth, and bedecks her deeds away,
As meadows grass and flowers yield in the sweet warm month of May.
Yea, matchless is her loveliness, and matchless is her soul's own grace !
Yet skilled in all handicrafts that crown and bless her gentle race ;
Skilled in all useful arts that befit an Anglo-Saxon wife,
That make a paradise on earth, and ever gladden human life.
Oh, breathes there on earth a wretch with feelings all so cold and dead !
Who never paused to view the smile by virtuous beauty shed ?

And there as he gazed in secret raised his thoughts to heaven,
And thanked his God with all his soul that such a gift was given !
And thought as he gazed his soul away, no region could be drear,
Not e'en Sahara's gloomy waste, if woman's sunny smile were there !
Woman, sacred be thy name ! blessed the hour that caused thy birth !
For, woman, without thee, what a dreary wilderness were earth !
Thou'rt the best and noblest gift that God to mortal man bestowed ;
Thy voice can ever gladden him, o'er life's dark and thorny road.
Thou'rt his solace, friend and nurse, in joy, in sorrow, unto death ;
And throughout all time thou shalt be blest by man's first and latest
 breath !

His boast and pride thou art through youth, and all his glorious prime ;
And e'en when bent with years, he totters down the corridor of time !
Thou'rt the verdant, blessed oasis, smiling 'midst the arid waste,
To which panting, fainting, wonderers fly when by the simoom chased ;
Thou'rt the radiant sun that keeps creation fresh and warm ;
The bow that comes upon the troubled sky and smiles away the storm !
Thou art the gleaming peerless moon, gladdening the murkiest night,
Thou art the noblest thing from God's own realm of purity and light !

And such is his Minona, a being of all gentleness,
Sent from yon bright realms on high the world to dazzle and to bless.
Yea, sent by the Great Eternal One, to journey here awhile,
A type of those we yet shall see beyond this sphere of sin and guile !

And who be those two lovers, that here this eve together stand,
Upon the bank of that clear stream, hand so gently clasped in hand ;
Whose dear images shall never fade from out each other's soul ;—
Till the tree that fell last year uprears its shattered lifeless bole !

One summer day a stately vessel sailed from mighty England's shore,
Bound for this great Western world, and o'er the deep these loving
 hearts it bore.

But they were infants then ; a few brief months could number all the
 days,

They had existed in this world—this world of rough and thorny ways.
And with the infant boy his sire and loving mother sailed,
A wealthy noble pair, who from Dun-Edin's ancient city hailed,

With the other infant came her sire, and an aged nurse,
But as kind a soul as ever dwelt upon this universe.
She was of that stamp of humankind found seldom in this world of woe,
Whose pure bright spirits know no thought or wish but what a world
might know.

Though sprung from out the poor and humble train, her soul gave virtues birth,

As grass and flowerets spring from some rich soil that knows no frost
nor dearth.

In every period of her life, through all her weal or woe,
Her heart to Him was ever given from whence all blessings flow ;
In all His mercies she ever saw a Father's kindness shine,
Nor let she a gift His grace conferred her heart from him incline.
Through all times of joy, or fell distress, each bright or gloomy scene,
A sweet and humble mind she still possessed, contented and serene.
Her spirit soared to that pure fount whence endless comfort flows.
She learned to scorn this cruel world and calmly bear its woes.
Noble was her soul, and its house of clay had nature nobly formed,
Never a more fair and queenly form hath human life-blood warmed.
Native gracefulness was round her, as a glowing robe of light ;
Yea, gracefulness and ease, and all that proves a spirit calm and bright.
And though well loaded down with toilsome years, yet if queen might
wear,

On her brow such stately beauty, no diadem were needed there.
As a sunbeam one bright smile of love upon her lips there lay,
But as a sunbeam that ne'er grows cold, nor fades, nor ever dies away.
And still in death she wore it, e'en when closed the sable coffin lid,
And evermore from human eye her clay cold features hid.
Such was that nurse, Ulrica, to whom Minona was left in charge,
When from England's shore o'er Atlantic billows sailed that vessel large.
Nine days and nights they had safely journeyed, o'er the azure main ;
On the tenth a storm arose, dreadful was the tempest and the rain !
Terrific were the thunder peals, and grim the blinding lightning came,
As though to wrap that vessel all within a robe of gleaming flame !
As monsters furious and dread, the giant billows rose and fell,

And as some frail nut shell the vessel reeled to each terrific swell !
Soon there burst a deafening crash, a groan and agonizing yell !
While the ocean o'er that vessel swept like some demoniac hell !
And far o'er the raging deep a mast with shrouds and spars was borne,
With them from that fated ship, alas, ten human forms were torn !
And one, Minona's sire ! Then burst from those waters dark and wild,
One only voice ; 'twas his ! " God take me, but oh, protect my child !
Just then from out the inky firmament, but for a moment's space,
Bright o'er those waters dark and wild shot forth the sun's effulgent face ;
So sudden and so swift across the billows glanced that glowing beam,
It seemed to be a trick of magic or a flying, passing dream.
Then afar upon a rising billow amidst those waters vast,
For the last time was seen that father, clinging to the shattered mast.
Hope a moment through each bosom ran to see the tempest lull,
And all on deck were hurried, to pump that leaking, tossing hull.
Vain their toil ! swift as thought, the inky clouds again the sky o'ercast,
The tempest rose as the fiercest sweep of some grim tropic blast.
Or like the hoarded tempests of all ages, rising at the voice Divine,
And full on the vessel rushed a roaring avalanche of brine.
As round and round a reed is tossed on the maelstrom's awful brim,
So round and round that hull was spun midst the billows fierce and grim.
As up and down midst the waters, bobs the buoy when storms are keen,
So rose and sank that hull, now lost to sight, now a moment seen.
The tempest deepened ; like ten thousand fiends in pain, it shrieked and
yelled !
Higher still to heaven, the furious billows rose and swelled !
In blinding sheets the lightnings burst ! peal on peal the thunders rolled !
As though to rouse the dead of ages past, all whom earth or seas may
hold !
Like a huge earthquake shock heard at midnight o'er the hills afar,
So came unto that trembling crew the crash of timbers and of spar.
Like a knell of death and judgment rung from the Eternal Throne,
Bursting on hopeless sinners' ears, chilling nerve and vein and bone,
So, fore and aft through gaping seams, they heard the gushing waters roll,
Then terror palsied nerve and thew, and hope abandoned every soul.

And like a leaf torn by the tempest from off its shattered tree,
The pilot from the helm was wrenched and tossed into the boiling sea.
But like a saving angel, sent at pitying heaven's command,
To keep that weary crew from grim death that seemed so near at hand,
The instant that the pilot went, to the helm there rushed a man,
Though to and fro that vessel reeled, and roaring surges o'er it ran.
Calm and serene he grasped the helm, like being from another world,
And safely steered that vessel on, though drenching waves were on him
hurled;

Nor vessel's lurch, nor storm nor wave, from the helm could sever him,
For endowed was he with more than human strength of thew and limb.
Yea, I ween, never a stronger hand has grasped a vessel's helm;
Less like man he seemed, than a God of that fierce, watery realm!
But who was he that steered that vessel, with nerve and arm so strong?
Who, but Moran Percy, the father of the hero of this song!
Calm and serene as one whose faith in God is rooted sure and fast,
He looked the while he steered that vessel through surge and roaring
blast;

As some firm rocky fort that recks not flood, nor siege, nor driving storm,
So cased in faith and godly pride, beside the helm he reared his form.
With faces pale as are the dead, that load the funeral pile;
Or like the snow-white foam, that round them tossed for many a mile.
On the creaking deck the trembling, helpless crew were crouched the
while,

Yet dauntless was his look and high and radiant was his smile.
Once more on the shattered deck an avalanche of water fell,
And then once more on the tempest rose a groan and stifled yell!
And once more a reeling mast and shrouds were torn and burst in twain,
And with them twelve of that crew were tossed upon the boiling main!
Then, thank God! the tempest lulled, pitchy clouds away were driven,
Bright o'er the plunging ocean shone the azure face of heaven.
But still long rolled the billows high, though to sleep had sunk the blast,
And through gaping seams within that hull the flood was rushing fast.
Then knelt in cabin and on deck, those with terror shaken sore,
And many who never breathed a prayer unto their God before!

Dire were the yells of dark despair that issued with each breath,
As they called on God to save them from their fast approaching death !
Some wildly tossed their arms aloft, and wrung their hands and tore
their hair,

Some still as marble figures stood, and looked like statues of despair !
Some shook their fists at heaven, blaspheming with vociferous yells,
Defying God ! and looked like demons from the fiercest of all hells !
Some, with hardihood of soul, strong as sinews of their iron frame,
In silence at the pumps toiled on ; nor once from them a murmur came !
Ah, brave souls ! in vain they toiled ! in vain they strove the leak to
staunch !

To save their ship their sinewy strength in vain they strove to launch !
But still they toiled unceasing for loved was she, as loved was life,
Dearer far, was she to them, than parent, maiden, child or wife.
For some there were amongst them then, and braves of that fated crew,
Who through all their weary lives ne'er another love or friendship knew.
To see her sink to ocean's bed and pass for aye from out their view,
Patriots ne'er to see their country die, keener breaths of anguish drew !
Then wistfully the hoary Captain gazed upon the liquid realm,
Which too well he knew would soon himself, his crew and vessel overwhelm,
Ne'er a bolder man than him through raging seas had steered a helm !
Have you seen in winter time, clad with its crown of snows, a giant elm,
Towering high above the forest round ? so, midst his crew he rose ;
Erect and huge and strong, though white his waving locks as Alpine
snows !

Sixty years on stormy seas he'd seen fierce dangers round him roll,
But ne'er till then a cloud of dark despair had ever whelmed his soul !
A tear stole down his cheek while gazing on that ocean's fierce unrest,
Move his lips as though in silent prayer ! heaved high his brawny breast !
For his soul was like that ocean, with its stormy ebb and flow,
That hides full many a glittering gem within its depths below.
Though the strongest seaman of his day, and haughty, stern and grim,
Famed o'er land and flood as a giant, both in thews and limb.
Yet human love and kindness fired his stormy soul the while,
As the deathless sparks that glow within some lone volcanic isle.

Though then forlorn and tempest worn, courage sparkled in his eyes,
As that which in the retina of yet unconquered lion lies.
Suddenly across his manly features shot a passing glow,
Bright as Sol's last setting ray cast on a mountain capped with snow;
And as a peal of thunder that shakes the startled midnight air,
His clarion voice burst forth amid that scene of wild despair;
As starts the fold when in their midst some gaunt monster doth appear,
So by him that crew were startled from their blasphemy and fear.
"The ship is sinking fast," he said, "but our lives we yet may save,
If ye all will toil together and not around like mad men rave!
So build a raft, hew down yon sole mast, bring barrel, plank and stave,
And lash them fast together, or soon ye each will meet your grave!
As swift as though 'twas built by magic, so quick a raft was formed,
Soon on the ocean's troubled breast with human freight it swarmed.
Meanwhile the only life-boat the cruel storm had deigned to spare,
The Captain of that vessel had placed in Moran Percy's care.
In it his wife and child, and Ulrica with her charge he placed,
Every babe and every woman it could carry he stowed in it with haste.
Then with a sigh he set them drifting adown a rolling wave,
And stayed behind to succor more or die while in the act to save,
For still on that fated hull some fifty souls or more remained,
These to form another raft with all their thews and sinews strained.
To see how these poor mortals toiled, it was indeed a ghastly sight!
For surely men were never in a more grim and deadly plight.
Without food or drink or rest, they had labored through that storm,
Unceasing at the pumps—worn and weary was each manly form!
Though hope through all that tempest had kept their bosoms blithe and
warm,
She forsook them now, and ten fold round them did all their perils
swarm.
And while with weary hearts they toiled, and sinews stiff and sore,
High upon the stern the captain stood and thus he spake once more.
"God, of the soul and sea! Thou knowest that from this scene so dark
and drear,
Before Thy judgment throne my deathless spirit dreads not to appear?"

Long, thou knowest, Father, it has yearned to cease its earthly race,
 And in Thy holy heaven of heavens meet Thee face to face !
 Thou knowest when but a child I roamed my native Albion fields,
 Ere yet I learned the many woes this universe of sorrow yields,
 How I in prayer have knelt to Thee, taught by them who years ago
 Thou called to Thee, and left me early orphaned in this world of woe !
 Since then through all my prime till now, whether on land or rolling
 sea,

As 'twere done by instinct, my soul hath always homage paid to Thee !
 Thy awful presence, though unseen, has amidst us been to-day,
 And has bid the plunging billows tear my dearest friends away !
 Now, to hear Thy voice, would be more welcome to my thirsty soul,
 Than to ears of him midst scorching wastes the gushing water's roll !
 Ah, Father Almighty ! surely when Thou gavest my soul her birth,
 And eternal made her, 'twas for a holier home than earth !
 From this sad scene now bid me go ; burst the bonds that bind my soul !
 With eyes undazzled view the prize, and joyously embrace the goal !
 Bid my spirit bound to Thee ; from this sphere of anguish set it free !
 For it yearns to join those friends whom Thou this day have ta'en to
 Thee !

Thoughts of them stir in my soul as stars above some forest dun,
 Or like those faint beams with which the world is draped when sets the
 sun.

As those phosphorescent rays that in some darksome cavern glow,
 Their memory cheers my soul, made through their loss a tomb of woe !
 So, for beauteous death, that jewel of the good and just, I sigh ;
 Beyond whose marge, if we could only see, what priceless treasures lie !”

He ceased, and with his naked arms folded across his bosom bare,
 But for whose heavings, he seemed a giant statue standing there.
 He still kept his face upturned to heaven, while his crew around,
 Awe-struck, gazed on him, keeping a silence solemn and profound.
 With parted lips and straining eyes, and ashy whitened face,
 Each seaman gazed on him as though each were rooted to his place.
 And as though bound by some potent spell whose adamant chain,
 He could not break, also Percy stood, while thus he spake again :

“ Ancient, of everlasting time, Eternal and all-righteous Lord !
 Who scatters armies in Thy rage and breaks the buckler and the sword !
 Who all created at a breath that forms this mighty universe,
 And could to chaos with a breath, its atoms all again disperse !
 On Thy throne, O Lord, there is a seat for me—the very same
 I had, ere by Thy fiat unto this world of woe I came,
 And throughout all ages it shall vacant be till I return ;
 That sacred place none but myself can fill while souls with life shall
 burn !

When I descended here to run my race, in Thy paternal heart
 A void was made, which never shall be filled while we are kept apart ;
 Yea, though ten thousand thousand worlds demand Thy constant care,
 And all the countless, deathless souls of every shining sphere,
 Yet e'en now, I know Thy quick love flies to meet my earnest prayer,
 And that e'en now Thou art giving me far more than my full share !
 Loving me as though I were the only thing save Thee in boundless space,
 The only living thing worthy to receive Thy fond embrace !
 Omnipotent Father of mankind, unbounded and alone !
 Who in the highest heavens hast fixed Thy everlasting throne,
 Aye, unsearchable, and yet to every race and creed made known,
 Whose eternal arms are round the whole creation as a zone ;
 At whose command an island could this moment from the sea arise,
 And lift us safely up from the peril that around us lies !
 Who forth the lightning and the thunder sends, to blast an erring land,
 Or holds them fast with the tempest in the hollow of Thy hand !
 Who to dwell within an humble heart, doth leave Thy loftiest skies,
 And from there make forever Thy holiest of all holies rise !
 Who only shall be when all the myriads boundless worlds are done,
 Whose endless being will be but then in power and might begun !
 Pity, pity us, Almighty Father ! for Thy love is great,
 Thou showest us naught but mercy, e'en when we deserve Thy hate,
 And when the multitude of Thy boundless mercies shall be done,
 Look on us through the merits and mediation of Thy blessed Son !
 Almighty and Eternal Father, cleanse our souls from crime,
 For the sake of Him who died for sinners, of every race and clime !

Let us all from here go forth to Thee, serene in endless prime,
Meet for the fellowship of those who dwell within Thy realm sublime !
And oh ! if there be one craven soul amongst this storm tossed crew,
Who fears this moment Thy bright, glorious countenance to view,
Who would tremble at the thought to quit this world of toil and woe,
To dwell in Thy realms with Thee, from whom all joys and blessings
flow,

Pity him, God ! and when midst the flood he breathes his latest breath,
Guide him tenderly through the dark shadow and the vale of death !
Or teach him, ere he leave this grim, drear world, to feel like me,
Whose only thought and wish and hope, is now, O, Lord, to bound to
Thee ! ”

As the last words he spake, ere died his voice above the racing wave,
A sudden lurch that vessel made and sank into her yawning grave !
As down beneath the gurgling waters with fearful speed she sped,
The last thing that met the human eye was that captain's hoary head !
White as snow the flood rolled round, though black till then as midnight
clouds,

As though her sinking had upturned ten thousand seamen's shrouds !
Swift as thought the waters closed, and from that crew no wail arose ;
If at death they shrieked, 'twas 'neath the foam where ceased their mor-
tal throes.

So, patriots with their country die, on some red reeking field,
When they for her no more may lift the glittering sword and shield !
When of all hope bereft their land to save to death alone they yield !
And that mute tearless grief they feel no human tongue has yet revealed !
Dire and frightful were the yells of agony that burst from those
The raft and life-boat saved from death ; from sea to sky their groans
arose !

The instant that they saw the snow-white foam above that vessel close,
And ne'er before was heard so dread a mingled strain of heartfelt throes,
Then some crazed with grief sprang in the sea, and were that instant
drowned,

Some prostrate fell, and shrieked with agony dire and profound ;
Some seized with sudden godliness, in prayer before their Maker bent,

While some like fiends red hot from hell, their curses o'er the water sent !
Mute and still and pale, as is the corse that loads the sable bier,
Moran Percy's widow stood, a very statue of despair ;
Around her slumbering babe her snow-white arms were gently thrown,
And but for the heaving of her breast she seemed of lifeless stone !
Her's was that misery grim and deep, that yawning woe and ill,
All that dull grief which more than pain has power to waste and kill ;
That grim grief that tears and wounds, and tortures all the inmost soul,
Griefs that war with the heart while like flames they scorching round it
roll !

That lasting sorrow deep and strong, which to no human joy may yield,
Which keeps the spirit wrapped in gloom, and cold as frost on Northern
field.

Her's was that anguish deep o'er which soothing drops refuse to roll,
That unutterable woe that settles tearless on the soul.
With parted lips and glaring eyes, she gazed where only foam arose,
Standing silent, dumb with sorrow, anguish-whelmed, as one of those,
Who has seen his home and kindred swallowed midst an earthquake
vast,

And who near the scene yet lingers, staring wildly and aghast.
Soon senseless in Ulrica's arms sank the pale mute mourner's form,
As falls a lily 'neath the roaring chariot of the storm,
And there long insensible she lay so lovely and so still,
As if grim death would have smitten her, but had not nerve to kill.
Father of mercies ! at length she said, why didst Thou from silent earth
Awake the wretched, helpless race of man and curse it into birth ?
Oh ! how canst Thou look calmly down from Thy realm of perfect bliss,
Here see him writhing with agony upon a world like this ?
How canst Thou see him, hear him call Thee, Father, while fierce pain
and grief,

Through all his being darts when Thou couldst give him instant sure
relief ?

Oh, Thou ! who couldst like pebbles toss the boundless planets to and fro,
Have mercy, mercy on us, in our bitterness of woe !

Oh, Thou ! whose strong balance does the vast, stupendous planets
weigh,

Whose will the wild tumultuous seas of all the spheres obey,
Whose breath can in an instant turn those watery worlds to flame,
That flame to roaring hurricane, and that hurricane can tame,
Lo, I ! one of earths frail worms before Thy throne of mercy kneels,
And oh, have mercy on my soul for all this writhing woe it feels !
And blame me not, if I crave these floods to end my earthly sighs,
For gladly, gladly do I plunge to where my lord and husband lies !"
With features grim with care, where fell anguish looked forth strange
and wild

As though by hope of instant solace to rapture half beguiled,
With snowy arms still folded gently round her slumbering child,
One instant on the flood she frowned, the next upon her offspring
smiled,

And swifter than darts an arrow from a strong armed archer's bow
Nymph-like she on the waters lighted with murmurs faint and low,
Soon had the treacherous brine o'er all her griefs and infant closed,
Had not swift as light Ulrica's sturdy hand then interposed
And torn the panting, struggling mourner from out the racing wave,
Whose cold, cruel depths she hoped to make her own and offspring's
grave ;

And ever from that hour till ceased her life so sad and drear
That pale mute mourner and her child were Ulrica's constant care.
The sun went down, but ere he sank from sight, that wild, restless flood
One moment looked like some stupendous quivering sea of blood !
And full upon the cloudy vault of heaven where sweetly beamed
The arching rainbow's glowing form his yellow glory upward streamed.
In one dazzling blaze of light full on the cloudy vault it came
Till the ocean seem'd to wear a canopy of living flame,
Then 'neath the quivering flood he sank like life into the tomb,
Swift one by one his rays died out till ocean wore a face of gloom.
Soon darker than Erebus the pitchy shades of night closed round
To sleep the winds were lull'd, all was gloom and stillness most profound ;
Though the moon was full, not once that night she o'er the waters
beam'd,
And o'er that inky tranquil flood no smiling star of heaven gleam'd,

Never to ship-wrecked mortals a night more slow and dismal sped,
Each with sorrow, hunger, toil and fear, was well nigh smitten dead ;
O'er all throughout that day the bellowing briny waves had burst,
For water, water ! all were yearning with parching, writhing thirst.
To milkless breast, which well nigh bursting with keenest anguish swelled,
With aching arms, poor frail, thirsty, crying, panting babes were held ;
Poor helpless babes whom God for some wise cause sends to this world
below,

Whose life like ours begins with pain, which lasts on and ends in woe.
Poor little helpless sufferers sent into this world awhile,
To bear its countless griefs and ills, and to brave its frown or smile,
To work out some unseen end for which their God has placed them here,
For all that to this world He sends, He wills to fill some usefull sphere.
And perchance in after years some poor babe that was weeping there,
All unconcious of its danger, and of its nurse's pain and care,
Grew up to manhood's years, and wrought some glorious deed on earth,
And made one half creation bless the hour that brought him birth.
Through some dark enigma that perplex'd the world he may have burst,
Or only raised a cup of water to lips aglow with thirst,
In some poor bleeding bosom he may have stilled a woe swept chord,
Or in a dark and restless soul he may hope of heaven have pour'd,
He may have planted one sweet flower and nursed it into bloom,
Where all 'till then a barren waste had been wrapt in dearth and gloom :
He may have lived a glorious life and made it all sublime,
And dying left behind him deathless foot marks on the shores of time.
Footprints left behind him that shall hallow all the earth's broad face,
Guides for each weary soul and what the pure and good shall love to
trace,

'Till the ages bring the morn that bears the Judgment trumpets' roll,
And his form starts from earth to receive once more its guest, the soul.
If a tree he reared, a pilgrim shaded, when panting on the sod,
If back a wandering soul he brought that was estranged from God,
If bold he made some spirit grow to face this life's gloomy fray,
Or in the murky midnight whispered one glad word to tell of day.
By his timely aid some weak soul from temptation he hath kept,

When madly urged by sin in destruction's gurge it would have stept,
On in affliction's hour to some torn soul a healing balm he dealt,
Then his God has nobly, amply paid him for all the woes he felt.
As the sad voice of the breeze when it sighs on the grass of the graves,
The mournful cry of babes that night went over the inky waves,
Where nought else was heard save sea monsters through all that night of
woes,

As high in air at times they leapt, then quickly plunged to whence they
rose.

Oh, for a muse with fiery soul, all versed in human throes,
Whose tongue could every feature sign, form and phaze of grief disclose !
Then would I limn in words of fire the doubts and agony of those
Who in the life-boat lay, to whom sleep gave no moment of repose !
Oh, are there words enough in all this world, that could the thoughts de-
define,

While with one frail plank between them and unfathomed depths of
brine,

Those wretched women felt and knew, while close unto each aching
breast,

They pressed their panting babes, but where the little sufferers found no
rest,

Perchance at every plunge the huge monsters of the ocean gave,
They trembled lest some leviathan should whelm them in the wave ;
Or that in their midst from the flood should leap some ruthless shark,
And downward bear them in his jaw amidst the waters grim and dark.
But the all-pervading eye of God was watching o'er them there !
As he is ever wont to watch and guard the children of this sphere ;
He who rules all worlds, and yet to whom no sparrow dies unknown.
Safe within His arms they lay, with all the perils round them thrown,

Sudden and as swift as thought, a brilliant phosphorescent glow,
Streamed from the inky vaults above on the sable floods below ;
So long it lasted, and so intense, the stream of light became,
It seemed creation had put on a drapery of ruddy flame.
By that miraculous event each with fear was smitten dumb,
Trembling they cowered in the boat, as though the Judgment Day had
come !

All save Ulrica, whose lofty soul shone forth in danger's hour,
As doth the moon when she bursts through clouds of some dark thunder
shower,

And sheds her silvery flood of light at midnight o'er the trouble dworld,
Robes the clouds with light that erst were sable round the mountains
curl'd.

The forests wave their heads on high, glittering to the full-orbed beam,
And smile with joy while her gentle rays pour down on marsh and
stream.

Wistfully o'er the glowing waves her eagle eyes Ulrica cast,
That raft her vision sought, but none she found o'er all those waters vast.
Soon her face brightened like the full moon when clouds fade from on
high,

And they leave her calm and broad in the midst of the silent sky.
Now God be praised ! she cried ; be praised by every heart and lip !
For He has sent us timely aid—there behold yon coming ship !
Her white sails are all spread and full they bend to the rising breeze,
And swift towards us her course she bears on through the quivering
seas.

With lightning speed still on she nearer draws, now plainly I behold,
Her name upon her sable bow in letters all of shining gold ;
Now plainly I can read it by the heaven's radiant flame,
As though the sun were shining, The Victoria is her name.
Then instantly from sea to sky their wild exultant cries arose,
As those redeem'd spirits raise when bursting from a realm of woes,
Through the spacious vaults of air they rung, and o'er the flashing waves
As though ocean echoed back their cries through all her sounding caves.
But swift as flies an arrow from the bow, past them she onward flew,
Or as past the tossing wreck on the tempest flies the white sea-mew.
Still their cries burst forth, though disappointment did their souls appall,
Soon, thank God ! their cries were heard, the reefing sails began to fall.
None of that vessel's crew were idle, on the deck nor on the spars,
Soon on her those shipwrecked ones were borne by those bold British
tars ;

And there they strove to ease their wants and solace all their wrongs,

With all that open warmth and kindness which to the English race belongs.

Then rapid as the flight of thought, and mysterious as it came,
From the canopy above died out that quivering flood of flame ;
As the last of those ship-wrecked ones were on the vessel brought,
Yea, at the very moment, the heavens were with inky blackness fraught !
Then on unfathomed gloom they gazed with fear and wonderment,
For none before had ever seen so miraculous event !
With blank astonishment and awe they gazed, while on the midnight air,
From that vessel to the throne above poured forth tones of praise and prayer.

And if one there was 'mongst all that crew whose soul had never known
One ray of thought save of worldly things that were around him thrown,
And never on the majesty and power of his Maker thought,
To his soul that night in all its grand sublimity 'twas brought !
Though black as ebony the shades of night lay o'er the sable main,
Far and wide o'er ocean's breast that raft they sought, but sought in vain.

Lights high on the topmost mast they lit that far sent a friendly glare,
Loud with trumpets o'er the deep they called, and rockets sent in air.
But soon burst the welcome morn upon that night's unfathomed gloom
In all its pomp and glory as life emerging from the tomb ;
Or as bright rays of heavenly hope in sorrows darkest hour,
On an anguish-riven soul, that shall no more 'neath sorrow cower.
Full on the quivering floods the yellow beams of morning came
And ocean smiled with joy, looked as one broad world of rolling flame.
High in air as though to view the surface of their shining home,
The ocean monsters leapt, then plunged midst tracts of glittering foam.
Seven days and nights o'er ocean's heaving breast that raft was sought,
Though far and wide the sea was searched no trace of it was caught,
And how it fared was never known, though perchance none cared to know.

For each was maddened with their own wild weight of anguish and of woe !

When the Victoria's sturdy crew found their search was all in vain,

Towards this great Western Wor'd they bade their vessel cut the shining
main.

Safely they steered her on through calm, through billows, hurricane and
blast,

And soon in Columbia's waters their ponderous anchors cast.

See'st thou beside the flowing Hudson yonder vine clad cot,

That looks so lovely, you scarce on earth might find a fairer spot ?

For around it smiles the garden with its walks and hedges trim,

Breathing like a perfect Eden in the moonlight calm and dim.

There blooms in all its glory each rose by humankind deem'd fair,

All earth's fairest flowers smile, waving to the balmy summer air.

There blooms the eglantine and there the hair-bell lifts its queenly head,

And the air is rich with odors from the lovely violets' bed.

There the fairest trees that all the forests of the world can show

In their prime and stateliness around that vine wreathed cottage grow ;

And when the clouds fade from the moon, and full her rays are cast
below

Grand and solemn are the shadows they o'er the smiling landscape throw.

It was here within this cot that looks so lovely and so rare,

That Moran Percy's widow came to end her life of grief and care ;

With her she brought Ulrica, for a kinder, nobler soul,

She knew she had not found, had she searched the world from pole to
pole.

And it was here in one short year she fell beneath consuming woe,

As the cruel rime of winter lays some lovely floweret low ;

Here day by day she pined away with grief no human art could still,

'Twas that wild woe which more than pain hath power to waste and kill.

Friends around her came and strove to give her soul one moment's joy

But strove in vain, they woke no smile, her's was grief without alloy !

One all pervading thought her spirit filled where 'e'er her glance she
turn'd,

And as fierce flame that thought became, till her soul with madness
burn'd.

She had seen the ruthless ocean swallow down her cherished lord,

Him whom she worshiped more than God, yes, idolized, adored !

Though she knew it had not been lest God had will'd him such an end,
Yet, what Fate's cruel frost had marr'd Religion's sun-shine could not
mend.

And while she pined that year away, o'erwhelm'd with dole and grief,
That shook her very inmost soul as the whirlwind shakes the leaf,
Upon her cottage walls she limn'd that scene of ship-wreck and of woe,
With life-like tints that would have graced the skill of Michael Angelo !
'Twas upon a Sabbath morning and sweet was the balmy air,
And radiant shone the lovely sun upon that day of prayer,
And silver sweet the village bells far o'er hill and valley told,
To church with faces wreathed in smiles were gathering young and old.
Yea, a Sabbath morning, breezes fann'd each leaf and bloomy spray,
For all throughout the smiling land blossoms told that it was May,
Snowy bloom wreathed all as though a fragrant snow o'er Nature lay,
Passing winds let odors fall and bore them into sunshine far away.
The buzzing bees were on the trees toiling there with busy skill,
Distilling sweets the blossoms bore so they all their hives might fill ;
Bright joyously the sky spread o'er the wide stretch of wood and hill,
Where lines of sparkling rivers ran, roaring linn and tiny rill.
When to the silent chamber where that woe worn mourner lay,
As she had daily done before, old Ulrica bent her way,
But when the door she opened, what a solemn sight she saw ;
Any save Ulrica would have quail'd with terror and with awe.
With the morning sunbeams on her shining, wrapt in Death's embrace,
Lay the fairest, gentless one, who e'er adorned sweet woman's race.
Go, search the cycles of all ages, all the catacombs of Time,
A fairer being never trod this world since Eve was in her prime !
O'er her bare and lifeless breast her snowy hands were clasped as
though

Grim Death had found her praying when he had dealt the final blow ;
And radiance beam'd from her eyes that glared in death unclosed
Worn by none save those who all their hope and trust in God reposed.
Lovely in death was she, fair her brow as frost on Lapland heath,
And 'tween her parted lips gleam'd white as Northern snows her peer-
less teeth,

And on her foam white breast her glorious tresses fold on fold
 Amidst the morning sunshine shone as radiant threads of gold.
 She as no marble statue seem'd, with smiles her countenance was
 wreath'd,

As though the light of life she yet in all its purest vigor breath'd ;
 And no sculptor's mind nor chisel since the race of earth began
 Essayed one hundredeth fold so perfect form of loveliness to plan.
 As into space the purest ether flowes far from earth's tainted sod,
 To bliss her spirit flew, that long had kissed its Maker's chastning rod,
 That long had bow'd on sorrow's road the only path it would have trod,
 Were there just as many ways as grains of sand on earth to God.
 To wear a wreath in Paridice that glorious spirit swept afar
 Beyond the reach of dole or grief's control, or Time's all crushing car ;
 With God's chosen seraphs there to dwell enrobed in dazzling light,
 Precious stones adorn her drapery, with pearl and diamond bright.
 The ruby, topaz, emerald and sapphire's blazzing gem,
 Gleam on her star-embroidered robes, and on her glowing diadem,
 As there she quaffs immortal waters, cleansed from every taint of woe,
 And breathes before the throne of Him from whom all life and blessings
 flow.

And down the streets of heaven, happy as ought in bliss above,
 Hand in hand with him she goes who here she did so truly love,
 Side by side where everlasting streams of life their healing waters pour
 They taste the crystal floods, and dream of parting, doubt and pain no
 more !

Close nestled to his lifeless mother in calm and sweet repose
 Her infant lay, like lily bud that hard by a snow-drop blows,
 Or as the sweetest cherub that yet the spheres of Heaven trod
 Nigh the choicest seraph resting in the quiet sunshine of their God.
 A sun-beam through the window glanced and athwart his features fell,
 As light on an amaranthine bud, or gem of asphodel ;
 And as from snow-white gold edged c'ouds two radiant stars look
 through,
 So from his opening eyelids yellow fringe shone his eyes of sparkling
 blue.

Freshly through the open casements did the balmy breezes blow,
And fast the white flowery curtains were lifted to and fro,
As they wavered, on him the sun-beams glanced, each like a glowing
gem,

And sweet 'twas to see his happy glee as he watched and caught at them.
Soon he rose and 'bout that lifeless one his little arms he flung,
Climbed on her cold snow-white breast and to her swan-like neck he
clung;

And with pat and fond caress he smoothed her fair and palid cheeks,
Drew her shining tresses o'er that mouth which to him no longer speaks.
Press'd his lips to hers as he had done a thousand times before,
But which alas, while ages roll returns his kiss on earth no more !
And as though astonished at his mother's still and quiet mien,
Long silently he leaned o'er her, gazing in that countenance serene.
Poor little innocent ! long he gazed upon those features cold,
Gently pat those snowy cheeks, and tossed about those locks of gold
To rouse his mother from her rest, all unconscious of her doom,
That her soul had fled from him, and from all earthly blight and gloom !
"God of the tender, lone and frail ! to whom no prayer is breathed un-
known !

May Thy kind protecting arms be aye around the orphan thrown !
Forsake him not, O, Lord ! but forever guide him on Thy way ;
Nor vengeance take on him, though he should wonder widely for a day ;
For he is orphaned early ; o'er all his anguish pour relief ;
Teach the little orphaned sufferer to know the joy of grief ! "

So prayed Ulrica, as gently round that babe her arms she threw,
And with tearful eye from out the chamber of the dead withdrew.

Swift years rolled by and the while beneath Ulrica's pious care
These twain have grown to what they now this beauteous eve appear ;
Each glorious in form, and glorious and noble each in mind,
Useful to themselves and useful to the rest of human kind.
Such are these two waifs that here we find upon the sea of time,
Clinging each to each with a love all heavenly and sublime ;
Without a thought save each others' mortal and immortal weal,
Each for the other's welfare yearning with more than earthly zeal.

Nor aught of sorrow have they felt till now for many a day,
Not since Ulrica to her heavenly home was called away ;
Then no doubt to them the world seemed dark and sad and cold and
strange,

But time their sorrows heal'd, for through time e'en empires wane and
change.

And there is joy in grief when nor faith nor hope the saddened bosom
flee,

'Tis as the shower of spring, when it softens the branches of the tree,
And the green young leaves rise to the morning beam with sparkling
dew,

But sorrow wastes the faithless mournful and their days on earth are few.
As the earth is warmed with robes of fleecy snow in winter time,
To shield the tender plants from the bitter biting blasts and rime,
So, our God from some good cause, we finite minds can't comprehend,
Whelms us o'er with woe, and all our joys with grief and sorrow blend.
The dark, sad, dreary night is mother of the glittering morn,
The keenest pang of pain may be birth-throe of a joy unborn ;
The ore must pass through hissing flame ere the metal can be pure ;
Through heat and blast and shower the laughing rose adorns the moor.
Will you go again, at length she said, and leave me all alone ?
Must I see no more your face, hear no more your tread, nor words
sweet tone ?

Think you not how wretched I shall be when severed from your side ?
And should you in the carnage fall, what could soothe your promised
bride,

You've battled for the country's right two long years on land and flood,
Why again leave this poor bleeding heart for scenes of strife and blood ?
Ah, say ! is there no tie, no charm, to lure, to bind you to your home ?
Must your spirit ever long 'midst scenes of death and war to roam ?
Alas ! my dreams are boding true, for oft in visions of the night,
While deep sleep o'er me passed, me thought we stood upon some giddy
height,

Gazing o'er wide, dreary, barren, boundless tracts of land below,
Upon which furious armies fought, wrapt in fiery glow.

Plainly have I heard the cannon roar and heard the mortars peal,
Seen 'midst the battle flame to and fro the haughty standards reel ;
The ghostliest scene of all last night before my fancy came,
It e'en haunts me now, and makes the blood run cold through all my
frame.

Me thought we stood upon some height gazing o'er the world below,
All nature seemed to lie at rest in summer's glorious glow ;
Far away the shining ocean lay no spray did rise nor fall,
The breeze had sunk to sleep, and nature lay in utter silence all.
But soon o'er mountain tops the heavy lowering clouds were hurl'd,
Though a clammy, lifeless, stifling air weighed on the awe struck world,
A dreadfull silence like a nightmare lay crouched upon its breast,
As waiting grim in horrible suspense of some dread coming pest.
A sickening smell infected the whole dull breathing of the air,
Like when slaughtered, beasts and armies fester 'neath a noon-sun's
glare,

A thrill of ghosts at times swept by me, like the wail of souls in pain,
A creeping sense of death made my flesh quake, and blood curdle in the
vein.

And far away within a valley a giant phantom rose,
The form was dark as midnight cloud but the hair like Alpine snows,
And broad and high from South to North, from earth to sky it grew,
Ever and anon it seemed more dread and ghastly to my view.
Wide o'er the world it waved its hideous hand, and frowned and spoke,
Earth shook around as the mighty voice the awful silence broke,
"Now mortals of every clime and creed the fearful and the brave,
Crowd to this glorious battle field and fill one common grave.
Come, it's Discord calls ;" Then by his side within that valley dim,
Two shadowy figures more arose, all dreadful fierce and grim,
And as broad to heaven their furious statues grew and swelled,
Plainly on their ample breasts their awful names my eye beheld,
Slaughter and Ruin, were written there in letters large and grand,
Ruin waved her flaming torch, and Slaughter shook his gory brand,
And far to right, and far to left, o'er plains outstretching vast and wide,
I saw opposing armies rushing on in glory and in pride.

Swift as thought an inky storm arose, deep darkness fell around,
The sun was hid within the sky and all was horror most profound,
I heard the rocks fall from the hills into the hollow vales below,
And down their mountain beds I heard impetuous torrents flow.
Like the burst of hoarded thunders I heard the peal of mortars,
And vast armies rushing on as the roar of mighty waters,
Me thought at times, when all at once their red artillery spoke,
I could descry the battling lines, through dust and whirling smoke.
O'er the fields in ghastly piles I saw the dying and the dead,
I saw their life-blood lay the dust, and dye the roaring waters red.
But louder, louder the carnage grew and wavered to and fro,
While cimmerician night, and chaos enwrap the scene of woe.
As on darkness dread I gazed, above my head I heard a sound,
Like billows tossed by furious storms on high and rocky ground,
And down through the darkness shone on me two eyes like stars of flame,
Then fear appalled my soul, and o'er my form an icy chillness came.
Towards thee in fear I turned, such as by no mortal yet was known,
But when I turned, ah my God, thou wert gone, I was all alone,
Whither, when thou went, I knew not, alone me thought I stood,
Where naught but death I saw, and ravens feasting, turn which way I
would,

Up towards those glaring hideous eyes again mine own I cast,
And stalking by me saw a form more terrific than the last,
On my cheek I felt him breathe, as burning sulphur was his breath,
And plainly on his forehead dark and fierce was limned, Destroyer,
Death.

Swift like the sword, the jagged lightning flashes from the inky cloud,
And with a roar as though from deep rocky sepulchre and shroud
The dead of all the ages past were starting into life again,
And earth through all its giant frame were writhing with its ghastly
pain,

A sudden dazzling stream of light shot o'er the astonished world,
As though vast creation into one stupendous blaze were hurled,
It seemed that into one sole element were changed creation's frame
And that sole element were hissing, bursting, scorching flame,

Yet straight through that blinding world of flame my eagle vision peered,
And a view of all the earth's broad face my spirit chilled or cheered,
Swift from two quarters of the world to where those armies fierce and
vast

All smeared with mud and gore in war's last grapple then were cast,
Legions on legions of armed men in ceaseless columns rose,
Numberless as the sands o'er which the water of the ocean flows ;
But not like mortal men they seemed, though they bore the outward
show,

For taller far were they than the cedars of the forests grow.
And their steeds were tall and huge as are the hills that crown the plains,
Like fiery streamers on the blasts were spread their flying manes ;
Soon those mighty hosts in one stupendous shock of battle came,
And met congenial, mingling roar with roar, and flame with flame.
'Neath hoofs of those mountain steeds that were with crushing thunder
shod

As withered leaves those former hosts 'midst mire of the fields were trod,
While gloom of battle robed the world as mists that o'er the valleys rise,
When the black thunder storms invade the silent sunshine of the skies.
As when the whole vigor of the blasts of the boisterous North,
First rush from their dark caverns in all their wild turbulence forth,
And high on hollow rocks they make the giant waves of ocean roll,
And vindictive thunders boom and crash the while from pole to pole,
As the rushing flames through the lofty woods of the mountains roar,
When fanned by furious storms that through the crackling forests pour,
As the dreadful noise that comes with some stupendous earthquake
shock,

When it tears the mountains down and rends in twain the solid rock,
Crowned with the deafening roar of some volcano's fiery blast,
And whole cities with a crash 'midst the bowels of the earth are cast,
Whose inhabitants send forth shrieks that rend the vast vaults of space,
So loud so fierce those armies met feet to feet and face to face.
And their groans and shrieks and yells spread o'er the echoing land
As the thunder of night o'er the fierce ocean's bellowing strand,
When low on the seas it bursts the cloud's flame-edged terrible form,

And ten thousand spirits all shriek at once upon the quivering storm.
As the roar of oceans bursting through the barriers of the world,
Their stupendous cannon roar'd, and crashing bolts of iron hurl'd,
And columns of smoke and flame arose terrific grand and high,
Like those Vesuvius spreads along Campania's startled sky.
As when from North and South two fierce thunder storms at once arise
And before contending blasts pour in ridges vast athwart the skies,
And meeting burst in thunder and in flame above the quaking world
So vast those armies seemed as their columns were on columns hur'd,
Soon as though o'erwhelm'd with the stupendous, ghastly work of death,
Face to face those armies silent stood to catch a moment's breath,
And then a hollow voice I heard, a voice fierce, sublime and dread,
That made the living quake with fear, almost seemed to wake the dead.
These were the words it spake, "Children of this planet 'neath the sun
Whose mighty race though almost ended, has yet been nobly run,
Pause and partake of the feast that Discord has prepared for thee,
Discord who through all ages has supplied for man a banquet free.
Then from earth, where the dead lay vast as leaves in Autumn's bower,
When in high heaps they fall before the driving blast and shower,
The living lifted up the rank, ghastly corpses of the slain
And on their putrid flesh instantly their feast began amain.
They ate the flesh, licked the bones, and sucked the marrow from the
chine
And fast the clotted, reeking gore down they quaff like rosy wine,
Even the living steeds straight upon their slaughtered comrades fed,
While all the birds of prey shrieked and flapped their angry wings o'er
head !
The awful banquet done, to the work of death they moved again,
And savage legions with legions fell on that ensanguined plain,
Sudden as a lightning flash the Northern hosts in rout were thrown,
Before their foes they flew as withered leaves before the storms are
blown,
When in vast heaps they lie upon the plains and mountains bleak and
bare,
And Boreas issues from his throne and sweeps the world with care.

Into a river broad and strong those flying hosts were driven,
And legions on legions unto a watery grave were given.
By myriads into the blood-dyed waters of the flood they sped,
Till the living walked the river o'er upon a bridge of dead ;
Then into a walled town those hosts were driven, whose bulwarks rose
High to heaven, as Himalaya's head of everlasting snows !
Tier upon tier, tube behind tube, long, huge rows of hollow brass
Sleeping with ten thousand thunders, kept the entrance of each pass ;
But the victorious columns paused not to catch a moment's breath,
Though the road before was leading o'er to the grisely jaws of death !
On the Fort they rushed with headlong charge, though all its cannon
roared !

And red hot iron on their ranks like a whelming deluge poured,
Oh, who could number o'er the deaths of that terrific hour,
To earth the slaughtered fell as fast as leaves in autumn shower,
When the storm-kings issue from their lairs with all their flags unfurled,
And scatter rock and tree and branch and bield o'er all the darkened
world,

But nearer and nearer to their Forts came the cannon of their foe,
God ! how hideous roared their volleys booming in the gulf below !
And beneath their murderous fire came all their foemans' power,
Up to their Forts they charged, then came the last tremendous hour,
For the ramparts rocked beneath them and the roofs went crashing
down,

And the roar of conflagration thundered o'er the reeling town.
Onward o'er the foremost bastion swept the hurricane of steel,
Face to face the foemen met midst sabres' clash and cannon's peal !
God ! how awful rose the shrieking of the dying as they fell,
Midst that drapery of flame that wrapt the ramparts like a raging hell !
As a spirit of heaven that bursts from the skirt of his storm ;
Whose eyes are like flame, and whose rage like a volcano, is warm ;
Whose nostrils are wide with blasts he sends forth to mar and deform ;
And heap ruin o'er earth, ghastly, terrific, fell and enorm !
Forth from his hands the lightnings stream like meteor flags unfurled ;
From pole to pole the crashing bolts of thunder from on high are hurled ;

Forests from their parent soil are torn, and high in air are twirl'd
And strown upon the blast, while in night he shrouds the trembling
world !

His steps the troubled floods of ocean feel—loud in air they groan
As from surge to surge he strides, by him in wild convulsions thrown !
His path behind him kindles, by wastes of seething froth 'tis shown—
And on the tossing seas the islands shake their heads of mossy stone !
So from those ramparts that glared midst waving peaks of fire,
Whose lofty roofs went crashing down midst the roar of carnage dire,
On the columns of the besieging host a steel-clad giant came,
Beneath his ponderous tread earth shook through all her solid frame.
As flies the lightning from the cloud that rules the roaring thunder blast,
So from his hands his bolts of death upon his startled foes he cast,
Grim terror before him flew and waste and ruin glowed behind,
His foes he wasted as groves are ruined by the desert's burning wind.
Wasted as the grove of palm that on some lone oasis bloom,
When o'er the desert comes the whelming terrors of the fell simoom ;
As inky clouds of night by the livid lightning bolt are cleft,
So, through their surging columns his path he opens right and left.
Vainly, vainly, hundreds, thousands, 'gainst him in fearful battle rave,
For strong as death is he, with anger dark, and cruel as the grave !
Dark as the swelling wave of ocean before the inky storm,
When at midnight on the sable coast it throws its awful form !
His foes are swept before him like vast columns of morning mist,
When they rise at eve and spread at night their noxious vapors where
they list ;

But when the sun between them rises and asserts once more his rule,
Swift is their rolling on either side, each towards its stagnant pool.
The strife was done the field was won by his single arm alone,
No foe was seen save those I ween, who in the arms of death were
thrown,

And they lay vast as snowflakes cast by winter clouds on frozen field ;
Or thick as grain on harvest plain when their blades strong reapers wield.
It seem'd the earth beneath the birth of such dreadful carnage born,
Groan'd with grief and shook like leaf from withered bough by tempest
torn ;

Through all its frame a wailing came—tones of anguish wild and strange,
As though the dead of ages fled back on earth once more would range !
And at their birth the laboring earth convulsive shook with pain.
Groaned in all her caves as from their graves, on mountain, moor and
plain,

The thousands vast of ages past started unto life again,
With such a roar as ne'er before shook the ether's wide domain !
And from the Fort as swift as thought, 'round that more than human
Chief,

The armies crowd with praises loud for the hand that brought relief ;
But midst his host he silent stood as the rock whose awful form,
Towers high o'er the rolling waters when on ocean dies the storm !
With thought intent his vision bent, full on his retreating foe.
For far away in fierce array, they halt and rally from the blow,
And full soon compact in even lines their broken columns form,
Like successive clouds that darkly rise and gather for the storm.
From his lofty head that giant chief his flashing helm unbound,
And straight towards me with hasty stride his ponderous footsteps wound,
And with a voice like that my inmost soul is wont to hear,
He raised me in his mighty arms and whispered in mine ear,
Minona, child of grace and beauty, and more than life to me,
Prized far beyond life and so through never ending time shall be,
Look up, my being's idol, and in this dust and blood stained face,
See if thy sweet sunny eyes cannot thy Moran's features trace ;
With panting breath and trembling form, I viewed those features grim,
Through gore and dust and powder stains they seemed like thine but
dim,

The rain of heaven began to fall and the wind went howling by,
I took thy helm and in it caught the falling waters of the sky,
From off thy face the dust and gore and powder-stains I laved,
And kiss'd the brow that but late far more than human dangers braved,
And then me thought as I gazed on thee throughout my inmost soul
I felt a flood of joy o'er all the sorrows of my spirit roll.
But it was like the departing beam of the sun when his form
Is to be hid in the rising gloom of the gathering storm,

For thus thou whispered in my ear, "In the hollow of this rock
Safely rest Minona, 'till have died all sounds of battle shock ;
And when all the fury of the battle blasts is hushed and fled,
Like the shadow of a flying cloud on roaring whirlwind sped,
I will seek thee here, and like when comes the awful Judgment Day
And from earth's face the human race with every trace have past away
And earth lies scorched with blast and flame, yet one little spot of
ground

That has escaped all flame and fire upon its crust is found,
And there unscarr'd by flame one solitary flower is seen
Still adorning earth, and o'er its ruin smiling all serene,
Which the destroying angel finds and gladly lifts unto his breast,
So when the strife is o'er shalt thou be found and to my soul be pressed,
Never, never shall we part again, through peril weal or woe,
Through life, death and all eternity together we shall go."

Then safe in the crevice of a rock my trembling form was placed,
Soon thy helm was on, thy visor down, and by thee closely laced,
For fierce again across the plain far as human eye could scan,
I heard once more a deafening roar like when first that fight began.
And like storms that o'er the desert howl and wrap the world in gloom,
Those rallied hosts came thundering on for glory or the tomb ;
Swift as leap the billows forth when earthquakes stir the boiling main,
So sudden thy columns bounded forth to meet their foes again.
But like a peal of thunder that shakes the hills beneath its jar
Thy voice went forth amidst thy rushing, glittering ranks afar,
Fettered they stand at thy stark command, and from the charge they
halt,

And couch low to earth with leveled spears and wait the dread assault.
Wait as a ridge of clouds whose jagged edges are bright and warm,
That grimly lie on the mountain's head and wait the coming storm,
Where hoarse at times the thunders growl, and the livid lightnings play,
And eager wait for the voice of the storm to roll them on their way.
All wrapped in flame it roaring came that stupendous, fell assault
As when foam robed billows bound on shores and there a moment halt,
'Till others lift their sparkling heads and with a bellowing roar

Leap in their place, and drive the first higher, further up the shore,
So on thy unbroken ranks their foremost columns roaring rolled,
And ere the first were crushed to earth and trampled in the gory wold,
Their hinder columns o'er them rushed with such impetuous force
The first were crushed between them and thy van, and perished man
and horse.

But soon o'er the woeful wall of dead that rose along the van
Leaping far amidst thy spears those yet undaunted columns ran,
And the mingled armies in the busy work of carnage closed,
Then spear met spear, foe met foe, with reeking sword to sword opposed.
Right and left the gory sabres hewd deep their murderous way !
While cannon boomed and mortars roared full upon each fierce array ;
Far to the right of the ghastly fight thy hosts began to reel,
For wrapt complete were they in their foeman's blasts of flame and
steel.

They swayed before their foes as ripe grain before the driving storm,
Whose strong roots still cleave fast to earth though blasts their heads
deform,

And on the spot they stood they sank to earth like ridge of snow emense
That wastes on the hills when spring has come and sun rays beam in-
tense

As roll the black clouds round a fiery meteor of night
When they brighten their inky edges with its effulgent light,
So 'midst thy own dark wing of battle thou shonest o'er all the rest,
Lit them on to fame and carnage, cheered each fainting, drooping breast.
With a grisly smile of triumph spread o'er all his features grim
Fierce Discord moved from rank to rank and sang his chosen battle
hymn,

Dire Slaughter followed in his wake and clapped his gory hands
While fell Ruin laughed with joy and waved on high her flaming brands.
Unterrified 'midst all she stood and like a huge comet burned
That lights the sky, and has the bright planets to pale dimness turned,
Though they quailed and darkened all with dread, while on the startled air
It shakes horrid pestilence and carnage from its blazing hair.
But Death kept close and grim behind thee through all that ghastly fray,

Like the eclipsed half of the sun when the moon obscures his ray,
 Or like the darkened half of the moon behind its glowing light
 When she is waning from the sky, and the world is draped in night.
 Sudden the scene was wrapt in densest night, while a horrid roar
 And groaning rose, as if giant earth were rent from shore to shore ;
 And all the ghastly ghouls and fiends of intramundane air
 Had all at once sent forth a yell of triumph or despair !
 All earth trembled at the roar as when of yore the Titans hurl'd
 High on the throne of mighty Jove the vast mountains of the world !
 And before His ire they headlong back with crashing tumult came,
 Midst scene of thunder and of fire piled on earth their rocky frame.
 Then methought to God I cried, while fear thrilled through marrow,
 nerve and bone,

Oh, God ! to whom all hearts are open, and every secret known—
 From reason's earliest dawn in Thee, oh God ! I've placed my trust,
 And if I ever sinned 'gainst Thee, forgive, for weakness dwells with dust !
 Yea, forgive, Thou who in the highest heavens hath fix'd Thy throne,
 Unsearchable, and yet, to every race and creed made known—
 Forgive, if e'er I've sinned against Thee, in thought, word, deed, or tone ;
 Wash away my sins, oh, God ! and keep my spirit all Thine own !
 While thus methought I prayed, I felt around me twine an arm,
 And a voice breath'd in mine ear, "Fear not, thee nothing here shall harm;
 'Tis meet that God's choicest spirits feel their Maker's chastening rod,
 It makes them fitter far to share eternal glories with their God.
 The hideous groaning ceased and silence solemn as the tomb
 Reigned o'er all the earth supreme, no breath of air disturbed its gloom/
 But as streams a feeble glare of light through some enormous room
 Where hideous midnight reigns black as the raven's murky plume,
 So the glaring brands that ruin held sent their accursed light
 In one feeble ray along the inky avenue of night.
 So sudden through the silent gloom streamed their blue unearthly glare
 It seem'd the very pits of hell with sulphur flame were flickering there.
 Faint at times they lit the horrid wreck that clothed the ghastly field,
 And at times grim Ruin's grisely features to mine eye revealed.
 Her teeth were clinched, her lips drawn back as one in dying throes,

And seemed glaring in her drunken eyes the tortures of all woes.
Apart from her, but face to face, with swords that clots of gore adorn
Slaughter and Discord stood, each eying each with looks of hate and
scorn ;

Silent, but swift as light, high in air each armed hand was cast,
As in threatening mood they stood, Nature shuddered at the scene aghast.
O'er the body of a slaughter'd chief grim Death in silence kneeled,
And from his horrid eyes his tears fast flowed on that ensanguined field,
As from some tall solitary rock the gushing waters flow,
And catch and break on crevices ere they reach the plain below.

So down his furrowed cheeks the fountains of his eyes roll'd on amain,
And o'er his bare and fleshless ribs went rippling, splashing to the plain.
Fast and hard they rained upon that slaughtered chieftain's darkened face,
Whose features through the mighty distance my vision could not trace ;
Although the whole sad while something seemed to whisper in mine ear
It was my Moran, who, cold and stiff, and still, was lying there !

I strove to move to where you lay but I could not lift my arm,
I could not stir, I could not cry, I lay beneath a potent charm.
While my senses reeled with anguish as no human tongue could tell,
I saw a stately form emerging from out a narrow dell,
That lay between two mountains whose sides were clothed with human
gore,

And to thy silent form countless wreathes of brightest flowers he bore.
Soon from the bloody earth he lifted up thy all unconscious head—
Tore off thy shattered helm, and placed a wreath of flowers instead ;
Then on the dank earth beneath thee countless wreath on wreath he
spread,

And gently lay thy comely form upon a flowery bed.
While flower on flower o'er thee he cast, thus he smiling spoke,
Like peals of distant thunder his voice the dreary silence broke :
“ Ye bright emblems of eternal bliss, bloom 'till the Judgment Day,
'Till earth with every trace of earth, and all the worlds have passed away,
'Till everything in nature wastes, that is destined for decay,
Yet o'er no greater dead, flowers bloom beneath the sun's kind ray ;
And when the awful trumpet sounds that brings the solemn Judgment hour,

He shall rise with flowers arrayed for the victor's throne of power."
 Oh ! was it a dream ?—how oft in sleep, I've asked, can this be so ?
 While strong imagination paints her scenes of pleasure or of woe,
 Earth's brightest glories are tarnished, dull and mean to those we view,
 When dreams enchant our sight with things where gold's the vilest hue.
 And all woe's wildest tortures are tame to those that we behold,
 When strange imagination her rudest sceneries unfold.
 Was it a dream ? methought that stately chief then moved to where I lay,
 His face was wreathed with smiles, bright as the sunshine of the bright-
 est day.

A form of dignity and grace and features pleasing to behold,
 With beard of snowy fleeciness that over his broad bosom rolled.
 He was like that comely race of men in outward form and show—
 Such as they tell us trod the earth ere she was known to grief and woe ;
 Ere she was known to all the human ills, to foul disease and crime,
 That makes them aged in their youth, and blasts them ere their sturdy
 prime.

With dauntless brow and spirit speaking eye they trod this sunny sphere,
 God-like in form and soul ! fearing God, and knew no other fear ;
 Yes, yes, such was he, that stately chief who stood before me then,
 A type of that God-like race of old when earth was proud of men.
 Red was the robe that draped his form, and tall his plume of gory red ;
 His voice was like the rising blast, and firm and stately was his tread.
 " Fairest of all womankind, Lo, yonder lies thy chosen lord,
 But avenged he fell, for hostile life-drops dim his gory sword.
 His was a soul heroic, that aye with hope immortal burned ;
 And length of life on earth, ignoble life, for deathless glory spurned ;
 The fame that mankind covet is cheaply earned by fleeting breath,
 In grim war the price of glory is the silent sleep of death.
 The praise that flows from human lips through endless time o'er land and
 flood,

Is won amidst the roar of breaking steel and flow of human blood ;
 Where ruins vast their terrors cast and wild horrors all control,
 Who'd have his name enrolled with fame must render his undying soul.
 In grim war whose dews are gore, and breezes Ruin's burning breath,

Whose granary is the tomb, whose reapers, Slaughter and grim Death !
Whose husbandman is Discord who rears the bitter ghastly fruit,
Hatred suns it o'er, while woe's waters nourish stem, branch and root.
Shivered arms and ensigns rudely heaped in grim and horrid mound,
Corpses stiff and cold, and dying men that writhe and gnaw the ground.
Mix'd with wounded chargers, plunging and fast snorting crimson foam
Is couch for war-like heroes when forth from earth their spirits roam.
Minona, look on me, nor longer view yon scene so 'ghast and wild,
And in me behold thy long lost father, my daughter, oh my child !
For twice nine long years on sea and land, by God's all wise decree,
In pain and peril have I searched but sought in vain 'till now for thee.
Minona, praise with me the God from whom all blessings flow,
Who gives a timely balm for every human pain, grief and woe,
And who from the first for some wise cause supremely willed it so—
Pain and sorrow in the steps of pleasure tread ever here below.”
So in my wonder smitten ear methought that tall warrior spake,
But fear appalled my soul the while, and my flesh began to quake ;
A frown passed o'er his features stern, but swift with smiles on me he gazed.
As the sun rejoices from the cloud o'er the tree his beams have raised.
And like a flash of lightning, in his giant arms my form he caught,
I spake not, but he read my mind, and gathered every thought :
“Daughter of a mighty line of heroes, high and proud and bold
Fear not, but look on me, in me thy long lost sire behold.
Oh, tremble not, thou fairest lily that ever bloomed on earth !
With all a parents fondest hope and love I blessed thee at thy birth,
And ere aught should harm one sunny ringlet of thy lovely head
I'd brave all force of fiends or men, and cover the earth with dead !
Oh, fairer than the fairest flower that ever bloomed on stem,
Beauty sits on thy queenly brow like a regal diadem ;
Thou art earth's fairest blossom, its choicest, brightest, sweetest gem,
And naught shall dare to harm thee, so much as touch thy garment hem.”
He said and kissed me on my burning brow, but while he spoke,
A sudden blaze of ruddy lightning athwart creation broke ;
With ceaseless flame it lit the heavy clouds that hid the gory field,
And all its ghastly horrors to my aching sight revealed.

There came a yell of hate and ire, 'twas dire and accurst,
 And louder that the pent up flood just from its barrier burst.
 From the earth the dead and all the fleshless skeletons arose,
 And formed in battle lines, all that late lay in grim and dread repose.
 High in air their ghastly arms they tossed, with sword to sword opposed,
 As face to face, feet to feet, in grisely strife again they closed ;
 Dreadful crash ! the breaking swords descending through the fleshless
 forms,

As limbs were lopped away like boughs of trees when fierce the lightning storms.

Far away o'er earth beyond the utmost sight of fiend or man,
 Fierce embattling armies spread, columns on columns, van to van ;
 Cities were sacked and wrapped in flames in black smoke they rose on high,
 While hissing fiery meteors flashed along the darkening sky.
 Just then high in air descending I saw a cloud of ruddy light,
 And in it sat a form divine draped in flowing robes of white ;
 A wreath of olive boughs was round her radiant forehead twined,
 There engraved I read her sacred name—" Guardian of Humankind. "
 Strong was her form and her arms were nicely sculptured, grooved and
 pair'd

With more strength in every rounded, swelling blue veined muscle laid,
 Than ever yet the bracing radiant ether fanned or aired,
 Though a happy seraph sunny browed, blue eyed, and golden hair'd.
 Swift as the comet in its flight she came, by her God impelled,
 And in each snowy hand a shining glittering spear she held ;
 Full at Discord's head, and Slaughter's breast the lances flew,
 And with mighty groans the fearful monsters from my sight withdrew.
 Then Ruin reared her yells on high, and the hills returned the sound,
 While away, away the groaning flew, towards earth's remotest bound,
 As athwart the conscious world the grisely, howling demon pass'd,
 Earth quivered 'neath her tread like a dead leaf in the mountain blast.
 Towards the glowing cloud that still hung poised between the earth and sky
 With trembling form and panting heart once more I turned mine eye.
 On us that glorious seraph gazed with looks of peace and love,
 Then with songs of joy she bent her flight towards yon pure realms above.

As away she flew, o'er her features a smile of glory pass'd,
Brilliant as Borealis' flashes on snows of Lapland cast ;
Sweeter and sweeter came her songs 'till she vanished from my sight
In one unclouded, dazzling, fiery blaze of ruddy light.
Loud from the wreck of gore and carnage a wail of auguish came,
'Twas the voice of Death, for ceaseless sorrow wrung his grisely frame ;
His groans came like the moans of bleak winds at night, that sigh and
 rave,
Wail through a tomb of fleshless bones, all else was silent as the grave.
For all the hosts that fought so well, now stood grimly face to face,
Or lay on earth, each locked in an everlasting cold embrace ;
Heavy, low hung mists were thickening fast to hide the wreck of woe ;
One by one upon the sky the burning cities ceased to glow.
A strange, sudden change came o'er my dream, I viewed a lovely scene,
From amber clouds a setting sun shone upon the woodlands green ;
I stood hard by the bank of a stream that swept on strong and free,
With him who in my dream, had claimed my long lost sire to be.
With a voice all musical and sweet, and tender in its tone,
Thus he spake to me my hand the while clasped firmly in his own ;
" Minona, like the bright leaflets on yon far off forests green,
Each rising race of the sons of mortal, hapless men are seen,
To the warm radiant sun awhile their shining heads they rear,
Then blight and wane and change and die, and withering disappear ;
And as the eternal rolling seasons bring each year around
They bud and bloom unto his beams, and then dying strew the ground ;
So on earth the races of proud, aspiring man appear,
So they bud and bloom and die, each bright alternate, rolling year.
Yes, his mighty races rise and pass unto the silent grave,
Like an ocean's solemn sounding shores, successive wave on wave,
For ever rising, rolling, swelling, still onward borne and tossed
A moment seen, and in the selfsame little moment, gone—lost !
With all their mighty freights of sorrows, and hopes, and joys, and fears,
Breaking, wrecking, passing to the loved and lost of other years.
Line on line his races rise, then pass forever from the world,
Like sounds that greet the ear, then are 'midst the unknown distance
 hurl'd,

Race on race they come on earth like rays or beams of light that glow,
And cheer the world awhile, then depart, but where we do not know.
As successive clouds on clouds that ceaseless from the valleys rise,
And sail before the wind or blast 'thwart the silent voiceless skies,
Forever rising and passing on to whence we know not where,
So on earth man's ceaseless races rise, and pass and disappear.
Nor should we mourn, methinks for those we loved and cherished here,
They've but gone like the clouds we view, to a brighter, purer sphere ;
Nor should our souls for them on the sea of anguish toss,
Why, why make their glorious gain our selfish, bitter loss ?
Their going may have brought us a step nearer and surer to God,
A step that naught shall e'er turn backward whatever path be trod."
He ceased, and my soul had banished half its load of dark despair,
And all round a holy whisper seem'd to fill the listening air.
The yellow rays of the sun were gone and night was growing fast,
The woods of the mountains shook to the breath of the inconstant blast ;
A cloud gathered in the east and from its edge a star was seen,
That mirrored its rays in the stream that flow'd through the pastures
green.

And I stood in the woods with him and saw on the darkening air
A phantom rise and stride from hill to hill, with eyes of red despair ;
He gazed on me, and smiled, then alas I knew too well the face,
And just methought as I bounded forth to fly to his embrace,
His frail hollow voice rose on the wind, and high he waved his hand,
That still firmly grasped the broken fragment of a reeking brand ;
And pointed to his wounds, then the star of eve shone through his form,
And he rose on the rising blast and pass'd away on the storm ;
Pass'd away on the blast like the shade of a wandering cloud,
When athwart the moon it flies borne on the tempest wild and loud.

'Tis he, 'tis he, I cried, my love, my own, my cherished chosen lord,
And with a sigh that rent my heart, I swooned on the dewey sward.
Then swift a change most wild and strange came o'er my dismal dream,

I roamed alone in wilds unknown by a deep and narrow stream ;
O'er its black face I could not trace a single ripple there ;
Dark as the grave its stillness gave a picture wild and drear.

But on a bank of fairest flowers upon the other side
I looked, and saw thee sitting there gazing on its sluggish tide ;
Overjoyed to see thee once again, methought I called to thee,
Then it seem'd thou raised thy head and smiled and waved thy hand to
me.

Come, come away I heard thee say, and fast cross Death's silent sea,
In these regions fair there is no care, we all of woes are free !
I no more can come to thee, but thou canst come and with me dwell
In amaranthine bowers, where never sound of sorrow fell.
All unseen a hand then grasped mine own and led me to the stream,
In I went, keener than ice it felt, the cold was so extreme ;
O'er me sleepy, drowsy feelings came, then froze my nerves and blood,
A senseless, helpless corpse I floated there upon that inky flood.
When I awakened I found thee at my side, 'twas midst bowers
Of brightest everlasting sun shine, and eternal flowers ;
All was fair, the winds that o'er the hills the clouds of amber curl'd
Sweetly on us blew, I knew not why, but it seem'd the promised world!
There entranced with joy I gazed around, from the flowery hills
A thousand, thousand throbbing, panting, diamond sparkling rills
Clearer than glass flowed down unto the beauteous vales below,
Where tall acacias wave their golden hair, and orange blossoms blow.
For 'midst that bless'd region of celestial, all resplendent day,
Like silver sparkling, glowing, an island-dotted ocean lay ;
There all the flowery hills and vales, and all those lilied isles,
With the bright sunbeams mix'd their everlasting rosy smiles.
It was a calm delightful world, an all soul enchanting sphere,
All things that are glowing, grand, sublime, were concentrated there ;
All things above, around, about, that verdant, flowery sod,
Lived in happy awe as conscious of the presence of their God.
Oh, all was joy and endless harmony ! Thought ne'er stretched her
wings

To limn so sweet a scene, nor fancy in her brightest wanderings.
Yea, all in the brightest, grandest fairy loveliness was wrought,
Such as may fill some sublime poetic angel's musing thought.
While thus all things around with joy I view'd, I heard thee gently say,

"We shall brighter scenes than these behold, so come with me away ;
 Yea, I will lead thee through unnumbered worlds fairer far than this,
 A home thou shalt choose for us to dwell in never ending bliss."
 The while thou spake, though no limb I moved, I felt us upward spring,
 As though some viewless spirit up-buoyed us on his mighty wing.
 Rapidly on through boundless fields of azure air we drew,
 And soon the beauteous world below seemed fading from my view.
 High up amid endless space we stood, and saw unnumbered stars,
 All vast, bright, grand worlds, roll by upon their adamantine cars ;
 And ten thousand glowing suns and moons, all sublime, serene,
 Went crowding, rolling on, worlds by mortal man on earth unseen.
 But high above those glowing spheres I saw a radiant throne,
 'Twas all dazzling white, there God sat crowned in majesty alone ;
 Full of pitying love He smiled on those worlds so fair and grand,
 As round His throne they moved, pure as when they came from His own
 hand.

"Glory to God Almighty," they ever sang as rolling by,
 "Glory to the endless, righteous God whose throne is fix'd on high ;
 Glory to Him who made and fashioned us, still forever He
 Our glory, honor, worship through all eternity shall be.
 We are ever Thine, by Thy will alone we move and shine
 Through boundless space, and all our light and life, Lord, are ever Thine !
 And where so e'er we go, with us still Thou art, most holy God,
 Yet Thou art where suns, nor moons, nor stars, nor worlds have ever trod !"
 While thus the blissful worlds sang on, God spake ; it was like the sound
 Of ten thousand, thousand thunders ; then hushed all the spheres around,
 All in silent reverence stood to hear our Maker's voice :
 "This day two souls are saved, so my myriad, myriad worlds rejoice !
 Rejoice ye shining worlds, in my ear your sweetest music sing,
 And all my Saints rejoice, for I, your Lord, your God, Creator, King,
 All loving do amidst ye come, redeeming from earth two souls,
 To join the throng that round my throne in endless glory rolls."
 So spake God. Then all throughout the skies the blissful anthem rose,
 From every radiant world the pure exultant music flows,
 "Glory to God on high !" all the worlds and white-winged angels sang,

“Glory to God!” through all the shining courts of Heaven rang.
“Father Almighty, by all forever Thou hast been loved, adored,
And to Thee for aye, shall our prayers and praises still be poured;
Keep us pure as when we first before Thy holy presence trod,
Save all distant wandering souls and worlds, bless them with us, God!”
While in exultant harmony poured the strains of praise and love,
I saw a smiling white-winged saint towards us coming from above;
With all love she grasped our hands, led us on a world that rolled
That instant by us; it seemed a sphere of sapphire and of gold!
“Rest ye here” she said, “here dwell in everlasting joy and love,
Know God is Love, Him only worship, He reigns and rules above;
Yet He is everywhere, e’en where other beings may not be;
Here, and far beyond all worlds, through all eternity is He.
God is Supreme, Divine; He orders and throughout the skies
The spheres decay, or ten thousand other teeming worlds arise!
Unto Him through all eternity your prayers and praises give,
And in this lovely world ye shall both forever reign and live;
Aye, here dwell for aye in love, all free from blight, and woes and sin,
For He is your Creator, He bade all beings first begin.”
So the Spirit spake, with a brow that glowed all the while serene,
Her voice like richest melody floated through the glowing scene;
Then from off our world, she up a radiant pathway trod
To the shining throne, and rested on the bosom of her God.
Just then there came a roaring noise that awoke me from my dream,
’Twas a bickering steamer like that which now goes whistling down the
stream.
With joy I started up, to think all a dream, and all had fled;
Sunshine through the window poured, and fresh and warm it fill’d my bed.
“What thinks thou of my dream?” she said, as on the youth a look she
cast,
Just as one glowing smile across her heavenly features pass’d
One radiant angel smile, so bright with kindly feelings warm,
’Twould cheer the saddest heart, that e’er tossed ’midst sorrow’s fiercest
storm.
“What freaks the fancy plays when the senses are in slumber bound;

What pleasing visions sometimes rise, what fell, awful sights and sound
Will oftentimes dance before the eye, and loud boom upon the ear !
And wrap the senses all in bliss, or palsy them with ghastly fear !
And I've often musing thought, from God these nightly visions flow,
Solely as warnings unto us of future sorrow, weal or woe ;
And strange forebodings have haunted me throughout this livelong day,
That if we part, we meet no more, so here with me in safety stay.
Or let us fly, fly this gloomy land to some far distant shore,
Where we aye, in peace shall dwell and hear of cruel wars no more.
I care not where we go, the dreariest spot of earth to me'll be dear,
Yea, 'twill be a paradise, so thou art safe and with me there !
All but God I'll leave for thee, and no joy shall to my soul be known,
Save to gladden all thy days on earth, and make thee all my own.
Yes, yes, hand in hand with thee adown life's rugged path I'll go,
To bless and comfort thee, and share thy peril, grief, pain or woe.
And each eve and morn I'll ask of God with a pure and humble heart,
That when He bids these souls of ours their earthly forms depart,
That He will call us both away within the self same hour,
Nor leave one to mourn the other's loss, as 'twas in Eden's bower. "

All the while she spake, the youth in silence sat and on her smiled,
As if her simple child-like talk some weightier thoughts beguiled.
At length he calmly said, " Minona, wouldst thou thy Moran fright,
Or turn from bright glory's path, by some vague, empty dreams of night ?
Who cares for visions, signs, and omens, and fain by them would walk,
Never on the high road of glory with kingly steps can stalk ;
Nor breathe the voice of reason in counsel hall or battle field,
They waver to and fro, and to every wild chimera yield.
Though we part this time, I know sweet maid we yet shall meet again,
So like some Spartan maid of yore, send me to the battle plain ;
Yes, like those brave youths of old go forth and win immortal fame,
And all the glories that I win, wreath and twine around thy name.
And when the war is over, when we've conquered for our land,
And home again we smiling come, a gay victorious band,
When amidst the martial pomp thine eye thy chosen youth shall see,
Thou'lt smile on him, who could forget all save this bleeding land for thee.

But why fear for my return ? I've through scenes of danger pass'd,
Fierce as e'er could be, seen around the dead fall thick and fast ;
At Shiloh fell, and dread Antietam, and gory Malvern Hill,
Yet am safe, and I'll return again if it's God's sacred will.
And if by His commands I press the reeking battle plain,
I fall a willing sacrifice among the nation's slain ;
In peace and calm with them to rest until the Judgment hour,
Then rise for the victor's wreath, and patriot's throne of power.
But there I hope they'll bury me, high on yon breezy down,
Nigh to the busy din and hum of mine own favorite town ;
So thou may'st often come at eve to see the willows wave,
And the all beauteous flowers bloom above thy warrior's grave.
Yes, sacred to thy soul will be the spot that holds his form,
And grasses that o'er him wave to the blasts of every storm,
Will oft be moistened with thy tears at some calm evening time,
And thou shalt cherish the spot with love unfading and sublime.
When time speeds on, and another heart thy worshipper shall prove,
And thou and him together bless'd through life as one shalt move,
Ye will not scorn to come at times whate'er your joys or cares,
To view the quiet spot where rests thy love of long former years. "

"Think'st thou," she with a tear replied, "I could live when thou art low?
Think'st thou I'd forget thee, and other love or friendship know ?
Ah, no ! when thou art dead a pall of woe shall wrap my soul,
Which time can never move, that only death from it shall roll !
See'st thou, my love, yon radiant, glittering evening star ?
Now sweetly smiling o'er those tall craggy mountain peaks afar,
Serenely o'er the silent earth her glorious beams she throws,
Seeming to laugh at all below, at this world's pains, joys and woes ;
As easy 'twere for man to lead it from off the path that God
Has destined should by it throughout all eternal time be trod ;
As easy it of one atom of its sky-born light to free,
As I to love some other one, as I have fondly cherished thee !
There was a time when everything 'neath the sky was fair to me,
'Twas in childhood when we roam'd beside this river rolling free,
And gazed upon its shining face with joy, and thought the while,

Our days should glide along like it, in one untroubled smile.
I remember when a child with thee I climbed those mountains high,
For we used to think their lofty peaks were propping up the sky,
And oft when around their awful brows the golden clouds were curl'd,
We've ran to mount on them, thought to ride to some far brighter world.
How we've often paused, and gazed and wept to see them mount through
air,

Thought it cruel and unkind in them to leave us standing there ;
It was a childish ignorance, scenes that can return no more,
Who'd not rejoice to live again their sunny childhood o'er ?
Ah ! I ne'er thought in those bright joyous days when we side by side,
Roam'd far along and cull'd the flowers within the valleys wide,
That cruel fate shou'd sever us so harsh so sudden and so free
It seem'd we tore the flowers away from off their parent tree.
Rememberest thou Ulrica, our nurse of early years,
Who used to teach us daily, all our morn and evening prayers,
Ulrica ever kind and good, with the hoary brows and head,
Who had lived to see the snows of ten and fourscore winters shed.
And who now silent mouldering lies 'midst yon wide field of graves,
There nigh to the very spot where yonder stately cypress waves ?
Rememberest thou when she told, (we sat and held our breath,)
That those who truly love on earth, their love will not cease with death.
But still burn on a stronger, holier, everlasting love,
And spirits sigh for those they leave behind, e'en midst joys above,
And at times they journey back to visit those they love on earth,
And spirits often witness all our follies, woes and mirth ?
And rememberest thou how she bade us live in such a way,
We should not cause a spirit woe for ought we might do or say,"
Talked of "realms of sun-shine and of flowers, to deathless souls bestowed,
Beyond the gloomy sea of Death, and on the heavenly road.
A land of sun-shine and of flowers by spirits only trod,
Where they watch for souls of those they love 'till they are called to God?
'Tis strange, I thought of her and her spirit land, when in my dream
I saw thee wave thy hand to me, far across that inky stream.
I believe with her, there's a land of sun-shine, and of flowers,

Far beyond all death, near heaven, where spirits pass their hours
Waiting for souls of those they truly loved in this world of woe,
A land of flowers, of beauty, joy, where suns eternal glow !
And oft from thence they come and hover near, though by us unseen,
From thence 'tis but a step for them, though a gulf lies broad between.
Vain such thoughts, we know not whence we come, or where the soul 'll
be toss'd,

Gaze into dim futurity, and the soul's in wonder lost.
Wisdom and knowledge we ever seek as down life's vale we go,
But the more we learn, the more we see is ever yet to know ;
All experience is a sea o'er which gleams that untrod realm,
Whose coast is ever fading as we move, though there we point the helm.
Concentre in one mind, all minds of men all the souls of light,
They could not fathom one atom of God's wisdom, power, might ;
Their knowledge compared with His, the grand, the terrible, sublime,
Would be but one empty bubble on the mighty sea of Time.
We collate truths as children gather flowers in some boundless field,
Where every beauteous one doth bloom that all the world can yield :
We gather 'till the form grows weak, and the brain with age grows dull,
Yet, yet, still there ever are a vast immensity to cull.
Though man, e'en study man, 'till the toil entomb his brain in night,
Yet, how little will he know, his knowledge all how frail and slight ;
Yes, all experience is a sea o'er which gleams that untraversed land
Whose margin as we move is ever fading in the distance grand.
That aye receding shore is perfect wisdom's sacred isle,
Whose hallowed sod no tread of human foot shall e'er defile.
Oh oft in my musing mood I let the fancy roam at will,
The past the present and the future, my soul, my being fill.
Often I recall the strange wild thoughts and tales such as of yore
Ulrica in our willing ears was ever wont to pour :
Yes, all the strange wild fancies that issued from her teeming brain,
Rise up like spectres from the grave, and sound in mine ears again
Now methinks I see her hoary head upon her couch recline,
As oft she read us twain the laws of God from out His book Divine.
But she's robed in shining glory, such as we'll see her once again,

Brighter, fairer, far than living, without a trace of woe or pain.
 For I keep like her that old belief, that on some solemn shore,
 Beyond the reign of grief and pain, friends shall meet to part no more ;
 Beyond the clime and reach of time, also sin and fate's control,
 All serene in never ending prime of body and of soul.
 Oft when listening to her tale of our ship-wreck and its woe,
 When she of my sire spake, I saw her voice grow hoarse and low,
 Long she'd mutter to herself as on her hand she'd lean her head,
 "No he must yet walk the earth, he is not dead, he can't be dead."
 All the while a strange wild tremor, seem'd to rack her, form and soul,
 And oft from her deep blue eye, I've watched the burning tear drop roll,
 Sudden she'd bound from out her reverie, and erect her form,
 While on all around her eyes would flash like lightning of the storm.
 Then with calm and solemn voice she'd limn before my youthful mind,
 A being noble, great and good, a paragon of humankind,
 With soul and form of every earthly fault, vice and blemish free,
 Then she'd whisper in mine ear, "such thy sire was, yes, such was he."
 "And those, by whose vile wiles and craftiness, he was exiled from home,
 Yea, forced with the lowest dregs of earth o'er sea and land to roam,
 His noble spirit crushed to the earth, all trodden, bruised and torn,
 He lived to plough their cursed graves with hate, and seed them down
 to scorn !"
 Then she'd limn to me a being, of divine, angelic grace,
 A being of perfect loveliness in form and soul and face ;
 Then the tears would gather in her eye, and gush out fast and free,
 As she whispered unto me, "such thy mother was, yes, such was she."
 As falls the tender flower beneath the bitter blast and rime,
 So she was bowed by Death's cold shroud, while in her glorious prime ;
 But those who worked her ruin, have paid most dearly for their crime,
 For God doeth all things just and well, and at the proper time."
 And here, always with a sigh she ceased, no more her tongue revealed,
 Much I saw she in her bosom kept of mysteries concealed,
 For here she always seem'd to some aching hidden sorrow yield,
 And in long moody silence sat 'till her spirit rocked and reeled.
 Fain would I learn the mysteries she from us so keenly hid,

Locked up in her soul, as is the dead beneath the coffin lid ;
Fain would I learn my parent's gloomy fate. Oh, can it be so !
My father died not in the wave, but still walks this world of woe ? ”
“ I, too, fain would know the secrets of her soul,” the youth began ;
“ And why all her days in one strange melancholy tenor ran.
Fain would I have pierced the gloom that wrapped her spirit like a pall,
“ And laid bare her thoughts, her griefs, her secret woes and sorrows all.
But they are all dead to us, they're in a buried coffin sealed,
With the faithful heart and tongue that ne'er its ceaseless woes reveal'd.
That true heart that shall beat no more 'till the Judgment trump shall roll
When it shall start from earth, to receive once more its guest the soul.
'Tis strange that two such frail babes as we were on that ship-wreck day
Should have, 'scaped the billows when to them so many pass'd away ;
Strange they bore us safe to land above their azure depths sublime,
Like waifs tossed up by the waves of chance on the solemn shores of Time!
But our lives are in the hands of God, eternal day and night,
Others, of that ship-wrecked crew may have felt His succoring might.
Others, perhaps, just when all their hope was gone, He stooped to save,
Nigh them some vessel sent, and bore them from the treacherous wave.
But these are solemn thoughts, dear maid, that shall claim some future
time,

And if he yet is living, we'll find him, or search o'er every clime.”
He ceased, and away to yonder camp he turns his wistful eye,
Where still the tones of mirth and revelry are rising wild and high.
But ere an hour goes, all that camp shall there be seen no more,
Yes, be on its road to mingle midst the scenes of strife and gore.
“ See'st thou yon camp,” he said, “ long ere Aurora mounts her car,
'Twill be moving fast away to join the busy scenes afar.
O'er reeking ghastly battlefields with yon men I've often trod,
While cannon rained destruction round making slippery the sod ;
I've seen them shouting rush where shot and shell were deadliest poured,
As if their very inmost souls such terrific scenes adored.
But farewell sweet maid, oh, thou to me than life art far more dear !
Ah, would to God that cruel fate could us no more assunder tear !
But, yet, I may soon return, and then in yonder vine wreathed cot

Our hands shall be joined, and all our griefs and woes forgot.
Then I'll shield thee from all storm and care, and gladden all thy days,
And thou shalt aye be my guiding star through all life's checkered ways ;
For as the loving mother's bosom yearns towards her only child,
So to thee my spirit turns with a love, a passion almost wild."

"Then since alas, we must part," the maid replied, "I bid thee go,
And where roars the thickest, deadliest battle, strike down thy foe.
Yes, go, and think when amidst the wreck and whirl of war thou be
Minona sent thee, and doubly strike for victory and me.
Face all trials with a purpose keen, and resolute intent,
Difficulties are God's errands and when on them we are sent,
We should deem it a proof of His confidence and high esteem ;
A forlorn hope is only led by him whose courage stands supreme."
While she spake a sudden flash of glory filed her deep blue eyes,
As though they would out sparkle the sheenest stars that lit the skies,
The color fled her cheek, and a tremor through her spirit pass'd
That shook her form as the aspen leaf before the unseen blast.
Towards the youth her face she turneth with a sigh that fills his ear,
And the anxious glance she giveth him now is longing, now is fear.
A bundle from her breast she brings and swift undoes the snow white roll
And with voice that well bespakes the deep emotions of her soul,
'Here love' she says, "is a snow white lily, I wove it for thy crest,
But I will bid thee wear it, yes, wear it, here upon thy breast
It is fair and spotless now as is my faith and love for thee,
So wear it here upon thy breast until thou returnest to me.
But oh, my soul's far dearest part should thy life-blood dye the sod !
For love, whether thou return or not, is only known to God !
And I confide thee now to Him with many an earnest prayer
That if thou fall'st He'll not leave me long here in this world of care.
Yes, bid me swiftly follow thee wheresoever thou mayst go,
And place us 'midst some bright sphere where we'll no more of parting
know ;
Yes, love, should'st thou fall, one boon I ask, 'tis all I'll crave from thee,
And if it's in a spirits power, oh, grant that wish to me.
'Tis that thou wilt often come to me, when I am all alone,

Come at sweet evening calm when the world has hushed its busy tone.
Yes, come, I will not fear thee love, for through life thy stalwart arm
Has shielded me, and I know that me thy spirit would not harm.
Come, and hold sweet converse with me as in life beside this stream,
And ever hover round me love, at night while of thee I dream.
When I die, oh, lead me o'er that path by mortal never trod !
That mysterious path that leads to the Judgment seat of God !
But somehow I feel sure thy spirit will often come to me,
For thee I love, and through all eternity that love shall be."
She ceased, and on her lips one angelic smile of love there lay,
Sweet as sunbeams cast on snow at close of a stormy day.

There's a living essence God in human breasts has only pour'd,
Of all the many breathing things that roam the range of Nature broad.
Yes, to man alone 'tis given, 'tis unknown to brutal kind,
It is a secret and a holy tie, sacred, pure, refined.
It is a star of hope sent to gladden this world's darkest night,
Yea, a star of comfort shedding never ending joy and light ;
It is a healing balm for every woe, or grief of humankind ;
Like a Deity, it liveth in the heart of man enshrined ;
Filling that heart with heavenly warmth, as doth the sun the world ;
It's a holy seraph whose downy glittering wings are furled
Around the soul of man, guarding it from every outward sin,
While all that soul is bright and pure, and eternal bliss within.
It's the silken everlasting bond that binds the saints above ;
'Through it man claims forgiveness of his sins—its name is love, true love.
Love is the power that weans all selfish feelings from the soul,
It bids us joy o'er others weal, and o'er others woes condole.
Love is the choicest boon of heaven to seraph and to man ;
Straight from the God-Head to the soul the sacred essence ran ;
A ray of glory to circle it, and hold it in control ;
The brightest, holiest feeling born in Him who made the soul.
Oh, blest, and doubly blest are all those who in this world below
Find pure, warm loving hearts, true to them through all their weal or woe !
Hearts that still love on throughout all suffering, and pray and weep
In secret for those cherished ones, whilst all other mortals sleep.

Blest is the youth who in life's young morn has found a goodly wife,
 Pious, fond and true, to walk with him the rugged vale of life ;
 All his days glide sweetly on, whatever land by him be trod,
 And ever as he moves, he wins fond approving smiles of God.
 And cursed be those who call their base grovelling passions by love's
 name,

'They wrong thee holy seraph, they never felt thy heavenly flame !"
 So thought the youth, while that smile of love lay on her pallid cheek—
 Glorious as Sol's last ray cast on a mountain's snowy peak.
 So wrapt in their own thoughts are they, they mark not the rising storm,
 Whose clouds loom high o'er the distant hills and all the skies deform ;
 Nor do they heed the while the loud moaning of each sultry blast,
 That lifts and waves her heavy locks, shrieking like a demon pass'd.
 " Shouldst thou, Minona, " the youth began, " no more thy Moran see,
 Nor press these lips whose holiest sigh is breathed alone for thee ;
 Yea, though in the grave this heart shall lie, my love shall never fade,
 Thoughts of thee through all eternity will warm my faithful shade.
 Yes, thee I'll love for aye, for the soul's immortal as is its God,
 And no matter whatever bright starry orb by me be trod,
 I shall loyal be 'midst all its bliss, 'till I am joined by thee,
 All heaven without thee will be a joyless heaven to me.
 If to journey back to earth God will give my spirit power,
 I'll oft be near thee love, at some calm evening hour,
 No thou shalt not mourn alone for him who sleeps beneath the green,
 For my spirit shall be with thee love, although by thee unseen.
 But we know not whether God e'er that power to spirits lent,
 He has placed us here on earth for some all-wise divine intent,
 But why, He ne'er revealed to man, and this truth we only know—
 We came from the Almighty's hand, and straight back to him we go.
 So live that when thy dear form shall fill the burial sod,
 To thy grave they'll point and say there rests the noblest type of God
 That ever in form of humankind has walked this world below,
 There rests one who glowed for other's weal, and wept o'er other's woe.
 But hark, how in yon camp they shout my name ! Hark, the roll of drum !
 And hark, afar ! yon whistling car tells that the time has come

For us to start away for other lands, midst other scenes to dwell ;
But 'till God bids us meet again, adieu, sweet maid, farewell, farewell !'
"Oh, God, farewell ! the maiden cries, with a sigh that wrings her soul ;
Oh, farewell, farewell ! but take with thee this little sealed up scroll,
Read it not till thou art far away, listen to my behest ;
And ever wear that snow white lily fast on thy gallant breast.
Towards the camp he darted like a flash of flame, and through the gloom
Soon she could behold no more the waving of his towering plume ;
For dark as the grave, clouds o'er the face of heaven lower,
With tearful eye and aching heart she seeks her lonely bower.
Hark ! hark ! the earth groans and reels to yon vindictive thunder crash,
And the world seems one livid flame with that awful lightning flash,
In fiendish revelry the fierce tempests through the forests roar,
And down on the trembling earth the falling floods of heaven pour.
Fast, and faster broad, fiery lightnings flash along the poles,
And loud, and louder the awful, deepening, crashing thunder rolls,
Down, down all the rains of heaven come, as in the days of yore,
When God to punish sinful men, poured the floods and sank each shore ;
When all the great fountains of the deep were broken up amain,
And the floods in headlong fury swept o'er mountain, vale and plain.
When He watched the Ark and all its freight rise on the surges high ;
And placed the radiant bow of hope in the thunder-riven sky.
Hark yon crash ! the lightning bolt has split a giant oak in twain,
O'er earth he lies like a fallen king never to arise again ;
And hark ! plainly is heard 'midst the thunder peal and tempest roar,
Hudson's foaming waters bellowing on the echoing shore.
'Midst the crashing, reeling groves is heard the ever croaking owl,
The wild ravens shriek, and far away is heard the watch dogs' howl,
While all the grim demons of the tempest ride abroad sublime,
Clothed in all their gloomiest terrors as in some tropic clime.
O'er the harvest fields where stand in lines of shocks the shining sheaves
The roaring tempest sweeps and strews them far and wide like withered
leaves
The fields of tasseled corn the blasts bearing prone on earth deform

And the orchard trees dropping their fruit groan unto the passing storm.
Say, Minona, as thou gazeth on the thunder-riven sky,
Is it hope, or wild despair that flashes in thine azure eye ?
And wherefore fair maid that tremor that shakes thy beauteous form,
As yonder lily quivers 'neath the thundering of the storm ?
Is it a ray of deceitful hope, that sweeps across thy brain,
Like a flash of lightning through a universe of mist and rain ?
And ah ! wherefore to yon open window dost thou panting hie ?
Though the storm now fast departs and leaves a bright and moon-litsky,
Thou canst not think again that camp nor that cherished one to see,
For now 'tis long since thou heard'st their songs float on the breezes free ;
Long since thou heard'st the farewell shout of those thousand men and
more,

And long since the car that carried them did down yon valley roar.
But woman, what sorrow ever yet could darken all thy soul !
For when all seems an utter blank to man, rays of hope still roll
Throughout thy mind, and for those thou truly lovest thou wilt dare
With calm undaunted spirit, things that the boldest man would fear :
For thoughts long have filled Minona's soul, and kept it all aglow,
To follow her own loved youth e'en where the waves of battle flow
Yes, follow him e'en where the deadliest scenes of war may roll,
Rush in 'midst the victory and clasp the idol of her soul !
Or if God command he dies then she will see his corse conveyed
With honors that become the brave, and 'neath yonder cypress laid ;
Where she can oft come and weep o'er him at solemn evening tide,
And when God calls her forth she can calmly slumber by his side.
Yes, yes, sleep that long and dreamless sleep within the silent grave,
Beside that brave heart that died a bleeding foreign land to save :
These are the thoughts that throb within and fill her generous breast ;
And with these bright thoughts she well-nigh lulleth all her woes to rest.
Now o'er the window sill she leaneth, her head upon her hand,
Her long fair locks by the night winds round her snowy shoulders fann'd,
Upon the brightening sky she gazeth her eyes all calm and sheen,
Her face fair as the fairest lily that ever bloomed on green.

“Yes, I thought this tempest was too fierce and sudden long to last,”
Thus to herself she breathes, “and like it my griefs may soon be pass’d,
Yea, my life may yet be bright, soon all my gloomy sorrows die,
And fade away, as yon dark clouds that veiled all the starry sky.
Oh, so be it God ! and may Thine eye be ever fix’d on him,
To guard all his days of peace, and shield him ’midst the carnage grim,
For only Thou canst all things do, Thou who guides the roaring storm,
Who gave to every living thing its birth, each mute and breathing form.
Who aye aids the lowly weak, and sees the proud to ruin hurl’d,
Who brings to nought the mightiest, and doth shield an injured world.
Father Almighty at whose command men from the stones would start ;
Eternal God whose favored temple is a pure and humble heart,
And therein to dwell doth gladly leave Thy everlasting skies,
And maketh there Thy holiest of all holies spring and rise ;
Who in the highest heavens hath fix’d Thy never ending throne,
Omnipotent Judge of all mankind, unbounded and alone !
In Thee, in Thee, I place my trust, resigned to Thy eternal will,
And as through war Thou hast shielded him, Oh, God, protect him still !
God of the soul, oh, guard him well midst every danger round him toss’d,
Keep him from the cruel hand of death or I am wrecked and lost ! ”

’Tis strange what vast force that unseen power, attraction, controls ;
How it together binds with adamantine bonds two human souls ;
It’s laws control mankind, and together links them friend to friend ;
By attraction’s laws the planets in their proper places tend.
Those laws control the universe, they’re the most stupendous, grand,
Of all the laws for man to fathom, his Maker yet has planned.
Long ere the sublime fiat, “let there be light ! ” through Chaos stirred.
’Midst the expanse of universal emptiness God’s voice was heard,
Above the stunning sounds and ceaseless noises all confused and dread,
That shook boundless realms that round the throne of Ancient Darkness
spread,
Calling matter into sight and form, and endowing it with life,
Subjecting it unto these laws that should keep its vigor rife.
Where sable Night and Chaos grim their vast pavilion spread,

His voice was heard, wild uproar was rul'd and fled confusion dread ;
Order from disorder sprung, Night tottered on her ancient throne,
And primeval Chaos shook through all his regions drear and lone.
Throughout endless space and chaos the Creator's fiat ran,
And on the throne of ancient Night, Time was born, her reign began.
From primeval nothingness, obedient unto God's command
In atomic embryos matter sprang 'neath His creating hand.
And swift into social unions the small atoms join'd, until
Stupendous world on world did that once empty region fill.
Spread abroad in the unbound field of space in mere atoms strown,
Each small particle felt that it was not good to be alone.
Invested with the social power, companionship it sought,
By union the attractive force with greater strength was fraught,
And compelled the surrounding atoms to join in close embrace,
Thus were worlds created, and launched in regions of endless space.
Soon the new created, teeming worlds within their union saw
That it was a great social system of order and of law ;
Their bounds were set, yea, the very line and life that each should tread,
One false move or turn would lead and leave them to the voiceless dead.
From its very birth, a central point the Universe controlled,
In harmony round this central point for ages has it roll'd.
Nor can one lawless atom fly its destined fate, the ceaseless thrall
Of attraction's laws, vicegerent of its God, fast binds them all.
They're the laws of Him, who, when the earth was without form and void,
And primeval darkness was o'er the breast of the oceans buoyed,
And earth, an igneous mass, in the womb of the waters lay
Waiting the voice of its God, and eager that voice to obey.
Moved upon the face of the waters, whose binding commands control
Each atom of inert matter that forms creation's great whole.
By which it is forever compell'd to carry out His designs,
As the organized being whose faith and hope on God reclines.
Whose lone spirit said, " let the dry land appear, " at the command
Immediately He saw the igneous mass beneath expand,
Glow and swell with increased energy, and lifting in the air

Mountains, isles and continents to their present elevated sphere ;
And waters rushed down their sides into the depths of ocean's strand,
Corresponding with the elevations of the fast dry land.
While the lone spirit, unmoved by the convulsions and the throes
Which surrounded Him as from the floods our earth arose,
Placidly and benignly surveyed the vast, terrific scene,
Saw that it was good, and cast o'er it a look of love serene.
Yet, yet all lifeless and drear it spread throughout its giant space,
And black darkness dwelt and frowned upon its silent solemn face ;
Shuddered with convulsive fear in vast space our earth the while,
God stooped down and in His plastic fingers grasped it with a smile.
“ Then let there be light ” said God, and instantly round our earth
Light in all its fullest glory first had its wonderous birth ;
All things made were glad ; the rocks, the oceans and the grassless clod,
Burst that instant forth with loud hosannas to their parent God !
“ Be dark again ” said God, and round and round our trembling sphere,
Black primeval darkness gathered vast and dense and everywhere.
“ Since thou hast beheld, oh, earth, thy parent God ! now hear His voice,
My words are mercy, thou needs not fear, through all thy frame rejoice !
“ Aye, be glad, and in mine ear sweet music sing, for not alone,
Shalt thou journey in thy sphere around my everlasting throne ;
Thou art but the first made of a race of countless worlds unborn,
Which shall serve through all time thy fame and glory to adorn.
I from mere nothing brought thee to thy present wonderous state,
And from mere nothing shall a million, million more bright worlds create.
Nothing I create shall single be, I only am alone,
And solitary shall ever be upon my everlasting throne.
Thou in joyous harmony with myriad, myriad worlds shall move,
Glow, gladden in my light and love, and all my power shall prove.
All of thee that now solid is, was fluid once, thy iron rocks
That defy the wear and tear of ages, and e'en the thunder shocks,
Were once water, or air, or fire, yes, 'neath my plastic hand
These e'en from nothing sprung and formed thee into a world all grand,
Layer on layer I've builded thee, and little part by part,

Into the great, firm, hard, bright, glorious, useful thing thou art.
 I brought thee from the seething flood a hissing fiery form,
 But have cooled thy surface down, in thee hid the flame to keep thee
 warm,

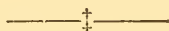
Yes, filled thee with deathless fire, and ribbed in thy heart of flame
 With rocks unbreakable, and scattered o'er all thy glorious frame
 Diamond and pearl, and glittering gems of price and worth untold ;
 Arteried, veined and nerved thee through and through with yellow chords
 of gold ;

And soon all thy seas and quivering floods I'll fill with teeming life ;
 Crown thy soul hallow'd lands far and wide with fruit and vintage rife.
 People thee with a race of earth-born souls whose power and might
 And wisdom, shall far exceed the children of the realms of light.
 Yea, thou shalt be proud of them as I of thee, and through all time
 I and thou shalt nurse them well, and glory in that race sublime.

Thee I created first, and for it shall ever love thee well ;
 And 'twill be thy chiefest joy through never ending time to tell
 Thou "sawest and heard'st thy all-wise Creator bid creation rise,
 And at His fiat matter sprang in void like clouds on clouds in skies. "
 Then swift, obedient to God's sacred will, before His face,
 One dazzling flood of light filled the vast immensity of space.
 From mere nothing matter sprang and crowded into boundless globes,
 All filled with life and beauty, and decked with green and glowing robes ;
 Systems and suns and moons from mere nothing in an instant rose,
 While all the while the face of God with parental kindness glows ;
 Swift our radiant sun adorns the joyous Universe,
 And full upon the astonished earth his full blown rays disperse.
 Every new-created element rejoiced, and as it sprang in void,
 It sang the praise of Him by whose hand it was upheld and buoyed.
 "Father Almighty we are Thine, by Thy will we live and move,
 And all our glory is, oh, God, Thy wondrous power to prove !
 Pity us oh, God ! and guide us ever on Thy sacred way,
 For we are but feeble sparks of Thine eternal full-sphered ray
 Father Almighty, Creator, holy Ruler, Lord and King !

Incline Thine ear while we Thy handiwork—Thy endless praises sing.
Maker divine and all benign, may every living, breathing thing,
We bear, forever in Thine ear Thy everlasting glories ring. ”
While creation thundered with this song of joy, all round and round,
These glowing, teeming, happy worlds, His arms the Creator wound ;
The whole creation to His breast like a trembling babe He press'd
And there safely shielded from all dangers it shall ever rest.
There His vicegerent, Attraction's Laws, govern and rule the whole,
They every planet, and every atom of the planets controll ;
By her the planets in their own individual cycles roll ;
And these are the evelasting laws which bind together soul with soul.
That keeps them together bound in order, harmony and love,
As are all the innumerable worlds around, below, above ;
And when this force shall cease to be all the worlds shall pass away,
Dread endless Night and Chaos grim, will once more assert their sway,
Planets, systems, suns and moons and stars, yea, every teeming world
Shall start from out its place and be down to utter ruin hurl'd !
All shall together crashing go as into Chaos grim they fall,
And universal night and ruin shall entomb and swallow all.
The worlds shall fly apart and through space in smallest atoms stray,
Then unto nothing, from which it sprang shall matter pass away ;
Forevermore depart as the dewdrop 'neath the noon sun's ray,
That wastes from sight nor leaves a trace behind to show where once it
lay.

THE BRIDE OF GETTYSBURG.



PART II.

'Tis a lowering midnight on a reeking, carnage covered field ;
Few are the stars in heaven that are not by murky clouds concealed,
And these all pale and wan in the far off silent heavens stand,
Like sad and mourning sentinels watching o'er the gory land.
Far, far away o'er hill and valley vast hostile hosts lie spread,
With their lurid watch fires the murky skies at times are red ;
O'er the hills and vales are lines of tents and bristling cannon seen,
Vast, grisely stacks of muskets with bayonets long and bright and keen.
Light enough there is to view that ghastly wilderness of death
That there lies broad between the hosts, whence cometh noisome fetid
breath ;

All around in horrid piles are thrown the wounded and the dead,
Thick as Autumn sheaves the gory, ghastly ranks on earth lie spread.
Some still with their arms locked round their foes in death all silent lie,
Some supine on earth with eyes unclosed still gazing on the sky,
Some life-like upright sit in death grasping still a half-drawn brand,
Some all stark and cold and dead against their cannon leaning stand ;
Some wild with fever and with thirst in death's last agonies lie,
Delirious with their pain they toss and sigh and groan and die ;
Some with their limbs torn off kneel all bleeding on the gory sod,
Lifting imploring eyes to heaven, and call upon their God.
Some dumb with their writhing agony in silence gnaw the ground,
While their unwilling souls go slowly issuing through the wound ;

Some soothe their last throes by seeking o'er the field their wounded foes,
And with fierce threat and curse and blow in one last long grapple close.
And all is ghastly horror round, for fierce has the battle roared
Through two successive days, and vast hosts have to the carnage poured ;
And proud and stubborn as ever met since this wide world began,
And the fellest artillery has roared that e'er was used by man.
See'st thou that frightful mound of slain that lie in yonder dell ?
'Tis the hard fought spot where the glorious, dauntless Reynolds fell !
There calm and grand 'midst the war he moved and gave his orders forth ;
Well does such a couch become so fearless hero of the North !
Yea, a chief like him who never shunned a fight, nor feared a foe,
Who aye in the horrid van was seen, when war did fiercest glow ;
A bright light to guide his warriors on to deathless deeds of fame,
A fell destroyer of his foes, whom naught but grisly death could tame.
As some far flaming fiery meteor of an angry night,
That guides the roaring tempest on with its never fading light,
Which proud the Almighty's mysterious fiat to perform,
Mounts o'er the roaring hurricane and guides on the fearful storm.
So that mighty hero shone amidst the wreck and whirl of strife,
Led on his hosts to victory, whose grim price is human life.
Search, Columbia, thy catacombs of great immortal dead,
None greater ever on thee lived, none braver e'er thy battles led.
Bards yet unborn to all coming time shall tell his solid worth,
Their deathless songs tell of his prowess to all the sons of earth.
And behold far down in yonder deep and winding, narrow glen,
Where flags, guns and lifeless steeds are heaped in mounds with slaughtered men !
There's the spot o'er which fiery Longstreet charged with all his host ;
That gory hill in front with cannon strewn, marks his foeman's post.
Oh, here's the place where intrepid valor well was proved and tried !
For here's where the bravest heroes of the nation fought and died !
Here's where that fierce battle, longest, loudest, deepest, rolled and roared,
Here's where screaming shot and shell from host to host was thickest poured.
Here's where the wail of agony rose above the burst of shell,

Mingling awfully with the victor's fierce demoniac yell ;
While glorious strains of music through the carnage rose and fell,
As if it led to some grand festival, instead of a raging hell.
Here is death in all its most unearthly, wildest horrors shown,
Seldom since the world began was such an awful slaughter known ;
Seldom o'er such a frightful scene, the sun, moon or stars have smiled ;
And men of every clime and creed are midst that red carnage piled.
Years on years will sweep away and other races will arise,
And view these lands, little they'll dream of the scene now o'er them lies ;
Little they'll think of the stern, terrific strife that here has pass'd,
Little they'll think that the dead lay here in such dread numbers vast.
Little they'll dream how terribly 'midst these scenes the cannon roared,
And how on the ranks of horse and foot the shot and shell was poured ;
Little they'll think how fiercely 'midst these hills the loud war horns
 pealed,

How in the reeking swamps of gore the furious squadrons reeled.
Though history will tell of this strife to races yet unborn,
Here the reapers will gather grain, and the farmers tend their corn ;
The bold hunter here will roam, and here will sunny maids be found,
But little they'll dream how thick the dead lie mouldering all around.
And this scene bold Moran views while standing now on yon tall clift ;
Where the hills high o'er the dreary waste of death their summits lift.
Pale the war-worn warrior looks, on his cheek there's a grisly scar
Still amply dripping blood, though seen dimly through the night afar.
But who is he, that tall, comely, stalwart chieftain by his side,
From whose dark blue eyes now is darting the lightning flash of pride ?
A ponderous sword is in his hand his spurs are red with blood,
His brawny bosom heaves and swells like a never resting flood ?
Gloomy and sad he often looks on the ghastly scene around,
Then on a sudden starts, then stops, as though fix'd in thought profound,
Like a cloud in some far desert land he seems, whose mighty form
Frowns o'er the vales around, changing to the blasts of every storm.
" Moran, you tell me that my daughter lives—yet breathes this vital air,
And is a lovely maid far beyond all other woman fair,
With pure blue sparkling eyes, and long bright radiant golden hair ;

Such was her mother, aye, beautiful, 'midst pleasure or despair !
Thank God for this ! for this to Him have I prayed both night and day,
Yet to my constant pain and anguish has He kept my child away,
Till I began to fancy the sea had ta'en her for his prey.
And you say that death has wrapt Ulrica in his shroud of clay !
Well, Moran, list, and I'll to thee all my life of grief relate,
How I've wandered o'er this world of woe, and braved its scorn and hate."'
Thus to Moran that cheiftain speaks, then borne on the midnight breeze
To us came his mournful history, the words resemble these :
" Yes mine has been a life of misery, all my days have ran
One ceaseles stream of woe, and they will end as they began !
For danger, toil, want, and woe, it seems that I were only born,
These have been my sole companions from day till night, from night till
morn.

Or if one sign of pleasure has ever deigned to visit me,
It vanished ere 'twas felt, like a bubble on the stormy sea ;
Or it came as the keen lightning's flash when midnight tempests roar
That gives a moment's light then leaves the sky darker than before.
Moran, when I was young like thee, (young I said, I am not old,
For scarce fifty summers o'er me their glorious suns have rolled ;
And no wrinkle nor sign of age is yet traced upon my brow,
But seeing so much sorrow it seems that I am aged now.)
Well, 'twas in those days there dwelt a maid near where Tweed's waters
run,

The fairest creature of this planet that ever viewed the sun ;
Her face fair as the bow of heaven smiling midst the shower,
Her hair like streaming clouds that bask beneath the sun's full power.
She was lovely as summer with all its purest, grandest smiles,
When with heavenly charms it comes upon the Indian isles ;
Joy and beauty wandered forth by her, with all their light and song,
And robed her all in glory such as to sky-born souls belong.
Her arm was like the foam that rides the seas round a stormy isle,
Her eyes as two stars of light that glad creation with their smile ;
Her brow fairer far than Northern snows when nights are cold and long,
Her footsteps lighter than the dews or softest tones of sweetest song.

Yes, round her loveliness with all its heavenly glory smiled ;
Her soul was seraph purity, holy, noble, sweet and mild,
Gentle and serene as ever yet to God a prayer has poured ;
Her I loved with all my soul, yea, her, I worshiped and adored.
Yes, I idolized and cherished her, with love as fond and true,
As a faithful bosom ever felt, or e'er a mortal knew,
She was to me a summer morn draped in all its light and bloom,
Where e'er she was were joy and bliss, where she was not all was gloom.
Oh, while amidst dangers thus I live and endless toil and dole !
Can this dreary world one comfort give to cheer my pensive soul ?
Yes, 'tis thoughts of thee, thou cherished one, my Mora, it is thou !
Methinks I see thee as in by gone days before me standing now ;
The sweet, sweet smile on thy lips I see, thy eyes so kind and sheen,
That could all the brightest stars eclipse in loveliness serene :
And I see thee as a woman grown, although in years a child,
I hear thy voice's gentle tone, like a seraph's calm and mild.
I see thee on the Cheviot hills as in those times gone by,
With glory ever beaming upon thy forehead fair and high,
See thee o'er Tweed's waters lean when rosy with their sunset glow,
And laugh at the angel face thy features mirror there below.
See thee as when I wooed thee in thy glorious youthful prime,
And I hear thee vow to cherish me through never ending time !
See thee, as I led thee to the alter on our marriage day
Blushing all with joy as a radiant Sabbath morn in May.
And now I see thee pale and silent load thy funeral bier,
Cold as a lovely wreath of snow on the mountain dark and drear ;
I hear the earth and pebbles rattle upon thy coffin lid,
As thou wert lowered in thy grave, and from eye of mortal hid !
Yes, thou with whom I hoped to journey adown the stream of years,
Into the harbor of old age, up, straight to the silent piers,
Where we might discharge our burden, together furl our sails,
And thank our God who saved us through the billows and the gales.
There's no bound to human cares, afflictions cease but with the grave,
If joy comes, soon sorrow o'er it flows as an overwhelming wave.

Man from his earliest birth was destined to suffer and to bear ;
And there's no barrier 'gainst sorrow human art can rear ;
So have I found in all my wanderings round this world of care,
I believe God ne'er intended happiness for mortals here.
But all these who in this world will strive to walk within His way,
I know will find here after peace, if they humbly bear and pray.
And this is mine only comfort, for as round this world I've trod,
I've always striven to keep a correspondence fix'd with God.
And I, like the ship-wrecked mariner, though billows round him roar,
Looks ever fondly forward to some calm and sheltering shore :
There free from all storm to dwell, and all earthly sad unrest,
Without e'en a dream of care or woe to ever haunt my breast.
Yes, dwell for aye with her, whom in this world to me was given,
For God said, what e'er is bound on earth shall not in heaven be riven !
And I know His word is sure and everlasting as Him self,
Him I fondly trust, scorning this world with all its power and pelf,
For it has not one sole charm for me except the quiet grave,
Where I soon hope to lie, heedless of all storms that o'er me rave.
And when e'er I've viewed the calm and silent features of the dead,
I've envied them their fate, wished that I were only in their stead ;
I've asked God to take me hence, although I knew it was a crime
To seek for death, and not calmly wait for God's appointed time.
Away with thoughts like these, I must back and all my life review,
Things that I had thought forgot now rise to visit me anew :
Thinks that happened long, long ago, and ne'er can be again,
Now fast pass before my mind, a shadowy, melancholy train.
'Tis but grains of dust and sand that do the lofty mountains make,
Yet they're so huge and strong, them the hand of God alone can shake,
So 'tis but trivial things that build the lives of men, their woes
From little trifles spring, from mere trifles all their pleasure flows.
Had I in my early years been less bold, haughty, stubborn, wild,
I'd seen less woe, yea, for me a happy life perhaps had smiled ;
But nature is a fond mother, she's to all her children kind,
She made us all imperfect but to our failings kept us blind.
This is a saying of all lands, aged as the world is old,

And true as air expands by heat, and is aye condensed by cold ;
But in childhoods thoughtless days we seldom see the right from wrong,
And we do no wisdom gain 'till we have toiled and suffered long.
I was orphaned early, for in Britain's wars my father fell,
And history says he led them like a hero, brave and well ;
And my poor mother crushed to earth by the overwhelming blow
Spent all her days in sorrow, and died beneath consuming woe.
And I was left alone to roam o'er this terrestrial ball,
Free to decide, mold, and fix at will my thoughts and feelings all ;
For Mora's parents were my guardians left, and their control,
Was mild as the beams of morn that on the tender flower roll.
All day they let the orphan with Mora o'er the Cheviots roam,
Where many a roaring torrent thunders from its mountain home ;
No two babes since earth and sea began e'er roamed the bracing air
With happier, lighter hearts than we nor plucked the harebells fair.
With little Mora, my sole companion and my trusty friend,
Gayly each sunny day did I the Cheviot hills ascend ;
'Till I, though few my years, a hardy and a stalwart boy had grown,
Whose heart though 'gainst Mora's will, to lead a martial life was prone.
Just then it happened Ulrica's spouse was leader of a host,
All draped in warlike trim, and bound for India's far off coast ;
All nine of her brave ruddy sons had joined the gallant throng,
And my heart yearned to go with them when I saw them march along.
Right soon I joined them too, all heedless and deaf to Mora's prayers,
Left her to her sorrow, her anguish, her wailing and her tears,
Oh, well I recall the night we parted upon the frosty wold,
From the clear blue sky the full round moon shone on us calm and cold.
I saw the tears start from her bright eyes and wander down her face,
Like swift falling stars that in the eyes of God begin their race,
And shoot all glittering bright along the silent realms of space,
One on one in never ending flight each other onward chase.
I wiped the glittering tears away and kissed her lovely cheek,
But it was cold and pale as the snows that drape a mountain peak,
I pressed her to my bosom and strove to soothe her griefs and fears,
And with a lingering kiss we parted for a span of years.

Her parents gathered round, as fond parents round an only son,
Strove to wean me from the path of war that I so fain would run ;
“ There’s land enough for thee,” thy said, “ on many a grassy steep,
And thou shalt have it as thine own, so go plow, and sow, and reap.
There before both God and man lead thou a just and noble life,
And when years have ripened thee, take our Mora for thy wife.”
Though I saw the tears stand in their eyes, and sorrow gloom each brow,
I was deaf to them as yonder rock that frowns before us now.
’Twas far out on the rolling ocean, away from sight of land,
That first I felt a yearning to clasp my gentle Mora’s hand.
The deep strong longing and the yearning that then besieged my breast,
The tender thoughts that filled my soul, my being’s wild unrest,
No earth born words have power to tell or breathe in human ear,
All the world I would have given to have had my Mora near.
I ne’er dreamed ’till then that Love had chains to so the soul enthrall,
In fact I ne’er knew till then I loved that rosy maid at all.
Beneath India’s burning sun soon I heard the din of strife,
Trode in all my glory on a field with reeking carnage rife,
Loud rose the deafening cannon roar, and the clash of breaking brands,
On the sultry winds that swept across those burning, barren sands.
By heavens ! ’twas a glorious sight, when Sol illumed the world,
And from night’s long couch o’er flood and land the lazy clouds were
hurl’d,
And there revealed far as human eye could view o’er the shining sands,
In all their martial pomp arrayed the fierce barbarian bands.
There sword and spear, nodding helm and plume, glittering wain and gun,
Like a rolling flood of fire blazed before the morning Sun,
And as the roar of many waters when storms disturb their rest,
And the mighty spirit of the tempest treads their angry breast,
So their fierce barbaric music rose upon the morning breeze,
With all its wild discordant tones, such as savage spirits please,
And inspires them with courage for the terrors of the strife ;
There clashed the loud cymbals, and blared the thundering horn and fife ;
Rolled the deep drum, while their fierce war songs filled all the startled
air,

Blending in one deafening roar of coming triumph or despair !
Bright was the morn and fresh the breeze that fanned the Indian coast,
When first in rolling battle tide we met the fierce Hindoo host.
All of stern barbaric valor, and all of keen savage hate,
That had out-lived all by gone wars, thundered on to met their fate.
Proudly they marched far around them lay their fathers' fields of fame,
Whence seemed to arise their voice, and fill the air with Brama's name.
Far to right and far to left bright stretched the vast embattled lines,
With the mighty form of Brama gleaming upon their war ensigns,
He who in their souls has struck such fast roots, o'er them holds such
sway,

And like the unseen blast that stirs the flood impells them to the fray.
He whose voice they hear in storm or calm and worship all their lives,
And he who electric through their souls the martial current drives,
Who on their foes unchains the earthquake, lets loose the hurricane,
As from age to age they step above their heaps of foemen slain.
Onward they came like ruddy flame driven by a mighty blast,
When forth it sweeps to rocky steeps o'er dry grassy prairies vast ;
Or like the foam when tempests roam above the billowy roar,
And floods are thrown on shores of stone, burst and swift recede once
more.

So on our bristling front and ordered line the glittering armies came,
They died before us as at the base of rocks dies out the flame ;
They recoiled from us as do the waves that boil and bound and roar ;
When a ridge of adamantine rocks rise up their rage before.
With arms bared and weapons bright, resolute rushed their columns deep,
On our bristling front they bounded, with tiger yell and leap,
Though full on them we made our guns a constant thunder keep,
And shot and shell upon them rained with fiery, fatal sweep !
Soon their soil was crimsoned o'er with gory, ghastly, slaughter stains—
Such as in all the centuries have tinged proud India's plains,
Ever since Britannia o'er the Hindoos strove to force her reign,
And Britons wandered there for plunder, for glory or for gain—
“ Charge ! ” and at the word, with guns, and bayonets fixed and leveled
spears

England's bold red-clad sons advanced with thundering shouts and cheers,
We saw the foeman heeded not the fiery, fatal spray,
Of shot and shell our cannon poured, though it swept whole ranks away,
Though they fell like grain 'neath reapers whene'er our guns would sound,
Yet fresh columns hemmed us in, fresh armies thronged the gory ground;
So we charged upon them with a shout that through them sent dismay,
And hand to hand with spear and brand we hewed our dreadful way.
Although it was my first red fight, and I but a stripling then,
Few were the swords, I ween, that flashed in the hands of bearded men,
That cleared a broader path than mine, right and left I cleft my way,
With blow and thrust in gory dust full many a Hindoo lay.
We fought till earth with Brama's sons was covered o'er and grim;—
Though his children may be false to men they're ever true to him.
He is their God of battles, and when they tread on fighting field,
For his sake alone to no power but grisly death they yield.
And as we trod upon the wounded that lay among the slain,
Though they were weak and torn and bleeding, and full of ghastly pain,
Yet full of stern rage and hate for us up from the earth they'd rear,
Fearless grasp us with their dying grip and strive to bite and tear
We fought with our swords till the sun went down and night closed round,
And far and wide o'er the gory earth no breathing foe we found;
Then we paused for a breathing space and rested on our swords,
Sought for our friends who slaughtered lay among the vanquished hordes
And these, alas! were many, whose battle day no more should beam,
Who slept the silent sleep of death, the grim sleep without a dream.
Ah! four of Ulrica's sons no longer drew a vital breath,
Next morn we laid them in the grave—the dark, voiceless home of death;
With tearful eye and saddened brow from the reeking field of gore,
To the cold gloomy tomb, we many a much loved comrade bore;
Many a head was bowed with grief, and many an eye was dim,
As o'er the buried comrades' graves we sang the funeral hymn.
Oh, there are moments when the gush of feeling will have its way,
And the hidden tide of love or woe no force on earth can stay!
Oft a tear I shed for them; methinks their voices still I hear,
Their shadows yet linger by my side, their death-wail and their bier!"

While he spake his voice grew hoarse, for sorrow filled the hero's soul,
 And from his eye the night winds saw a huge, briny tear-drop roll,
 He paused a space, for a mighty tremor through his spirit ran,
 Till with a sigh of deep relief he thus again his tale began :
 " Eight years 'neath India's blazing sun I fought for England's fame,
 And in that time my sword with death did many a savage tame,
 For day and night 'twas constant fight through open field, bush, or fen,
 Till land and flood was red with blood of poor slaughtered beasts and men
 I fought until all of those who sailed with me from England's shore,
 And they were thousands three, were silent and still forevermore !
 Ah, some fell while fighting hard upon the field of strife and gore ;
 Some died by thirst, hunger and disease, by fevers keen and sore !
 Yea, I was the sole one God had spared from out those thousands three,
 So I left the new recruits, and became a hunter bold and free.
 Soon I sought for beasts instead of men o'er brake and shining sands,
 And many a grim monster of the wilds died beneath my hands
 In fact I found it a far more nice and better paying game,
 Than fighting fierce Hindoo hosts solely for England's wealth and fame.
 But oft as I roamed o'er barren wilds fanned by the sultry wind,
 I thought of the lovely, lovely maid that I had left behind
 Still, still all radiant in my soul that gentle maiden smiled,
 As doth the sweet oasis that blooms amidst the barren wild,
 Or like the calm bow of joy and hope whose all-beauteous form
 Spans the dark arch of heaven and sanctifies the roaring storm ;
 Or like the far-off star that ever sheds its radiant light
 Through darkest clouds, for him who aye pilots by its beams at night ;
 And though waves are high as mountain lands from trough to sparkling
 crest,
 Guides him safely on to the glorious haven of his rest.
 For the first seven years I roamed o'er India's savage climes,
 Oft had I heard and sent a word—yea, more than a thousand times.
 Pure, loving, welcomed letters from that glorious being came,
 And them all I fondly answered, breathing like her, a tender flame.
 But since Ulrica's spouse had died, and her noble children nine,
 I ceased to write, and I soon ceased to receive a single line.

I wished all home to fancy I like those ten in death were low ;
And in sooth my long silence soon made them all conjecture so.
With my Hindoo guide o'er burning sand and fever reeking fen,
Away in the distant wilds apart from England's red-clad men,
I tracked the tiger to his lair, and the lion to his den,
Battled with the fell hyena long on mountain and in glen.
Cleft in twain the anaconda dread, while darting from its coil,
And I left its grim carved-up carcass to fatten well the soil.
Oft with the wily leopard I closed in fierce and stubborn broil,
But his many-colored robe would soon adorn the victor's spoil.
From the horned rhinoceros I took the robe that wrapped his form,
Left his awful carcass with the tapir, bleaching in the storm ;
I disrobed the scaly crocodile while yet his blood was warm,
And for costly ivory I slew the elephant enorm.
The grim boar and panther, and many a savage of the wild,
By my strong right hand 'midst desert wastes were in red slaughter piled.
Many a spotted hide and shining horn amongst my trophies smiled ,
And thus two long years of my best days India's realm beguiled.
I roamed o'er vast wastes where simooms red, up with the sands were
 curled,
And o'er vast mountains from whose summits the roaring floods were
 hurled ;
Where sits the spirit of the storm with meteor flag unfurled,
And pours forth the ruddy lightning with the tempest o'er the world.
It was late on a radiant sultry summer afternoon,
I roamed by the stagnant waters of a reedy, foul lagoon,
Thinking of her who moved 'mongst womankind as the peerless moon,
When she ascends the skies, paling the stars, on an eve in June.
Go where I would, I thought of that fairest one of womankind ;
Yes, memory of Mora was always in my soul enshrined ;
And there was ever night and day a deep longing in my mind
And yearning in my soul, for the maid that I had left behind.
'Twas on that hot afternoon hard by that reedy, stagnant pool,
While I roamed in search of monsters grim, with courage calm and cool,
I heard a human cry, but it was faint, weak, like one of those
Mortals raise when fear has almost brought existence to a close.

And there I saw upon the barren sand scarce twenty yards from me,
A lion with an infant in his paws, holding it in glee,
He licked its face, laid it down on earth, and round it skipped and sprung,
As doth the mighty lioness play and frolic round her young.
How to free this infant was a thorough mystery to me :
If the monster spies me he may with it to the desert flee,
Or if I fire a volley and only wound and injure him,
He with his rage in a moment's time may tear it limb from limb.
While this was rolling in my mind, me the monster grim espied,
And with a roar of thunder that echoed o'er the desert wide,
With eyes that flashed like ruddy lightning when fiercest in its glow,
Straight towards me the noble monster came with measured tread and slow
Though his mighty heart refused to tear the infant's tender frame,
Yet when a hardier foe he saw he joyed to fight the same ,
I viewed his noble face as determined for the war he came,
And wished instead of slaying him, I could only bind and tame.
With rifle leveled for my mark, full between his eyes of flame
I poured my rattling volley, and never truer, surer aim
Was ever dealt in battle, for life, for country, or for fame,
Or by the best nerved huntsman that ever trod on fields of game.
One moment with a deafening roar headlong on the earth he rolled,
And staggering to his feet again he faced me fierce and bold ;
But ere he closed on me his iron grip, with my shining sword
His noble lifeblood I swiftly on the thirsty desert poured.
I sought the infant, and searched it o'er and o'er, but nowhere saw
That the generous monster had scratched it with his mighty paw.
A serpent freshly slain and bleeding hard by the infant lay ;
This grim form, he told me, when I lulled his terror and dismay,
Had strove to crush and swallow him within its hideous maw,
Whence his brother and a slave he just had seen the monster draw ;
But the lion bounded on its coil and slew it with his paw,
And had long and gently with him played, ere I the frolic saw.
I cut wide the entrails of the grisly serpent with my brand,
And from thence two lifeless Hindoos rolled upon the reeking sand.
This infant which I had saved, and which the lion had not gored,

Proved to be the offspring of a daring, mighty Hindoo lord.
While I yet was speaking to the child, and wiping off my sword,
Like a mighty tempest rushing, sweeping o'er the desert broad,
With neighing steeds, clang of arms, and shouts that to the heavens roared,
Seeking for his slave and children, came that chieftain with his horde.
As on a sudden pause the bellowing billows of the deep,
When the mighty Storm King stays the blast and sudden stops his leap
Yet 'neath his all-swaying wand in ridges tall and huge and steep,
Awhile with sparkling crests stand fixed, and their storm-toss'd likeness
keep ;

So right full in front of me with gleaming swords and silence dread,
Suddenly paused that rolling host, their bold chieftain at their head ;
With eyes and features stern he viewed the grim slaughter round me spread,
From my arms to his his infant with a cry of rapture fled.
And soon his tale of horror poured in his grisly sire's ear,
“ How the slave had led him and his brother to that reedy mere ;
How the anaconda had drawn them in its hideous maw,
How the lion saved him, and how I freed him from the lion's paw.
My hand he grasped, his proud face with sorrow, thanks and rage was
grim ;

His flashing eyes I saw, in these blending tides of passion swim ;
As I viewed them o'er and o'er, oh ! often yet I think of him ,
The boldest Hindoo of the land, a giant both in thew and limb !
“ Thou gallant wanderer,” he said, “ who roam'st o'er the Hindoo land,
I thank thee for thy courage and for the prowess of thy hand.
I thank thee now and ever, and when my gratitude shall die,
May Brama hurl me headlong from his children where I stand so high!
For the gallant deed that thou this day for me hast nobly done,
A grand gift to thee I'll give as ever glittered in the sun.
And when thy feet shall wander backward to thy far off native land,
Gems and yellow ore shall fill thy store from the Hindoo's shining sand.
For the deed yon anaconda practised on my slave and child,
Every one shall perish that dwells amidst our native wild.
For one whole long month we'll search for them, and red their blood
shall run,

But unscathed shall pass the lion, since one saved my only son.”
So spoke he with vengeance-breathing voice, and fixed a trysting time,
And one whole month we searched for them amidst that sultry clime ;
We roamed their dens where in coils they hissed all horrid and sublime ;
Died many an anaconda reeking in its gore and slime.
Bright was the morn and strong the breeze that blew from the shores of Ind,
As for loved home I spread my sails before the favoring wind ;
With me to the shore had marched that chief with a thousand chosen men,
Who with me had chased the serpent o’er hill, valley, field, and fen.
By heavens ! ’twas a glorious sight to see their sabres gleam,
Beneath the slanting glories of the radiant morning beam,
And see their blazing banners upon the laughing breezes stream ;
’Twas like the fairy picture of martial poet’s shining dream.
Clad in armor bright as if for fight dazzling to the sun they glowed ;
Men who would ride through battle tide, stem the fiercest ever flowed !
Yea, press on through steel and flame through hissing shot and bursting
shell,

At their mighty leader’s word, and at mine as ready and as well ;
Since first they knew I freed the child from danger and alarm,
I was bound unto their hearts as by an adamantine charm ;
And they had died around the hunter ere aught should bring him harm—
They loved the hunter for his prowess and for his stalwart arm.
Tears were in that chieftain’s eyes, and in his hardy warriors all,
Down their cheeks I saw them roll, and on their shining breastplates fall ;
As the last time he raised his hand to me, sorrow bowed his form,
And his huge breast heaved and swelled as some vast ocean in a storm.
“ Bold hunter, whom I met upon our desert lone and wild,
Who right nobly saved from slaughter grim my sweet and only child ;
May blessings ever journey round thee wherever thou mayest go,
And may the God of thy fathers hem thee in from every woe.
May rapture shine within thy heart and bright glory crown thy brow,
Serenely as yon radiant sun that beams upon us now ;
And oh, when thou art far away and by thy native breezes fanned,
Still remember those who cherish thee within the Hindoo’s land !
I fain would have thee lead my hosts, and I’d follow at thy call,

But I see the love for home has bound thee with an iron thrall ;
The Hindoo loves his native clime, though it's barren, drear and lone,
With flame undying, more than soul, or the marrow in his bone.
And if thy love like ours is half as deep and strong and pure,
Thou must be ever yearning, longing, for thy native shore ;
So farewell, thou noble hunter, awhile, adieu, adieu !
Thou mayest journey back some day to those who love thee strong and
true."

While the stately Hindoo chieftain spake he sorrowed like a child,
When it parts forever from a parent, loving, kind and mild.
And if e'er again amongst those wilds my wandering footsteps wind,
Well I know through joy or woe in him a trusty friend I'll find.
They stood in sorrow on the shore till they faded from my view,
And in the widening distance I heard no more their sad adieu ;
O'er the vessel's prow with sadden'd brow I watched the ocean's spray,
But my thoughts were with it not, they were with Mora far away.
Dark was the night and fierce the storm, the rain in torrents drenched the
sod,

As once more upon my native hills with bounding heart I trod,
And down on the moistened earth I kneeled amidst the storm and blast,
And there thanked my God with all my soul that I was home at last.
First I sought the cot where Mora dwelt ; but all was dark around,
It was late, and night had wrapt the rosy maid in slumber sound ;
A bright light shone from a window of Ulrica's lonely bield,
Towards it I took the well known path o'er the graveyard and the field.
I gazed in silence through the window upon her aged face,
Where deep, grim sorrows had left their everlasting trace ;
All alone she knitting sat, yea, toiling for to-morrow's bread,
Toiling though her hands were aching, and hot fever wrung her head.
Yes, knitting, knitting, toiling, toiling with aching brain and form,
So she may keep this humble shelter to shield her from the storm ;
Although in fight for England's might on India's reeking sward,
Her noble spouse and children died, this is all her rich reward.
Though they died amidst the hostile press in storms of steel and flame,
So that their loved England's ancient glory might not come to shame,

Died to keep unsullied her radiant heritage of fame,
Died for the honor of their land, for the glory of her name.
Yes, while fighting hard the stubborn fights so terrible and long,
Died her gallant spouse and children, died the noble and the strong,
Those who would have shielded her, and soothed her aged wants and woe,
Kept her **from every** sorrow that visits mortals here below.
Yea, solaced her, the noble mother **and** the glorious wife,
And every comfort of the world had been scattered round her rife ;
But now all neglected and alone she leads a toiling life,
Uncared for by the land that ought to guard her from all woe and strife.
These were the thoughts that filled my mind as I tapped upon her door,
And there gladly entering shut out the tempest with its roar.
As bounds a loving mother to the embraces of her son,
Who long has roam'd where foreign breezes blow, and foreign waters run,
So in my arms with a start and cry she threw her aged frame,
For she knew me at her door, knew me the moment that I came ;
Knew me by my voice and yellow hair, my outward bearings all,
Knew me by the picture of my father, that hung upon her wall.
We sat and talked, till morning, and oft her sighs came deep and long,
I told her how in battle died her lord, the gallant and the strong ;
How in war had died her children, all that noble-hearted throng,
All heroic themes for any gifted poet's deathless song.
Tell, tell me all, she said, as fast her tears began to flow,
Say if died my lord and children 'midst the battle's ruddy glow,
Or was it with long sufferings writhing from the lonely sod,
Pass'd their noble spirits to the happy mansions of their God?
Poor soul! I thought, left by the nation to poverty and griefs,
As the realms are wont to leave the widows of their slaughtered chiefs.
Some fell dead to earth, some perished by neglect and thirst,
But this I will not, cannot tell thee, lest with grief thy heart should burst,
I must seek to calm, not stir the heaving ocean of thy woe.
No, I said, not one did lingering pain or suffering know,
One by one they fell round me, as their country's battles laid them low,
Nobly dying, still unconquered, with their faces to the foe ;
Of all the thousands three who sail'd with me I of the whole survive,

All in silent death are sleeping, I the only man alive ;
One by one they fell around me 'neath the volleys of the foe,
Like the mighty forests which the ringing axes wrestle low,
Till o'er the lands there only stands one of that old race of trees,
Which to and fro o'er comrades low waves its branches in the breeze ;
Round it soon a race of saplings shooting from the earth it sees,
But conspicuous and grand throughout all time it towers o'er these.
Yes, I was left alone like that sole tree ; so I looked around,
On the recruits and old faces in the ranks I nowhere found.
Here I paused, and casting up mine eyes upon Ulrica's chair,
Found that rosy slumber had just lulled her sorrow and despair.
Died the embers on the hearth, o'er the floor I saw the shadows fall,
Wandered the chirping cricket forth, ticked the clock upon the wall,
The dog snored, on the floor with his tail its tricks the kitten plied,
While birds within their cage with pricked ears and glaring orbs it eyed.
With low, noiseless tread I issued forth into the morning air,
All the heavens were calm and bright, and the sun rose warm and fair
The bracing breeze was roaming free o'er its mossy mountain lair,
Laughing with the forest leaves, and with the earth's green waving hair.
My eager steps I bent towards the cot where rosy Mora smiled,
But as I cross'd the grave-yard that was o'er grown with weeds and wild,
I turned to where my mother lay, with the earth above her piled,
To see if still the flowers bloomed there, I planted when a child !
And as there I knelt in prayer beside my mother's narrow room,
With a creeping sense of awe and dread for mortal's fate and doom,
Hard by I saw a woman leaning her face upon a tomb.
So wrapt was she in prayer, o'er dark sorrow's murky fold of gloom,
She was unconscious all that a living, breathing soul was near ;
Though I rose and past her whistling went she did not seem to hear.
I meant to see who this could be, so paused at the graveyard gate,
I knew that way she had to stray, so with patience I could wait.
It was a long time ere she from prayer and the silent tomb arose,
Long ere she did her meek sweet face to my eager eyes disclose,
And showed a brow as pure and white as the fairest Alpine snows,
And an eye, though dim with tears, bright as the sheenest star that glows

Whence shone a soul of queenly pride, yet all free of craft and wile,
A soul that was virtue's starry home, and religion's sacred isle,
That lit her brow with sunny light and with seraph's rosy smile,
Though of earthly woe and sorrow her spirit had its weary pile.
Good will and love to all mankind the sleepest eye might trace,
In the glorious radiance that lit her heavenly face ;
No painter ever limned a form of such angel mien and grace,
Nor sculptor carved on stone such symmetry since 'gan the human race.
I watched her with a bounding heart, and with awe-struck mind and eye,
As with airy tread towards the graveyard gate she was moving nigh.
I ne'er dream'd so fair a being breathed 'neath yon o'erarching sky ;
That feet so light and fleet, and form so neat, stars have seen from high.
I know I need not tell, for thou knowest well who was this being sheen—
Yes, thou well canst guess 'twas Mora, the beauteous and serene,
Who moved all glorious in her prime upon the mountain green ;
Though from a mother's grave she came with heart-devouring teen,
Yet my heart's own cherished idol, and my soul's own darling queen,
Bloom'd like the rose of the valley where naught else but rocks was seen.
We leaned on the stile 'neath the tree, the spot where we used to lean,
Till the sun was high in the morning sky, and well towards noon, I ween ;
But since those days and that, oh, what a vast gulf had spread between ;
Oh ! how many, many sad changes upon this world had been !
Oh ! how many had passed away and did the grave from sorrow screen,
Thoughts of whose loss stung the heart like the thorn of a brier keen !
We reached the home where had been the deepest, saddest loss of all,
From where had passed Mora's mother to the sepulchre and pall ;
A gloomy, gloomy shroud of heart-rending sadness seemed to fall
O'er all that cottage, o'er all its garden and its vinewreathed wall.
Though the laughing noonday sun was full upon it shining bright,
Through its open window seemed to come no ray of cheering light ;
It seem'd a creeping sense of sorrow, and dark sepulchral gloom
Reigned o'er all that cottage, and pervaded grimly every room ;
For she who once ruled that home, made it a paradise of mirth,
Filled it with light and life as the laughing sun illumines the earth ;

Who was ever wont to ease my wants and soothe my boyish grief,
And to the grieved and sorrow-stricken bring comfort and relief,
Had pass'd away to Him for aye who created Death and Life,
And o'er the lone and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife ;
Midst never-ending joys to dwell, free from every taint of earth,
And breathe before the throne of Him, whence all souls and worlds had
birth,

And departing left behind a gloom like that which nature throws
At evening o'er the sombre landscape, of solemn, dread repose,
Which naught but the sun himself again can gladden or illumine,
Or chase away one small atom of the all-pervading gloom.
And her noble widower had taken another to his bed ;
This new prime stepdame of my Mora had twice before been wed ;
Twice before had this lady been to the marriage altar led,
Twice had she been widowed by Death, the grisly demon dread.
I see this woman now as when first I fix'd my eyes on her,
Leaning blandly smiling on the arm of her third worshiper ;
Coarse was her huge lumbering frame, and right haughty was her mien,
Heavy her elephantine tread as yet ever trod on green,
Patches of coal-black hair upon her neck and upper lip were spread,
Which looked on her white bloodless skin like dark pock-marks on the
dead,

On her broad high massive cheeks the fat was rolled in wrinkles vast,
And looked like folds of sails when reefed in haste before a sudden blast ,
Her forehead was contracted, narrow ; yes, and exceeding low ;
And down o'er it two black greasy curls seem'd ever wont to flow ;
Her thick white lips looked like two waves when by earthquake they recede,
And 'tween these her decaying teeth looked most lusciously indeed.
Her sharp nose was like a parrot's beak, close curving towards her chin,
As though it intended to grow in that fatty member's skin ;
Taking her outward bearings all, her voice, and huge, heavy stride,
One might readily believe that dress her proper sex belied.
'To make a woman of such a clumsy beastly mass as her,
Showed but plainly how Dame Nature sometimes in her work could err ,
Sure Nature intended her to fill some brainless bruiser's mold,

But changed her mind and cast a woman while the stuff was growing cold.
Some great mistake there must have been, for she was a worthless pile,
A woman void of woman's heart or woman's glorious smile;
By nature vain and arbitrary, with temper fierce and fell,
Her heart was a den of pride, and her soul was the gate of hell.
None of the snowy hue of the seraph in her could be seen,
But plain were the pallid workings of malice and vengeance mean,
Her thoughts were the low-hung noxious mists that rise o'er a reedy fen,
And in her coal-black treacherous eye was craft beyond my ken.
Her two loved by-gone lords were the constant themes that swayed her
mind,

Hours would she sit and tell how true to her they were and kind;
And how kind fate had shielded her from the troubles and the throes
Of bringing forth a family, would awhile her subject close.
For she detested children as she loathed thoughts and feelings high,
Loathed the trampling of their little feet, their laughter and their cry.
Despised their prattle sweet, and their thousand little loving ways,
That show the bright angel here on earth that in their being plays.
When you find a mortal who's willingly to a child unkind,
Deem that they are more of fiend or devil, than of human mind;
She who joys through all her married days a childless wife to dwell,
Is not a fit habitant for earth, for heaven or for hell.
Close beside this grisly mastodon of beastliness and pride,
Her young sister stood, a maiden sallow-skin'd and sable-eyed,
Tall and slim, with rounded, drooping shoulders, was this maiden's form,
Her long sharp fingers like icicles made dusty by the storm.
On one side of her neck, and her full round, paint-bespattered face,
Moles with their tufts of hair grew out, which were signs of rank and grace.
Her nose was like her sister's, curving to a receding chin,
And slovenly adown her neck streamed her greasy ringlets thin.
Her lids hung halfway o'er her large eyes, with fringe black as the storm,
As though the nerves and muscles there failed their full duty to perform.
Of man or woman with half-closed eyes, be ever on thy guard,
Deem not that they are dreaming—they'll spring thee with thy own petard.
To every thing she'd hear, she'd smile or nod her unsightly head,

Or else all sleepy sit, and pretend she heard not what was said ;
In her was all the pallid meekness of a treacherous fiend,
I viewed her with looks of scorn as on her brother's arm she leaned.
He was somewhat like his elder sister in figure and in size,
With bushy coal-black hair and beard, and sleepy treacherous eyes,
Whence plainly shone a sneaking soul, one of cowardice and lies,
From whence no generous thought or wish for human kind could rise.
And selfish he as fiend could be, envious of others' weal,
Unsympathizing o'er others' woe as is a bar of steel.
Well could I trace upon his face of puffed alcoholic glow,
Where pimples red were thickly spread, hatred deep with passions low.
While I gazed upon these charming three, all standing in a line,
I felt by instinct swift as light they were no friends of me or mine,
And something whispered in mine ear (methinks I hear it now,)
" Ralph Argentine, against those three, ever on thy guard be thou !
Beware of yon sallow maiden Grace, and of her brother James,
And doubly beware of the other, the wildest of all dames ! "
I ne'er gazed on them but a cold, deadening tremor through me passed,
As though I suddenly trod on coils of adders grim and ghast.
Bright was the morn, and fresh the winds along the green valleys flew,
As hand in hand towards Ulrica's cot I and my Mora drew,
In her lone field we hoped to shield ourselves for that whole day,
From those prying three who followed us wherever we would stray.
Scarce had we journeyed half the way, when lo! upon our heels—
But noiseless and swift as on its prey the cunning tigress steals—
Grace prowled forth upon our path, scarce a yard from us she trod,
But so light and airy was her footstep on the dewy sod—
We had not known a living soul was near, had I not turned around
To pluck a lovely harebell that close beside the path we found.
Just as I turned, ere we the damsel saw or dreamed that she was near,
So sudden a scream she gave, it even startled me with fear.
As doth seem the peerless moon hard by an inky, rain-filled cloud ;
As the graceful lily, beside a rank, foul weed, gnarled and bowed ,
As the dove at daytime seen beside the hideous, croaking owl ;
So peerless Mora seemed, beside that maid, who came with fearful howl.

Oh, Mora! Mora! with hysteric sobs, thus she loud began ;
While fast and huge adown her cheeks, the copious teardrops ran :
Oh, Mora! Mora! cold, subtle, and deceitful fiend thou art,
Thus to harshly break my noble brother's trusting, loving heart !
How oft have I heard thee promise, yea, a thousand times and more,
His thy heart should ever be, until thy being should be o'er,
Now thou doth rudely cast his love aside—break every vow of thine ;
Cling to the arm of Argentine ; leave his heart to waste and pine ! ”
Her words were loaded down with sorrow, and fraught with wild despair,
As fitful winds from a reedy fen, that shake the midnight air,
When sleep half descends to the hunter, upon his grassy lair,
And alternate chill and heat his blood, as they sigh through his hair.
Silent and still, and fixed as fate, with looks of withering scorn,
Mora the frantic maiden eyed, till died out her wail forlorn.
All abashed she turned away from Mora's eyes of haughty gleam,
And flew off as the mist of the fen before the morning beam.
As a radiant star that shines o'er the woody hill at night
When a thunder cloud advances, and threatens the lovely light,
So towards Mora I moved, with fiery rage and words of blame,
For jealousy hissed in my soul with her serpent tongue of flame :
Aroynt, thou fickle heart ! I said, Aroynt to thy other love !
Sooner the lion would mate with the fox, or the eagle wed the dove,
Or the huntsman tread the quaking ice when thawing sunbeams shine,
Than I would link my being with such a fickle heart as thine ! ”
A word in anger spoken is a foul blot upon life's page,
Which oft has parted sworn, trusty friends, from youth to latest age ,
Though we may forgive an insult, it ever, ever bears its fruit ;
For memory is an iron despot, whose rule is absolute !
With a look that well betokened pity mingled with surprise,
Full on mine for a moment's space Mora fixed her sunny eyes ;
My hand she grasped in hers with a smile that set my soul aglow,
And to soothe my jealousy and rage, her words began to flow.
Her voice was sweet as the memory of joys of other years,
When calm and bright they come to the troubled soul and drown its cares ;
Sweet as the showers of summer, which come to the thirsty corn,
When the sun first looks from the eastern wave through the mists of morn.

Sweet as pure evening zephyrs sighing o'er fields of rich perfume,
Breathing on fevered brows through the casement of some lonely room;
Pleasant as balmy gales of spring that sigh on the hunter's ears,
When he awakens from troubled dreams and sprightly music hears,
Soft sounds spread o'er the woods like tones of a happy seraph's voice,
While their leaves to the rising morn with their tears of night rejoice.
As flies off from the opening eyes the spirit seen in a dream,
Whose path fades from our sight like the track of the lightning's gleam,
So from my weary mind its torturing load of doubt was cast,
The jealousy, the woe and agony, that through my being pass'd;
My soul came forth from her grief, as the sun from the gates of morn,
When black clouds are rolled around with their edges broken and torn.
For Mora was to my troubled soul as some all heavenly form,
That descends on the deep and binds the wings of the roaring storm.
The sun bursts from the cloud and the blue waves glow beneath his beam,
The mariner spreads his sails with joy, and mends each tattered seam.
Oh, plainly in my heart is writ the joyous record of that day!
I call it joyous though it had its share of trouble and dismay;
It was the first time in our lives since I had Mora seen,
The sole time since first we met, an angry word had past between.
It often happens the fiercest storm will bring the sweetest calm,
And there is no earthly sorrow but what also has its balm;
The darkest hour that drapes the earth just ere the morn is known;
The glittering pearls by raging waves upon the strands are thrown;
The thunder peals that rend the heavens and tear the world below,
Bring the rain that makes earth with her robe of vintage joyous glow;
They, too, purify the atmosphere for human lungs to breathe,
And when they depart a glowing rainbow round the world they wreath.
Many a deadly poison grows and blooms amidst the forest round,
Yet, ever close beside the poison the antidote is found;
The air that stifles human lungs may give life to grass and wood,
There's no earthly evil but what counteracts by doing good.
Thus I thought, while 'neath an elm we rested from the noontide ray,
Watching in a distant dell a mountain torrent's laughing spray.
It was the very spot where we often had in childhood been,

Where I oft had crowned my Mora's brows with wreath of living green ;
Where we had grown to love each other with love as bright and pure,
As the spray that sparkled 'neath the sun above the torrent's roar ;
Days when our hearts were filled with bliss, bright bliss without alloy,
And the thoughts of those bygone years filled our souls again with joy.
That very day I meant to fix my fate, let weal or woe befall ;
So while our happy souls did every by-gone joy recall,
With a throbbing heart and brain, and pulse bounding wild and high,
Mora's gentle hand I grasped, and gazed into her laughing eye.
I asked her there to make or mar my fate ; asked her to be mine ;
Asked her to blend her fate with mine, and give my spirit endless shine.
The while I spake she looked so noble, so glorious and so kind,
I would fain have died, had she refused her lot with mine to bind.
One warm smile like a sunbeam upon her rosy lips there lay,
Which flew o'er her fair sweet brow and lit it with its shining ray ;
Her long radiant tresses streamed o'er her neck and breast of snow,
As wreaths of rainbow spray spanning a milkwhite flood below.
As pearls cast up on the shores of Truth by the laughing waves of Joy,
So gleamed her shining teeth from her lips that looked so sweet and coy.
Or like the priceless pearls that angels plant on Memory's shore,
When the warm rainbow half hides them with mists all rosy, sweet and
pure.

Ere she answered me there was dead silence for a dreary space,
Silence deep and still as that which lies upon creation's face
When clouds surcharged with lightnings in awful majesty arise,
And loom along the silent hills, draping in night the voiceless skies.
Something glistened in her deep blue eye, 'twas radiant and clear,
But ere it rolled upon her cheek, I had kissed away the tear ;
Her head fell gently on my breast as I pressed her to my side ;
And ere we left that old elm tree, Mora was my promised bride.
One other thing was yet for me to do, on this my thoughts were bent,
For both of us right truly wished to win her sire's consent ;
Perhaps, I said, in loving me, he may tell thee thou hast erred ;
In my way a rival stands, his claim by him may be preferred.
Back she drew, and gazed on me, a smile of scorn played o'er her lips ;

“ Argentine,” she said, “nought on earth shall my love for thee eclipse !
From childhood I have cherished thee with a holy love and zeal,
And let good or ill befall, I mean to share thy peril, woe, or weal !
As easy for man to drag yon sun to earth and dim his light,
Or stop the fiery comet in its ever onward flight,
As wean my soul from thee, or turn one atom of my fixed love,
For my faith in thee is strong and bright as the sun that shines above !
The little soul is as the mist that hangs round a reedy fen,
Whose foul vapors arise only to poison the blood of men ;
It never journeys on the hill, lest the storm should meet it there,
But sends forth the dart of death in secret from its marshy lair ;
And such is the soul of him thou darest to call thy rival now,
That fiend with the coal-black wily eyes, and dark and shaggy brow ;
Of him, Ralph, be ever on thy guard, he’d stab thee in the dark ;
And also of Grace beware, she’d aid his dagger to its mark.
But yesternight she told me, and I thought sure the girl was crazed,
That she to such a high pitch thy love and vanity had raised,
’Thou asked her to be the partner of thy life, through weal or woe,
But that she had disdained thy love, and thou wept beneath the blow.
And if I did not wed her brother within a month or so,
She’d take thee from me, and with thee to the marriage altar go ;
And some dark hints she gave, that if I should e’er become thy wife,
There would be murder, and I should rue it sorely all my life.
I let the vixen talk her fill, nor e’er deigned her one reply ;
When dealing with such people, keep a still tongue, but wary eye ;
A slanderer is like a hornet, best to let it calmly go,
And not strike at it, if you can’t kill it dead with the first blow.
An ancient proverb says a lie has no legs and cannot stand,
But it has wings and can fly far and wide over sea and land ;
Nor the highest hill can stop its flight, nor yet the deepest mine,
And ’tis like a serpent, it ne’er cometh in straightforward line.
Knowing this, I keep my thoughts conceal’d, no matter what I hear,
For Grace has spread her black lies around the country far and near ;
Till now the neighbors fancy her brother is to wed with me,
And that she, just whene’er she chooses, is to be wed with thee.

But we shall show them yet the truth, love, ere many days go round,
For soon in yonder church our happy marriage bells shall sound. "
Thus Mora spake to me, till the gusty winds began to rise,
For a sudden thunder storm loomed up along the silent skies.
From our hiding-place we bounded and crossed the little field,
And soon we were right gladly welcomed in Ulrica's humble bield;
The rains of heaven came rolling down with sullen, steady pour,
And far away through the vales we heard the swollen torrents roar.
Loud burst the voices of squally winds that through the woodlands hiss'd,
Lightnings clothed the hills with flame and thunders roll'd in wreathes
of mist.

But we heeded not the storm, nor cared what it might break or rend,
For we were in Ulrica's cot, our warmest, truest friend.
When Mora told her that with me she had vow'd to link her fate,
Her aged heart swelled up with joy, and her happiness was great;
She rejoiced as an eagle when o'er the torn prey she flaps her wings,
And food from the field for her callow young to topmost crag she brings,
Or as hunter in his own green vale, when storms have passed away,
And the wreaths of mist slowly depart before the dawning day,
Revealing the gleaming rocks with their green heads of bush and thorn,
O'er which he sees the roes look forth, gazing on the beams of morn.
"Shall I wish ye," she said, "a life of unrelenting joy and bliss,
Free from every pang of sorrow? no, I shall not wish ye this,
For our souls are perfected by the troubles they endure,
As the river's ceaseless motion keeps its waters fresh and pure.
May grief ne'er prey upon your souls till they writhe with anguish sore,
Nor life's bitter burning billows sweep your burdened spirits o'er,
Nor your crimson, pulsing lifetide e'er through fevered channels pour,
Till your chafing souls shall yearn to leap from out their prison door;
And they as from fire crypts shall from your aching bodies soar,
Till they hear the stirring music of the bright celestial shore.
Such life I wish ye not, nor all radiant I'd have it run,
But with just enough of shadow to soothe the rays of burning sun.
May ye ne'er cease to love each other, to cherish and adore,
And may that love be pure as the rainbow that spans from shore to shore,

Ne'er forget to share each other's joys as well as sorrows sore,
For the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more."
While her heart-felt blessings on us twain Ulrica freely poured,
The fierce tempest ceased its howling, and the rain no longer roared;
Just then throughout her cottage door our wistful eyes we cast,
Mora's sire with his spouse and all her kin went trooping past.
But that sire was not the man to unheeding pass that door,
For he was ever wont to comfort the needy and the poor;
There he paused in spite of the others, who urged him o'er the moor,
And soon his stalwart form was standing upon Ulrica's floor.
Tall and comely was his aged frame, and deep and broad his chest,
The knotted sinews of his brawny limbs a giant strength possessed.
His long hair, that once was sandy, was thickly dashed with grey,
Pleasing was his visage, though his gray eyes flashed a haughty ray.
He was of that stamp of men, whereof this world has witnessed few,
Without a thought or feeling, but what the whole wide world might view;
Free of those mean, petty spites that mongst the race of men we find,
He could instruct the sage, yet be civil to the coarsest hind.
His was voice of happy greeting to all the sons of humankind,
To all who own'd a human heart or possessed a human mind;
Who thought the bounteous gifts that God had kindly round them thrown
Were made for all their brother men, not for their own selves alone,
Who would not cull one glittering gem from Nature's boundless store,
And useless hide it for their own selves when others need it sore;
Who daily strive to teach the true, the good unto their brother man,
And show the gross, the foul and wrong, just as plain as mortal can.
He always had some good word to say about his fellow kind,
Could see the good in others, and to their petty faults was blind:
And would sooner fall himself, than hold another's fall in trust,
And through the guise of friendship or of love hand them to the dust.
He strove to aid his fellow-man through pure kindliness and love,
And on the path of good was ever wont to give the race a shove;
And from mine and mountain, sea and air, from forests and from moor,
He was ever culling goods to solely bless the human store.
Methinks I can recall him now as in those blest days gone by,

With glory on his manly forehead, and lustre in his eye :
I see the needy crowd round his door, and fed from off his land,
And I hear them bless that free generous heart, and open hand.
How any one so noble in soul, in body, and in mind,
When choosing a second partner, could have been so grossly blind
To all her countless imperfections, that were so plain to see,
Both in body and in soul, has been a mystery to me.
In fact it was a dark enigma to all the country round ;
He seemed the sole one who any jot in her of goodness found ,
It seemed that she had woven some potent spell around his soul,
And that no earthly force could free him from her fix'd control.
Perhaps it was his evil luck, or perhaps it was his fate,
Perhaps God thus had cursed him for having ta'en a second mate ;
When in youth we wed, and by death in old age that partner lose,
On us we always bring a curse if a second one we choose.
Man or woman who in old age tries a second marriage bed,
If they have children by the first, heaps injustice on their head ;
Yes, heaps shame, disgrace, injury, and unpardonable wrong,
On those their instinct should bid them aid the path of life along.
Those who at their children strike so base, unnatural a blow,
Aye become the contempt and ridicule both of friend and foe ,
Such unions no true love warms—'tis only pride or worldly gain,
Or died-out passions, the shade of whose memories haunts the brain.
These thoughts passed through my mind as he trod upon Ulrica's floor ;
But into his arms his Mora sprang just as he crossed the door ;
And with a flood of kisses on his aged cheeks she thus began :
Father, some time ago, perhaps twenty years the space will span,
You and my mother brought a little orphan to our home,
Whose face was like a rose, and whose teeth were like the ocean's foam ,
You remember how by you and mother I was daily taught
To always kindly treat the poor little orphan that you brought.
Told never to wound his little heart by word or deed unkind,
But always soothe his sorrows, and keep all troubles from his mind ;
To show such kindness unto him, as I would have to me be shown,
Had I like him been left an orphan all desolate and lone.

Now, father, I did just as I was told unto the orphan boy,
I always strove to keep his spirit full of unclouded joy ;
I roam'd with him upon the hills, sat beside him in the school,
Prayed with him in church, and always equal shared with him at Yule.
And whene'er he wept I kissed the scalding teardrops from his eyes,
And laughed at him, till in them I made a flood of rapture rise.
Soon I grew to love him with a friendship rooted, fix'd and strong,
And it has stronger grown as the tide of years has flow'd along.
Loved, not because he was an orphan left in this world of dole,
But I grew to love him for the noble candor of his soul ;
I grew to love him because I saw he fondly loved me too,
And love enthralled our hearts ere either soul knew how to woo.
Our love was like the coral isle fresh from the ocean's floor,
By each ripple it is dinted, and a soft wave can smoothe it o'er,
But soon its substance hardeneth by the sun, and storms that scowl and
 roar,
Till feebly the billows bound against its adamantine shore.
All the partings and griefs we have had to suffer and to bear
Have perfect made our love as it has firmer grown each year ;
And, father, as his wife, I would share that orphan's joy or woe,
And wilt thou not bless us, father, by saying it may be so ?"
Just as she ceased, from the parted clouds upon Ulrica's floor,
The setting sun poured in a flood of glory through the open door,
As though to fill the room with splendor ere that day's course was run,
And silent the old man stood and gazed upon the setting sun.
His soul was full of by-gone years full of the days of the past ;
So the sun in the west appears when clouds from his beams are cast ;
The green hills lift their dewy heads, the bright leaves wave to and fro ,
The blue winding streams rejoice in the flowery vales below
Where is mirrored in all its glory the sweet radiant form
Of heaven's bow, that spans the east, smiling through tears of the storm.
The aged sire leaned o'er his child wrapt in a pleasing dream ;
And his long gray hairs glittered in the rays of the setting beam.
His whole spirit, reflective, was a flowery sunlit maze,
Devious from joy to joy incessant strayed of other days,
When his morn of life was new, and those dear ones who caused my birth

Were his warmest, stanchest friends through all his sorrow or his mirth.
Just that good-will and kindness which they had shown to him of yore,
His heart was wont to show to me, ready e'en to grant me more ;
Wont to grant the fondest longing that my sweetest dreams had wrought ;
Bless me with the only idol that my heart had ever sought ;
Make all my life unclouded like the Orient's golden gleam,
Clear as the purest depths of ocean or any crystal stream.
With a smile he grasped my hand, and grasped his rosy daughter's too,
Since first mankind began, he said, it's been their fate to love and woo.
Love to love is as the strong attraction of two elements,
Whose binding affinity only to a godlike force relents.
Were those two not fondly joined that form the liquid of the sea,
And all the waters of the world, no laughing floods would there be.
Separate those two elements that compose the atmosphere,
That surrounds this planetary speck, and gives us being here,
In one, the earth would flash to flame, in the other being die ;
Yet while they're joined, how joyous all things look 'neath the azure sky.
And if it were not for love binding heart to heart, soul to soul,
This planet would not be worthy place for human joy or dole ;
Love softens the troubles we encounter in this world of strife,
And makes us fitter beings for a future and a nobler life !
Whoever parts two human hearts that each other fondly love,
Let him be cursed by man and devil as well as saints above ;
Let it be done through hate, envy, gain, what e'er the cause we find,
It's a gross injustice, and eternal wrong to human kind.
Marriage is good for man as for his food the salt of ocean's flood,
Which is a salutary stimulus to life and healthy blood.
Disjoin its elements, use either with the other uncombined,
And straight our food how hurtful and distasteful would we find !
As they would be to the animal economy of man,
So parting trusting, loving hearts is to the whole world a ban.
For this has clouded many a soul in chaos and in night,
That might have been useful to its kind, and fill'd the world with light.
Eagerly ye wait one little word to issue from my lips,
That shall set the joy of your hearts aglow, or that joy eclipse ;

But what that word will be, by your eyes, I see, ye well can guess ;
Love on, together wend through life, for my answer, it is, Yes.
Though the rapture of our bosoms was happiness complete,
Without the mere shadow of a cloud to dim their sunshine sweet,
Yet, it was not more perfect, than was Ulrica's then, I trow—
A sudden, effulgent flood of gladness beamed upon her brow.
So the full moon in the clear azure vault of heaven appears,
When up the silent midnight sky that refulgent planet rears ;
When not a breath of wind disturbs the glittering floods below,
And not a cloud o'ercasts its solemn, sacred and increasing glow ;
Round her path the vivid planets roll that gem the azure skies,
On the dewy grass and leaves a silvery radiance lies,
Rocks, hills and flowery vales put on a glory not their own,
A sweet, all pervading solemnness seems o'er Creation thrown
So wrapt in our thoughts were we, we marked not a figure cling
Close 'neath the window, listening stealthily to everything,
Drinking in her burning soul like poison, every word we said,
Where envy hiss'd like the adder when it feels the hunter's tread.
Nor when we had ceased, did we see her all like a serpent crawl
With hate and vengeance in her soul, round that vine-wreath'd cottage
wall.

Ever since there were women, they were wont to listen, peep and pry,
But never yet was one, than Grace, more inquisitive and sly.
Long ere we left Ulrica's door she had joined her kindred twain,
Who stood afar 'neath a tree chanting a merry Scottish strain,
But ere we had joined them, they had planned a murder for that night,
Arranged it artfully as any cruel murderers might.
They greeted us with ready smile as they were ever wont to do,
On not one face a single trace of their feelings could I view ;
With words as merry as e'er could from her vocal organs flow,
Thus her noble lord that step-dame greeted with accents soft and low :
“ Dear, let's hasten home ; Parson Jones this eve will be with us for tea ;
And sister Grace and brother James must go Aunt Mary now to see. ”
With that she grasped her spouse's arm, then waved her loved kin adieu,
And we watched them till either couple pass'd from out our view.

It was twelve o'clock at night, afar the solemn village bell
Just had tolled that hour forth unto echoing hill and dell ;
And I and Mora for that night just had ta'en our last farewell,
As from her sire's room there rung a hideous and mournful yell.
So I've heard the fierce hyena howl upon the Hindoo's fen,
Whene'er face to face it chanced to meet the lion in his den ;
Scarce time had we to think, whence came the yell that shook the mid-
night gloom,
Ere my Mora's sire came and bade us hasten to his room.
There on her couch the step-dame lay, huge cold drops were on her
brow,
And from her seeming agony she cried, " Oh God, I'm dying now ! "
And while she writhed like one in mortal pain, " Oh, Ralph ! " she
cried, " my friend,
Do for the love of God, bid sister come, ere my life doth end. "
Full of rottenness within oft is the choicest seeming fruit—
The bud that looks the fairest may bear the poison most acute—
Underneath the brightest pretence may be motives base and fell,
Nothing but duplicity where friendship pure was thought to dwell.
Underlying the guise of good, esteem, love and fondest trust,
May lurk the vilest passions, the wildest and most cruel lust ;
And many more such unveilings of the truly seeming so,
And disclosures of the real, he'll find who roams this world of woe.
Off swift I started for her sister with anxious heart and brain,
Little dreaming that she the while her deep agony did feign ;
And that to get me at midnight on the hills they the plot had planned,
Where their brother lay in wait, eager to slay me with his hand.
The beaten path was a mile from there unto her aunt's abode,
But I took a nearer, though 'twas a craggy, dangerous road ;
It was a ridge of lofty rocks with a fen and tarn below,
A most grisly place for any one to meet an ambush'd foe ;
So narrow was this path scarce two could each other safely pass—
Woe to him who tumbled in the sable tarn or foul morass !
Then full in my face the setting moon was shining calm and clear,
For west my journey was, and she did just o'er the hills appear.

Sudden upon my path there loomed a towering human form,
Who towards me bounded with a growl loud as thunder of the storm;
Oft on such a cliff I've met the lion bounding from his lair,
While his deep, long roar shook far and wide the stagnant midnight air.
So I was not daunted then, scarce a moment had I on it stared
Than a sudden flash of sulphureous flame before me glared;
'Twas scarce a dozen yards from me that sudden flash of fire flared;
Close beside my ear a bullet hiss'd and loud a rifle-blared.
By instinct swift as light I knew the form and features of my foe,
His shaggy brows waved dark above his eye-ball's fiery glow;
As darts the eagle on its prey when urged by long hunger grim,
Or as springs the panther forth, so with a bound I closed on him.
We stood upon the lofty crag, face to face, breath meeting breath,
One careless step, or crumbling rock, had straight hurled us down to
death;

He loosed his hold, his hand wandered to his side, and from its sheath
I saw his cold shining dagger gleam my very beard beneath.
Once, twice, thrice, I felt him drive its thirsty blade against my breast,
But tighter, tighter round his form, my sinewy arms I pressed.
I heard his deep muttered curse as on his face my eyes I cast,
His shaggy brows waved black o'er coals of rage; that look, it was my
last.

There was a moment's struggle, though it then seemed an age in length,
And to the gulf below I hurled him with more than human strength:
Yea, there was a moment's struggle, a grim howl, a fall, a yell,
And down the craggy rocks he plunged, with eye-balls flashing flames
of hell.

Then, an awful silence reigned o'er all the hills around,
Save the rustling of the aspen leaves, I heard no other sound;
O'er the dread precipice I leaned, and in its dense darkness peer'd,
But not one sole sound or sight, my ear or vision chilled or cheer'd.
From the cliff I tore a rock, 'twas craggy, weighty, huge and vast,
And bending to the throw, I through the gloom the mass enormous cast;
I heard it hiss through air, splash with thunder in the tarn below;
On a wood-clad hill I heard a stir, but thought it a startled roe.

I had scarce breathed, ere I saw the figure of a woman glide
Hard by me, amongst the bush that clothed the shaggy mountain side ;
Noiseless and swift she moved, like the spirit of some reedy fen,
That comes at night from its lair to scatter seeds of death 'mongst men.
Too well I knew 'twas Grace, the fiend ! Grace the treacherous and sly ;
Grace, with the snakelike form and move, and coal-black hideous eye.
Face to face, with dagger in her hand, she stood and gazed at me,
The moon had just rolled behind the hills, and all alone were we.

“ Murderer of my brother ! ” at length she said. Hush, fiend ! I cried,

 Hush, or with him in yonder tarn thou shalt rotten side by side !

In silence hasten to thy kin, for thy voice I hate to hear,

It puts my teeth on edge, grates most harsh and cruel on mine ear.

'Tis like foul winds that come by fits over a reedy stagnant flood,

When sleep half descends on the famished hunter and chills his blood—

Or like the horrid, horrid sound when adders crawl at dead of night

Beside the couch, and we hear their hiss, and long for morning's light.

So haste thee to thy kin, for thou knowest well yon craggy path ;

Fly ere in yonder tarn thou shalt lie, a victim of my wrath ;

Swift, light, nimble as a stag towards the sick dame's cot she went ;

Slowly I followed her along that craggy, slippery bent.

Early on next morn with anxious heart and brain, and panting breath,

I sought the ghastly scene of that dread night's combat and of death ;

I searched 'long the craggy slope, and in the tarn so dark and drear,

Dreading at each turn to find James Coward's mangled carcass there.

But to my wonder, not e'en a trace of blood or corpse I found ;

Where the strife had been, the shaggy slope with stunted bush was
 crowned ;

I searched it through, for well I knew it saved him from the tarn below,

Nor him, nor knife, nor gun I found, though I searched it to and fro

 Another month, another month, and where, where, O God ! was I ?

Prisoned in the dungeon of a jail, a felon doomed to die !

Where naught I heard to cheer my gloom, but the jailor's solemn tread,

Which seemed like water dripping from thawing ice, that keeps the cher-
 ished dead.

For Grace had sworn my life away ; she proved that on the craggy path,

I had met her brother James, and he had died beneath my wrath ;
She vowed that I had gone next morn to hide the blood that I had spilt,
And as no one could find my victim, her oath confirmed my guilt.
My term of life was wasting fast with each swift revolving morn,
I wearied through the dreary day, solitary and forlorn ;
And when the deep shades of night closed in, I roared with savage yell
To the spirit of the prison, and the genii of my cell.
Through huge rusty iron bars I saw the sturdy workmen go,
And rear the scaffold's beams aloft with many a heavy blow.
I saw the cord hang down from the gaunt, dread, awful, spectral thing,
From which in the ruddy prime of life I was so soon to swing.
There's many a strong oak blasted ere it reacheth to its prime,
Many a green leaf withered ere comes the Autumn's storm or rime ;
Full many a rose-bud mildewed ere the needful sunshine came,
And many a glowing spark has died ere fanned into a flame.
Many a bright morn has brought ere noon terrific flood and storm,
And many a bleak wild morn has brought an evening calm and warm ;
No grief e'er clouds the soul and falls o'er the heart like shades of night,
But still the gloom with silver lines, and its edges fringe with light.
Twas night, black night, dread gloomy night, rain and hail were falling
fast,
From the distant hills I heard the roaring linn and moaning blast,
As on my couch of straw I lay, thinking of my awful doom,
Pondering where my soul should go, where conducted, and by whom.
When lo ! I heard sounds of hurrying feet ever drawing nigh,
Loud as armies vast of frantic men they rushed the prison by ;
Then up the corridors and through my bars there burst a ruddy flame,
And in and out with thunder shout a thousand voices roared my name.
Has the whole wide town, methought gone mad, frantic with hate and
rage,
And come like burning fiends to murder me within my loathsome cage ?
This scarce had I time to ask myself ere brighter flashed the flame,
And hoarse, and near, and louder still voices and the tramping came.
My prison gate was opened wide, loud I heard its hinges roar,
And like a vision bright my sweet Mora passed the threshold o'er,

Then roared from the multitude, like tempest from a tossing flood,
Rejoice, rejoice, Ralph Argentine, thy soul is innocent of blood !
Swift they bore me from my hated cell with music and with song,
Voice after voice joined in till it rose like a tempest deep and strong.
Fast the throng as we bore along grew in spite of sleet and snow,
Till a mighty mass we moved, like a roaring river in its flow.
They bore me to my Mora's home midst thundering shout and song,
Her name and mine they roared, louder than the night storm wild and
strong ;

Children, men and women, young and old, made up the boisterous throng ;
Not till rosy morning came they moved their homeward way along.
One there was among the crowd of cyclopean thew and limb,
With stature tall, and shoulders broad as is some huge giant grim.
'Twas his hand that open tore the gate that kept me in my cell,
And 'twas his voice that loudest rose 'midst the shout and music's swell.
He was a sturdy yeoman who tilled his acres on the moor,
The same few acres his sires had two hundred years before ;
Angled in the self-same stream, and hunted just o'er the self-same wold,
And with as bold, true and gay a heart his sires had of old.
'Guy Colgan' was he called, and known well afar o'er hill and glen,—
A man with strength of thew and limb, all surpassing other men.
He loved and wooed my Mora's maid, Laura was the fair one's name ;
Oft to our home he came, for she returned his tender flame.
She was as pure and good a being, though humble in her sphere,
As e'er saw the day beam shining yet upon this planet here.
She was modest as the morn, yet glowing like the sun at noon,
Graceful as the lily of the wild, placid as the silver moon.
Oft I've seen her dark eyes sparkle with a glory all their own,
Her long raven tresses on the sabbath morning breezes strown,
While 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me ! or some other sacred hymn,
She taught her huge unlettered lover, like holy seraphim.
Well it was from this huge mass of soul, of thew, and bone and gore,
First I learned the cause of my release from that cursed prison floor.
Poor broken heart, while he told the tale he sorrowed like a child,
The sole thing that saved me from the grave, caused all his anguish wild.

Short was his tale of grief, the words resembled these : “ Day by day,
In search of James Coward o’er the mountains did my Laura stray,
For in her trusting heart she ever felt the villain was not dead,
And that he only hid from sight, to leave blood-guilt upon thy head,
One eve she came not back from her weary search o’er hill and field,
Day rose, night came again, yet was Laura from her friends concealed.
The startling tidings flew o’er hill and dale, to every hamlet door,
And in search of her rushed forth two thousand eager souls and more.
One whole week we sought in vain o’er hill, through glen and deep morass,
Through wood and brush, gloomy cave and tarn, and every mountain
pass,

Yet no trace of her was seen, but still we searched with eager soul ;
At last upon this frosty morn, thank God ! we found the wished-for goal.
Chained to a rock, beside a couch, in a cavern black as night,
When with ebon clouds the whirlwind shrouds the planet’s sacred light ;
With pale sunken cheeks, and glaring eyes, and tangled, matted hair,
I found my Laura, crazed, mad and wild with anguish and despair.
Swift I burst her chains asunder, and from that infernal lair,
I brought her to the light of day, to the fresh and frosty air !
Yea, frantic with my rage I brought her from that accursed den,
To the soothing hands of weeping women, and sorrow-stricken men.
She told us how she met James Coward beside that cave one day,
And how the cruel fiend had seized on her, and ta’en her for his prey ;
‘ My arm was weak’ she said, ‘ what could I do ! he dragged me to his lair,
And there defiled me with his lust, all heedless of my tear or prayer !
In vain, in vain I ceaseless strove his foul fury to disarm—
As well the meekness of the dove might the bloody vulture charm,
As well the lamb for mercy plead or with pity touch the heart
Of the cruel tiger grim, that tears it limb by limb apart,
He told me how from Ralph’s strong arms he had sunk with panting breath
’Mongst the bushes of the slope, and there ’scaped the hungry jaws of
death,

And how here he sought to hide himself from every human thing,
Till Ralph Argentine for murder foul should on the gallows swing.”
She ceased, and a sigh burst from her soul, then came the voice of Guy,

“ Laura oh, my Laura, wake to gladness now, no longer sigh,
Thy trusty friends are near, and thy Colgan’s arms are round thee thrown ! ”
Her vacant gaze she fixed on him, then said with heartrending tone,
“ Why did I not pass away in secret, unthought of and unknown,
As the flower of the rock that blooms within some desert lone,
That lifts its fair head by eye of breathing, thinking thing unseen,
And strews its frail withered leaves upon the blasts of winter keen ?
Or pass away from earth in secret as the Nun’s last faint sigh,
When left in some airless walled up niche by heartless monk to die ?
Or like some lone wounded storm-tossed bird that from the hunter flies,
That seeks a shelter in the wild, and in secret bleeds and dies ?
Oh ! why did ye gather here to see my last sad fleeting breath ?
Why, why, gaze on wretched Laura in the icy arms of death ?
Guy Colgan, my love, my love ! farewell, on earth forevermore !
We’ll meet where no blasts of grief and pain shall on the spirit pour ! ”
As the last faint word she uttered, on Guy’s shoulder sank her head,
And quickly o’er her lovely features a snow-white pallor spread ;
Her lips grew white and her whiter teeth a pearly lustre shed ;
Poor broken hearted Laura in her deep misery was dead.
Then for him who wrought her fall, hills were trod by vengeance-breathing
men,

And just ere night his mangled corse was found within a sleety glen.
All thought the fiend had fallen down the sloping slippery sod,
And there had ceased the wretch’s breath, solely by the unseen hand of
God.

Then with frenzy wild such as desperate men alone can feel,
That drives them on to victory through hurricanes of blazing steel,
My fate flashed in their souls, and like a tossing onward rushing sea,
They bore down towards the prison, and set the guiltless captive free.
This was the substance of his theme he ceased, and for the loved one dead,
Down on his heaving brawny bosom dropped his sorrowing head ;
For fell anguish stirred his soul like a whirlwind of dust and gloom,
Blackening o’er the face of a lake, turning it to inky spume.
Man’s life is strange and full of change ; but for what had passed that day,
Sure the next I would have been the horrid, horrid hangman’s prey ;

Yet, to save me, on the bier another one untimely lay ;
Truly, God performs his wonders in a mysterious way.
Time flew past on lightning wings, and brighter grew my web of life,
In the woof a golden strand was run for sweet Mora was my wife :
As time flew, to make my store of joy complete a little angel came,
This Mora called " Minona," in memory of her mother's name.
But man is born to misery, sorrows journey on his way,
He fleeth as a shadow, and ne'er abideth in one stay.
God turneth man to destruction, as a flame reeds of the fen,
Yet, yet once more He says, " come again, ye children of men."
For a thousand years are but as yesterday within His sight,
Seeing that it has passed away as a watch in the flying night,
As soon as He scattereth them, they are even as a sleep,
And fade away suddenly like the grass on the burning steep :
In the morning it is green, groweth, and flourisheth in its pride,
But in the evening it is cut down, trodden, withered, and dried.
Yea, we waste away in His anger as chaff before the flame,
And we are afraid at His wrathful indignation and blame.
God has set our misdeeds before Him there rooted them fast,
All our secret sins in the light of His countenance cast ;
For when He is angry, all our days to a close are rolled,
We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told.
Yea, when He chasteneth man for sin, He maketh his strength decay,
Even as it were a moth consuming a garment away.
We are all strangers with God, a stranger is every one here.
Poor wanderers and sojourners as all our fathers were.
Oh, that God would let us know our end, our term of days,
So we might turn our hearts to Him and ever keep His ways ;
For surely if we were certified how long we had to live,
Our souls would turn to God, and all their thoughts to Him would give !
Thus my mind revolved as on one rainy melancholy morn,
I saw my Mora's sire unto the cold, cold grave yard borne,
Yes, he had past from earth away unto those blest realms afar,
Where souls with souls together dwell, and naught their sweet peace can
mar.

Then, then for me began a gloomy, sad, tempestious life ;
All the evils of Pandora's box were scattered round me rife.
There was a 'Squire of the Law, kin unto the Coward tribe,
He ruled that town with iron sway, and was hated far and wide.
To all who were not to the treacherous Coward clan allied,
He each day displayed his power his bold insolence and pride,
And scarce a day went by, but for something, a lie from crust to core,
By Grace or the step-dame, I was brought his majesty before.
Cursed be the breasts he drew, cursed the womb that such a fiend conceived !

Cursed be the hand that nurtured him, or his infant throes relieved ;
Cursed be the air he breathed, for he was a scoundrel from his birth,
And had been right deeply schooled by all the lowest dregs of earth.
All high and lofty thoughts were as strange and foreign to his soul,
As glaciers to the equator, or palm trees to the pole ;
Ere he give birth to noble thoughts, sooner might the lily bloom,
Upon the fiery desert, where ever sweeps the red simoom ;
Or on the barren snow capped rocks of Ande's loftiest peak,
Where storms forever roar, mingling with the flying eagle's shriek ;
Or sooner through the might of men, the ocean cease to rise and roar,
Cease to hurl his stupendous billows upon the sounding shore.
Sure a fitting one was he to deal forth justice to the land,
A foolish thing for any one to seek justice from his hand ;
And yet tis seldom too, this office which should be pure and high,
Is not encumbered with scoundrels of such perfidious dye.
One morn he summoned me and Colgan unto his judgment bar,
In his court were gathered all the Cowards of that county near and far ;
And all the village folk came there, for all were eager straight to know,
With what crime was peaceful Colgan charged, who they all honored so.
And Mora too was in their midst, sweet as the budding flower,
When to the breeze it lifts its tender head in its morning bower,
And a glittering bath of dews upon its young leaves appear,
Bright and lovely it blooms, but the frost that shall blight it is near.
High on his seat behind his bar, the justice-dealing despot sat,
His long ruddy nose projected from between two rolls of fat,

Grave as the very law he seemed, solemn, fixed and stern as fate,
And o'er his huge, toothless mouth there played no smile of love or hate.
Round his head level with his ears, there was a growth of sable hair,
While his bald peaking, shining head and crown rose up high in air,
Like barren mossless rocks at whose base the grass is waving there ;
His shaggy brows were black as clouds, dark as ravens wings they were.
And beneath in never ending move his huge eyes rocked and roll'd,
The balls were black as ebon clouds, the whites the yellow hue of Gold
In them I plainly saw his soul was a web as black as night,
Where in neither warp or weft was found a silver thread of light.
Where red eyed vice, with foul hate and envy journed hand in hand,
Deaf to woe or weal except his own as rock on ocean's strand,
Fell inward workings of malice for mankind were plain to trace,
In his large rolling treacherous eye, and clean shaved beardless face,
His slim fingers that long pointed nails and sparkling jewels wore,
Ever dangled with a roll of seals that hung his front before.
Or with the golden spectacles that on his narrow forehead hung,
Or cloak that was round his drooping shoulders and huge belly flung.
Such was 'Squire Flynn ; supposed to be a Justice of the Peace,
But a fiend who ne'er would let contention in the village cease.
He brought old feudes to light ; long forgotten sores, woke up discord
fell,
And day and night by his brainless dupes he filled his coffers well.
That morn he led me to his private room, and while there alone,
He quickly whispered in my ear, in a low and solemn tone ;
" Zounds ! " this was his only oath, and it was ever on his tongue,
Young man, you once 'scaped the gallows, but I fear yet you will be hung !
Day by day I am annoyed with some unlawful thing you've wrought,
But this time in an act most dread and serious you are caught ;
Woe to you if I allow the law to take full sway, but zounds !
I can clear you of jail and disgrace, for just one hundred pounds.
Half you must pay to day, I will take your promise for the rest,
So answer quickly, think you liberty or a dungeon best ?
Do you this now and straight I vow, your whole case shall be dismissed ;
And hence I trow I'll not allow your name rolled 'mongst the crime
known list."

Avaunt, thou wretch, I said, I am innocent of every thing,
Thy base lying tongue, and all thy dupes can 'gainst my good name bring !
No pence I give to glut the joy of thy insatiate soul ?
I defy thee, low born wretch, and all the fiends neath thy control !
Not by look, nor word, nor deed, nor sign, did he his rage betray,
As swiftly backward to his seat of power, he took his way.
He looked calm as a lake when o'er it not e'er a zephyr pours ;
His soul was like a deep strong turbid stream, that never foams nor roars.
Oh, there were witnesses against us twain a weary, weary file ;
Villains low and base as e'er saw day's decline, or morning smile ;
There appeared 'gainst I and Colgan men and woman steeped in guile ;
Who sought through purgery to stain our names with theft and rapine
vile.

And this is what long after time revealed, that same 'Squire Flynn,
And all the Cowards far and near, and all their trooping kith and kin,
Through deep, burning and undying hate, leagued to work our fall ;
For this they bribed each worthless wretch, and e'en our servants all.
So one night they brought their goods and scattered them with lavish
hands,

All unknown to us throughout our homes and o'er our lands ;
Next morn search warrants came for things they had sworn we stole and
kept ;

Their chattels were found e'en in the room where I and Mora slept.
For long time the truth lay hid as 'neath a heavy cloud concealed,
Till some wretches on their dying beds the facts and plot revealed,
Even Grace, the viper-heart, confessed to all as ceased her breath,
For hard wrung with fell lingering pain she died a leper's death.
And that cold hearted haughty, step-dame also to all confessed,
Just as the horrid cancer on her breast sent her to a dreamless rest ;
Likewise from that same 'Squire Flynn was a full confession wrung,
Just ere he for murder foul was on the sable gallows swung.
Nothing leads men so fast to ruin as hankering after wealth ;
Woe to those who gather it by murder, chicanery or stealth ;
Woe to those who worship gold, and win it all the time through fraud,
It goes to oil the wheels of crime, cursed is the ill gotten board.

There lived an old miser who had robbed and cheated rich and poor,
No one in the village could boast of wealth, half so great a store.
Flynn knew well the miser had no kin to whom the hoard might fall,
So he forged the old man's will and made himself the heir of all.
One day the old man was found in his home, a little filthy loft,
All foully murdered, crushed up, and beaten to a jelly soft.
Most the whole village was summoned straight Flynn's judgment bar be-
fore ;

"Some one for the deed should to the gallows go," he fiercely swore.
On such a vast multitude his Squireship's suspicion fell,
He filled the jail to overflowing, and crowded every cell.
Yet God who doeth all things well, no matter what on earth befall,
And though his mill's wheels move seeming slow yet grind exceeding
small ;

His finger marked out the murderer just at the proper time,
And on Squire Flynn beyond a doubt was proved the bloody crime ;
And he confessed to all the deed while he on the gallows stood,
Just as o'er his fiendish face was drawn the hangman's sable hood.
So may always murderers be found and blood for blood atone !
Colgan cast his corse as food for dogs upon a dung-hill lone.
All loathed him so, no one cared, and from his carcass kept aloof ;
E'en his friends forsook him too, as drops of rain fall from a roof.
When all the wretches had testified and 'gainst us duely sworn,
Whom Grace, the step dame, and Flynn could bribe or 'gainst us bring
that morn,

To us his brazen face he turned and with imperious air,
Said "What answer can ye make to this, ye thieving scoundrel pair?
As on wild beasts grim rangers of wood bare hill or rocky glen,
The whispering crowd gazed on us with faces pale as frost on fen,
Mora close beside me stood, I saw her eyes in passion roll ;
A frown lay o'er her beauty, and anger stirred her gentle soul.
And thus she bespake the haughty fiend, "Squire Flynn, what is the
meed

You seek, by casting on my spouse what you know well is false indeed ?"
"Hush, she thief !" on her speech he broke, "Officers take her with
the rest,

Two months I give her, she can prate in prison as may suit her best.”
But ere one of his base hirelings laid his hand her shoulder o’er,
By my strong arm he lay writhing, groaning, bleeding on the floor ;
Just then leveled for my head I in Flynn’s hand a pistol saw,
But ere the fatal trigger the wily fiend had time to draw,
Senseless on the floor I tumbled him, with one tremendous blow,
And in spite of all hinderance that Colgan’s giant strength could throw
I had slain him there had not Mora swift darted in my way,
And breathed in mine ear, “ Vengeance is mine,” saith God, “ thou must
not slay.”

Full soon a score of his hirelings had closed around us three’
And peaceful the while stood Colgan not a single blow dealt he ;
But from that office in spite of all I made my passage good,
As through the hounds the lion ’midst the fen or echoing wood.
Not one dared to follow me ; they saw Flynn’s pistol in my hand,
And well they knew, I cared not if I poured their life-blood on the sand ;
Though they were armed with law they knew I was sheathed in innocence,
So when I reached the door they let me pass unscathed with Mora hence.
Untiring time sped on, until a fortnight and a day,
Has swiftly, swiftly, glided forth on lightning wings away ;
In that space had Flynn’s fell soul wreaked all the hate and vengeance
dread

That a jury or the laws could grant on mine and Colgan’s head,
And though to convict my Mora too, his craft strove with ceaseless toil,
’Gainst her ’twas harmless as lambent fire and as soft as oil ;
For when the jury saw the sweet little infant in her arms,
Saw how lovely e’en in grief seemed its mother’s all transcendent charms ;
Yea, saw her cheeks pale as rock-chafed waves when hoarse the breezes
blow,

And her sweet sweet lips like opening rosebuds peeping out of snow,
Saw the crystal tear that dimmed her pure blue eye’s starry glow,
Saw her sitting there like some angelic monument of woe,
Though they all were villains picked by him and hired to condemn
Yet the frail spark of manhood that vice had not yet slain in them,
Kindled to a transcient flame, guiltless ! they all pronounced her so,

And the fiend in spite of all his spleen was forced to let her go.
But as sound the pebbles falling on the cherished, confined dead,
With whom every earthly joy, and every ray of hope has fled
So Mora heard the words of doom, that sent me to a prison cell,
For it was a long and weary term they doomed me there to dwell.
Three long months of prison life had ebbed away, and in that time,
The step-dame and Grace had died confessing to their fiendish crime
And many others, too, who had also 'gainst us falsely sworn,
Confessed that all was false as hell that brought on I and Colgan scorn.
Just ere dawn as I had risen from my cold damp prison lair,
And was gazing through rusty bars on the frosty winter air,
I missed a noise I had heard each morn for three long montas till then
That known noise was Colgan's nightly snore in an adjacent den
Just as I gave the daily blow for waking him up on the wall,
I heard a fumbling at my door, heard a loud and lusty call,
Heard the clanking of a chain, and heard the tramp of many men.
Who in the devil! I roared, comes here to annoy me in my den?
The door was open flung, and loud it rung as 'gainst the wall 'twas swung,
And swift as light within my cell, the giant form of Colgan sprung,
Good morning, Argentine! he roared, with a voice that made the prison
ring,

Good news as well as bad, to you, my old trusty friend I bring.
We've got in tow I'd have you know the great devil of the age,
Old Squire Flynn who for ne'er a sin sent many to this cage;
And in this cell we'd have him dwell as 't's strongest of them all,
Here he can wait and bide his fate, no one fear he'll break his thrall.
He forged a will for miser Jones making himself the sole heir,
And then, that he murdered him is proven on him plain and clear."
As thus he spoke he ushered in my cell Flynn loaded down with chains;
So tightly to his flesh they were drawn, he writhed with ghastly pains.
Soon stood I in other cell with Colgan talking thus to me:
Late last night the pardon came that set me from this prison free;
Yours too would have with it come had you not dealt that foolish blow;
I'd sooner lost a hundred pounds than have seen you acting so.
You also floored the Squire and all his officers on guard;

For such things as these, they say, the English laws are cursed hard ;
But all now see that you and me have been men most foully used,
And shortly you may look for pardon for the laws you have abused.
For the truth has come to light, all bright and beauteous, I trow,
As from its dark o'er shadowing hair beamed Laura's lovely brow,
Grace Coward and her sister, too, both within a week have died,
And confessed it was through the craft of Flynn that they upon us lied.
They gave the clew how Jones he slew ; showed the knife that shed his
gore,

And showed the cane with which his brain Flynn beat out upon the
floor ;

By them we found buried in the ground the clothing Flynn had worn,
When the miser old in blood was rolled and of existence shorn.

These were sprinkled o'er with clots of gore for by each horrid blow,
The crimson tide splashed far and wide, making them a ghastly show ;
And mixed with gore were tresses hoar and small scraps of flesh and
skin,

Which told right well how dread and fell he'd been slain by Squire Flynn.
But more anon, for time flies on, and I've much ere night to do,
Thank God my name is free of stain, and Ralph Argentine's is too
To-morrow morn ere break of dawn Colgan's face again you'll view ;
But here's a note Ulrica wrote and bade me give it unto you."

Tears were in his large gray eyes as forth to me he held his hand,
And placed in mine the fatal scroll round which was tied a sable band,
And I saw a tremor shake his form as from my cell he pass'd,
As I have marked a tall aspen quiver before the unseen blast.

I watched him till down the corridor and from my sight he trod,
I watched him, for stranger man than he, ne'er pressed this planet's sod ;
No real truer friend, in weal or woe, his love was strong as death,
His hatred unrelenting and cruel as the simoom's breath.

I open tore the scroll, with stains of huge tears 'twas all defaced,
And Ulrica's hand had trembled much while she the letter traced.

But these were the words I read : " Ralph Argentine, three days ago
Thy Mora passed beyond the vale of every sorrow, pain and woe.
Grieve thou not, for if her prayers avail, thou'lt meet her on that shore,

Where parting, doubt, pain and grief perplex and rack the soul no more ;
Serene in immortality in heaven's eternal day,
So grieve thou not for her, for God gave, and God has ta'en away."
Had the first dread blast of the Creator's Judgment Trumpet blared,
And all creation's funeral flame that instant round me flared,
And from sepulcher and shroud burst all the ages' buried dead,
I had not been so shocked, as when I the startling tidings read.
First in icy fetters seemed the current of my spirit bound
And every, every thought and feeling in its frozen waters drowned,
But soon the bondage burst ; grief swelled up in me beyond control,
And thought with thought together fought down the current of my soul.
Yea, my soul was like a glacier on some volcanic fell,
When all at once the wand of frost is rent, winter breaks its spell,
And far below sends ice and snow clashing on its torrents strong,
Forever clashing, warring, bickering, as hurled and dashed along.
Broken hearted, dumb with grief, crushed to earth, I seemed like one of
those,

Who've seen the sudden torrent rise and o'er home and kindred close ;
Who yet lingers near the margin of the still increasing flood—
Till lips and eye all motion lose, and grief like frost congeals the blood ;
All my joys and bliss were gone, ruined, root, bole, leaf and stem,
And every hope of by-gone years scattered to the storms with them !
Hopes and joys were shaken from my soul as dewdrops from the tree,
When riseth the early morning storm and shakes its branches free.
Left me like some lone oak blasted by the lightning's ruddy glow,
The roar of the whirlwind came by night, and laid its green head low ;
Mouldering it bends o'er the mountain's flood, never more to grow,
Blasts have lopped away its branches and tossed them on the torrent's
flow.

Yes, my Mora she had died, bowed down by all consuming woe,
That rushed upon her pure young heart like the avalanche of rock and
snow,

And glaciers mountains in summer time o'er rosy valleys throw,
Turning all to desolation, a drear devastated show ;
Where no more shall rose or lily bloom or balmy zephyrs blow,

Whose soil no more the genial warmth of summer sun shall know ;
 Where never more shall hand of toiler seed of grass or flower sow,
 But frost eternal reign and icy tempests wander to and fro.
 Yes, my Mora, she had died in a civilized and christian land,
 Without one mortal save Ulrica, near to lend a soothing hand ;
 To bathe her burning brow, and water bring to slake her dying thirst,
 And this came only near, as from its mortal thrall her spirit burst.
 Oh, what a sight for God and angels to witness or behold !
 If from their bright homes their eyes are ever on this planet rolled,
 To see a helpless woman lie upon a couch of sickness and of pain,
 For long, long weary weeks, and there alone with a little babe-remain.
 Yea, no one near her came, though hundreds daily passed her door,
 Who knew well of all her misery, sickness, and her sorrow sore ;
 Yea though she ne'er did to one an injury nor shadow of a wrong,
 Heedless of her e'en on sabbath morns to church they pass'd along.
 Think you prayers of such a heartless crew e'er reached the ear of God ?
 Did He deign to listen, e'en to him who there the pulpit trod ?
 Help to her that preacher might have sent if but for one sole time,
 E'en had he not known full well that I was innocent of crime.
 But the soulless hypocrite was kin unto the Coward line,
 And ever, ever loud was he in denouncing me and mine.
 "Leave her to her misery" he said, "no one dare to give relief ;
 I hold them accomplices who aid the wife of such a thief !"
 To her succor might have gone, no doubt, some of the village poor ;
 Had they not feared his keen eye might see them pass her threshold o'er.
 All who were rich and high, who were not kin unto the Coward line,
 Harked unto the preacher's voice, nor deigned to look on me nor mine.
 And e'en if such a stray thought as lending her a succoring hand,
 Had e'er dawned within their souls, so godly, noble, high and grand,
 That same wily preacher instantly the good intent had damned.
 And where was this all done ? In a civilized and christian land !
 The land which ever since that thing called christianity began,
 Has 'mongst the nations of the world in its march still kept the van.
 And yet I doubt if the harshest fiend that all the realms of hell can show,
 Would so willingly have let a fellow-demon suffer woe.

As my Mora was left to suffer by rich and poor around ;
A helping one save old Ulrica, alas, she nowhere found.
But may God protect us all, every maid, woman, child and man,
From the power, hate and treachery of any Scottish clan:
If you win its cruel hatred, 'twill ever strive to work your fall,
And not only yours but all your friends, yea, your kith and kindred all.
Nor will it e'er pause at any crime it to its aid can call ;
'Twill conjure things to work your ruin that would the fiends appall.
Woe, woe to the luckless one, who e'er gets within its cruel thrall,
I'd sooner look for mercy from a craggy adamantine wall,
That rises from the crest of ocean stupendous steep and tall,
To which on racing seas a bark is borne before a raging squall.
As well huntsman seek for mercy in the anaconda's fold,
Or the hare that writhes within the hungry lion's tightning hold ;
Or small sea fry within the mouth of some huge ravenous shark,
Or dove the eagle bears to her starving brood, in her talons stark.
Even on Ulrica, the widowed, the childless and the lone,
Against whose blameless life no blemish, stain nor slightest ill was known,
Who ever took from her scanty store howe'er her lot was thrown,
And gave to those she knew had a smaller portion than her own.
She whose noble spouse and children had the field of battle trod,
And 'midst slaughter for their country rendered up their souls to God ;
Yes, e'en on her fell the malice and the hate of all the Coward line,
And for no cause at all save she was Colgan's trusty friend and mine.
Fly, thou aged one, they told her ; seek a distant place to dwell
Or like thy friends thy old eyes may look through windows of a cell.
And from her native village that should have prized a habitant like her,
To a distant town she was forced, a gray and needy wanderer.
And after toiling there for weeks, she returned one stormy night,
Thinking that in my Mora's home she could hide from public sight.
And thus it chanced she found my Mora just one day before she died,
Oh, if it had sooner been, she to day were living at my side !
For 'twas only a nervous fever that laid my angel low,
Brought on by long brooding o'er her wrongs, her sorrow and her woe ;
Yes, griefs and troubles no sin of hers e'er brought upon her head,

Had some kind mortal sooner come, it perhaps had harmless fled.
Oh, if men could only realize that every human groan
Flies up through all the starry vaults e'en to the Eternal Throne,
They'd not cause so many ; especially if they only knew
Every groan will be expiated by the source whence it grew !
If men knew that every pang endured by beings here below,
Every atom of their pain, their grief, their agony and woe,
Though it be smaller than a flick of light in a solar beam,
Finer than the scintillations of planets that o'er them gleam,
Sweeps like a fiery storm of woe in never ending race,
Along the telegraphic lines of all God's infinite space ;
And from the effects there of no soul in all His vast domain,
But what feels a shock of that current of all pervading pain,
In accordance with that force which doth atom to atom bind,
The nervous system alike of God, Creation and human kind,
They'd heartily strive to lessen the amount of earthly woe,
And all of its producing cause from their midst forever throw.
The human race is as a mighty harp ; rudely touch one string,
And all the others vibrate too with a harsh discordant ring.
The more it respondeth to the shock the finer be the chord.
When on Mount Calvary groaned Creation's Saviour, King and Lord !
The pain, the grief, the agony of His body and His soul,
Were shared in by every creature 'neath God's infinite control ;
And sweeping onward through the worlds those agony thrills still pour,
And will until all mankind shall go its way and sin no more !
'Till it pass away, with all its gulfs and cateracts of woe,
Seas of passion, love and hate, with all their tidal ebb and flow ;
Until one pure life, and one pure essence shall pervade it all,
Both soul and form, and from outflow hem it with eternal thrall.
With aching form and brain, and pulse with feverish rise and fall,
O'er and o'er I read the scroll, and gazed on my black prison wall.
For my future seemed like it, black as cloud of midnight squall,
When no lightning p'lays ; yea, dark as the sable funeral pall ;
Yea, black as ocean's cavern through whose impenetrable night,
E'en not stalagmite spar gives forth one sole, feeble ray of light ;

Yea, more desolate and bare than some lone treeless desert isle,
Where e'en no phantom of a mirage comes to cheer it for awhile ;
Gloomy as the awful labyrinths that underlie the tomb,
Or the horrid catacomb, of cimmerician night the womb ;
With aching heart through rusty bars and the dusty frosty panè,
I saw the dreary night close in, with its pelting sleet and rain.
Oh, 'tis a dreadful thing to be left all utterly alone
At night in a prison cell, and hear no feeling human tone,
With such a black cloud of sorrow on the soul as was mine that night ;
To sit and eat one's heart alone till blessed morning brings her light.
As on the flags I stood pondering o'er my deep gulf of woe,
Through their open seams I saw the jailor's lamp beneath me glow ;
Plainly could I see him pass along the avenue below,
As he barred the doors of all the cells with many a curse and blow.
Up the stairs he came, on the next tier soon chained was every door,
Mine he barred the last, for 'twas the last one on the second floor ;
I list' with beating heart, till he barred the outer gate of all,
Till I heard his heavy footstep upon the frozen pavement fall.
Till away he whistling went, leaving us unto our thrall ;
For well I knew he never stay'd at night within the prison wall,
But ere upon the outer wall of all, I heard him lock the door.
A flag that was massy broad and long I'd torn from my cell floor.
Oh, how my pulses leapt' as I heard the crumbs of mortar go—
Falling, crashing on the flags that paved the avenue below !
For 'twas all loose, and down it fell as I stirred it from its place ;
A tremor through me passed, huge cold drops went rolling down my face.
Trembling from head to heel, with whirling brain and chattering teeth,
Through the open space I gazed on the yawning void beneath,
Till every crumb had fallen, and all around grew still as death ;
Till not a sound I heard, save my throbbing heart and panting breath.
But 'twas no time for me to pause, to listen, or to cower,
For one long, bold, daring leap ; Liberty will be the dower !
Liberty, that boon which o'er all other gifts ever stands sublime.
Liberty, that Idol sweet, the pride of every race and clime.
Hail Liberty, thou loveliest maid, ever buoyant, fresh and strong !

Thy glory spreads from age to age with far more than mortal song,
There is no danger dread, but man for thee all that terror braves ;
For thee, thou glowing queen of joy, the wide earth is filled with graves!
From my cell floor to the pave below, 'twas fifteen feet in all,
A grisly depth for any one through gloom on craggy flags to fall.
Suspended in the gloom awhile, I swang—for the joist I grasped,
To lesser make my fall, but as from the beam my grip enclasped.
Just ere I reached the cursed floor, I heard something move thereon,
And something like two balls of fire right beneath me glowed anon.
But to one like me, who's roamed at night o'er rocky hill and glen,
Faced oft the tiger in its lair, and the lion in his den.
Fought the panther long and fierce at midnight on the reedy fen,
And slain the anaconda too, alone, far from all other men—
Was not startled much, I trow, then finding himself face to face
With a burly mastiff, though unarmed, and e'en in such a place.
He was of that kind that never growl 'till down their foes they tear,
So without one growl he leapt on me ; guided by his eye-balls glare
I caught him as he sprang, his huge neck with vise-like grip, I grasped ;
Ne'er, I ween, the neck of stronger mastiff human hand has clasped.
With one hurl, I would have lifeless left him upon the stony floor ;
I feared the noise would rouse the prisoners from their nightly snore.
Still the more and more I choked him louder came his breathing hard,
Down to the gate I bore him, that lead unto the prison yard,
But that grim barrier to my liberty was locked and barr'd.
Through the rails I saw another mastiff tied without on guard,
But think not this my hopes of escape for one short moment marred ;
With gleams of hope of exit my soul was all effulgent starr'd.
The mastiff that I held in hand I down upon the pavement bore,
And giving all my strength to aid the deed, his jaws asunder tore.
Swift as ever leapt a wounded stag from out the hunter's hold,
So with broken jaws from mine he sprang and down a staircase rolled.
While through the bars of that gate, to force my way I vainly tried
I saw the dog whose jaws I broke, with his mate on the outer side.
Through my mind then rushed a thought like lightning on a stormy
cloud—

The exit whence such a beast could go, through it I could also crowd.
Then down the stairs I went, clinging close unto the damp cold wall,
The thoroughfare I found, and sidewise through it began to crawl ;
That small passage through which I squeezed my form was ten whole
feet in length,

And when I gained the end torn were my hands and wasted was my
strength..

As I stood once more in open air I felt my spirit bound !

All my wasted strength returned soon as I trod the frozen ground.

The icy wind was blowing free, sleet and rain were falling fast,

And with anxious heart my eyes on the outer prison wall I cast.

Soon against that wall a log I raised, 'twas massy, rough and long ;

Enough for a dozen men to lift, though the strongest of the strong ;

Which only proves what mighty power lies latent in a man,

And how much he can really do if he'll only fancy that he can.

But just as I began to climb its sleety, rough and knotty frame,

Full on me with a surley growl the grim burly mastiffs came.

It chanced while I strove at the strong gate where egress was denied,

The brute that had kept sentry there I had from the rail untied ;

Soon by the hinder legs I had the burly beast within my thrall,

And swift I smeared his reeking brain and gore upon the sleety wall,

And for my toil a priceless trophy won, full twenty feet of rope,

Then up the log I went with brain and bosom wild with hope.

It was not long, I trow, before I had scaled the hated wall,

And by the aid of the same cord had been saved a grisly fall,

For round the log I tied it and to the ground slowly down I went,

Then with one strong hurl back o'er the wall the cord from sight I sent,

Least any keen passer by might see it dangling from the wall,

And rouse the village with the tidings some one had burst from thrall.

'Tis strange, indeed, how things work round, but that rope was the very
cord

They'd bought to hang me with, when doomed was I to a death abhorred.

Cold, cold blew the icy winds, the sleet and hail were falling fast.

As towards my home with throbbing heart, through the village street I
pass'd

Though it was Christmas eve the night that brings the glorious morn,
On which in ages long ago, the blest Saviour child was born,
Yet, yet, not a woman, child or man I met upon my road,
But from the windows bright shone the taper's ray in each abode ;
And loud within I heard the song of joy, or tones of praise and prayer,
It seemed I was the sole one that night, that was bowed with grief and
care.

With wet, weary form and bounding pulse I reached my home at last,
But oh, how throbbed my aching heart as I o'er its threshold pass'd ;
Near the blazing hearth Ulrica sat, my infant on her knee,
And on the flaming logs my cherub gazed with happy infant glee.
If there's aught on earth that might to pity move a breast of stone,
Warm it with a holy feeling ne'er before its life had known,
It is to see a little babe of its mother's care bereft,
Yea, in this grim cold world a helpless, suffering orphan left.
Oh ! who will soothe its many sorrows ? Who lull its cares to rest ?
Who keep it from the path of wrong, when by tempters sorely pressed ?
Who will guard it with a tender care ? And if it chance to stray,
Who will kindly hide its faults ? Who will o'er it watch and pray !
Poor babe ! I thought, as its blue laughing eyes peered up into mine,
Why did God so sweet a life e'er with this wretched one entwine ?
Why was one so bright, so innocent, so lovely and so mild,
E'er given to one, whom fate had driven to destruction wild ?
If not for that sweet babe, I that night had cast my life away,
For I was mad with woe ! Straight I sought the grave where Mora lay.
Down through the frozen earth I dug, till I had bared her coffin all,
I tore it from its place, I raised the lid, and brought her from her pall.
Just as I raised the coffin lid, and moved too the snowy shroud,
Just that moment the rising moon peeped forth from a broken cloud,
And with so sweet, so bright a smile, her cold, lovely features wreathed
Made her so real, so life-like seem, I could have sworn my Mora breathed.
I pressed her to my breast, a thousand times I kissed her lovely face ;
For fell decay had not yet upon her left one ghastly trace.
Lovely as in life, she seemed ; so oft she's looked at rosy morn,
When I've watched her sleep and dream, ere yet her heart with grief was
torn.

Yea, a gilded halo hovered round her features in the tomb,
And arrayed her angelic beauty with a smile of life-like bloom ;
As though her gentle soul—that eternal spark of heavenly birth—
Was near, and gleamed on it, though it warmed no more its cherished
earth.

Yea, a thousand times I kissed her mute lips, and cold and changeless
brow ;

Oh, Death, thou grim Tyrant of the world, how beautiful art thou !
When on a face so fair, so calm, so sweet, thy power is sealed,
And all the rapture of the parting soul is on the dead revealed !
While I bent o'er her I felt no grief ; mine was happiness complete,
Void of woe, as when in life she held with me communion sweet.
Why should I mourn her now ! Why make her blest gain my grievous
loss ?

Hers was immortality, where grief could no more her spirit cross.
Where woe and pain came not again, and no trace of troubles wild,
To marr the glorious, endless rapture of that spirit mild ;
That soul sweet as any yet that from a human form has smiled ;
And with these thoughts at my dread loss, my poor heart grew recon-
ciled.

For I cherish an old belief, that on some eternal shore—
Beyond the sphere of woe and care all dear friends shall meet once more ;
Beyond the clime of fleeting time, of sin and dread Death's control,
Serene in everlasting prime of this body and of soul !
Forgiven all their sins on earth—every faintest taint of crime ;
And e'en the thought that gave it birth, and made perfect, pure, sublime.
That creed forever will I keep, that bright hope I'll ne'er forgo ;
Everlasting be my dreamless rest, unless I wake to find it so.
Oh, when dawn advanced grief stirred my spirit like a sea in storm !
For I was forced once more unto the cold grave to yield her form—
Give to the tomb my cherished idol ! my angel, and mine own !
And go forth into the heartless world, anguish-stricken and alone.
Oh, God ! what yearning stirred my soul when I closed the coffin lid,
And found again her lovely features from my longing vision hid !
Oh, oft I raised it, and o'er her face a lingering look I cast,

But day approached, and I was forced to close the dark lid at last.
Oh, what human words have power to limn the anguish of my soul,
As on her coffin in the grave, I heard the earth and pebbles roll !
I shovelled on the frozen earth, till her grave was filled at last,
And while I rested from my task, on it a lingering look I cast.
So wrapt in thought profound was I, in misery deep and vast,
I marked not the tall figure of a man that close beside me passed ;
He took the huge bar I had used, to break through Mora's frozen bed ;
Though it lay only a yard behind me, I heard not his heavy tread.
The blinding storm of sleet and hail had changed to one of fleecy snow ;
So dense it filled the air, and wildly flew with breezes to and fro,
I naught else could see ; it dancing fell upon that solemn morn,
As though it rejoiced in memory of the babe that on that day was born.
From my mournful, gloomy thoughts, I was startled by a crashing sound ;
Another, and another ponderous blow, rung the grave-yard round.
And then a savage curse, I heard ; that clarion voice I would have known
Amongst ten thousand thousand others, and sworn it was Guy Colgan's
tone !

I moved to where the brawny giant stood ; he grasped me by the hand ,
His eyes showed well the rage with which his fiery soul was fanned ;
And thus he spake : “ See here, I have torn the marble slabs away,
That here were placed to mark the spot where James Coward's carcass
lay.

And I have broke them so, I trow his friends will never raise them more,
To insult the eye of earth and sky with the cursed name they bore ;
For the wrongs he heaped on me and mine, long as on earth I stand,
Though he's dead and gone for aye, I'll damn him, and he shall be
damned.

And another of his cursed race is dead and gone, thank God !
For last night that ranting hypocrite, who this village pulpit trod .
In soothe, his very revered honor, Parson Jones headforemost fell,
While he was royally drunk with ale, and drowned in yon wayside well
And now he's gone, no one, I trow, will ever care one jot to know
Who this tombstone crushed, or who dealt the sacreligious blow.
Early this morn I sought thy cell, intent to set its captive free.

But found thee gone, for here's thy pardon, gladly do I give it thee."
He ceased; huge drops were on his cheeks; I thought them flakes of
melted snow

But when I saw his eyes, they were full of tears of mingled joy and woe.
A tremor which he strove to curb, through his heaving bosom ran,
And with a choking, hoarse and heavy voice, he thus again began:
"God has placed us in this world for one another's weal or woe,
And kindness unto my fellow-man, I've ever strove to show;
From my childhood up, since first the right from wrong has Colgan
known,

And I ne'er had touched this wretch's tomb, had he left my love alone.
Yesterday I was appointed keeper of the jail, and this morn
I replaced the heavy flags which thou had from their places torn;
And hid all traces of thy flight, e'en from the wall the log I rolled;
How thou fled tell none, for I swear by me it shall ne'er be told.
Thy pardon should have sooner come, for thy wrongs were plainly
proved;

But those who have power to grant them are seldom to swift action
moved,

Unless some of their cherished kin chance to pine in prison thrall,
Or unless they see a goodly pile of gold within their coffers fall.
But for those who act so tardy for another creatures weal,
The day may come when from God they'll as anxious for a pardon feel.
Now, I must to the prison go; all within its walls, save Flynn, I swear,
Shall a merry Christmas have—and every choicest kind of cheer."

How fondly we mortals linger o'er the dead scenes of the past,
As mid scenes of the now they troop from realms of memory fast;
Many, many of them bridge the past and the present with tears,
Wrung from the heart by suffering, sorrow and numberless cares;
And many a bright and beautiful rainbow of joy and ecstasy rife,
Spans the wide gulf that parts the dawn from the closing day of life;
The heart though wrung by the loss of the loved, and saddened by care
And by neglect and ingratitude made lone, wretched and sear,
Becomes stronger, nobler, grander, by the purifying blast
Of the trying fiery ordeal through which it has passed—

Sublimar in faith, than if the destroying angel had not cast
The dark shade of his wing o'er bright scenes of the beautiful past.
Many bright virtues of the soul, if it sorrow never had torn,
Had laid darkly hid in it—though conceived they'd never been born ;
As spices when warmed are more odoriferous, and fill the air
With sweet perfume, which, if not for heat, had laid dead, though
latent there.

As in the spring-time earth is fragrant, and the fields and bowers,
Are filled with the sweet rich breathings of herbs and buds and flowers,
More so, when their bodies are softened after a storm and rain,
And the warm sun makes them exhale more freely o'er hill and plain ;
So with a thousand generous impulses in youth the heart is filled ;
But whether they be for good or ill, depends how that heart is tilled ;
Ere they can all in fragrance bloom, in sublimest beauty blow,
That heart must have its share of storm and shine, alternate joy and woe.
The past and the present, twin children of all devouring time,
How vague, shadowy and dim are the boundaries of their clime.
One holds the withered, faded memories of the immutable past ;
The other the shifting scenes of new bounding life changing fast,
Into the dead and pulseless forms of the shadowy, changeless past,
As arm in arm they pass along, breathing death on the scenes aghast.
While we stand to gaze and to think, the now has become the past,
Blended into one and in the ocean of eternity cast.

Two months had fled and one sunny morn I passed the prison wall,
The village folk were gathered there, men and women, children, all ;
And high upon the horrid gallows Flynn's accursed form was seen,
And with nervous frame I saw him on the arm of Colgan lean.
I heard his voice a moment's space, it proved him afraid to die,
O'er his face the hood was drawn, which shut out the light of earth and
sky.

There came a dread, horrid thud, and high in air his form arose,
Writhing dangling there, as though it felt ten thousand, thousand throes.
Oh, what a shout of mingled joy and triumph shook the morning air,
As 'twixt earth and sky that demon writhed with torture and despair !
How flattered must his fleeting soul have felt, if possessed he such a thing,

And it viewed the smiling faces that saw him on the gallows swing !
With his sinewy arms across his brawny heaving bosom spread,
His long hair waving in the breeze, Colgan viewed the gallows dread.
I doubt if a more perfect smile of joy his features could have worn
If his Laura had but lived, and it had been his marriage morn.
Soon the gloomy winter sped and brought the flowery spring,
I saw the tufts of violets rise, heard the woods with linnets ring—
Saw the Highland torrents to the budding vales their waters fling,
Above whose peaks of melting snows the happy eagle flapped its wing.
But little time had I to gaze on the smiling face that nature wore,
For I'd vowed to leave my native land and journey to a foreign shore ;
And on one morn I sailed in a stately ship they called "The Northern
Light :"

Her sails were full and our hearts were gay ; for the sun shone o'er the
waters bright.

For Columbia's realm across the treacherous sea we steer'd ;
With me Ulrica sailed, and in her arms my little babe appear'd ;
And Moran Percy and his wife, two firm, trusty friends of mine,
With their bright, rosy infant, too, journeyed with us o'er the brine.
But, when far out upon mid ocean, we were one morning thrown
'Midst the roaring, rattling terrors of a horrible cyclone.
On and on, like angry fiends, the heaving, howling billows press'd,
And looked like vast Alpine lands, so high they were from trough to
crest.

There came a crash, and, with a mast, I was tossed upon the main,
And "The Northern Light," and those she bore, I never saw again.
On the mast three days I drifted, at the mercy of the winds and sea,
Then a ship I hailed—'twas a Spanish pirate—but it rescued me.
Long time from sea to sea we flew, and plowed every ocean's foam,
Blood and rapine our pastime, that bounding bark our home.
'Sdeath, it was an easy thing for them to plunder a Chinese junk,
And many a one was stripped and, with its crew, beneath the waters
sunk.

At last, one night—a fatal night for those pirates' plundering game—
Face to face, on raging seas, they with an English war ship came.

Loud the roaring cannon spoke from each vessel's fiery deck,
And many a crashing timber was instant sent to ruin and to wreck.
One thundering volley fell, full on our vessel's side t'was poured ;
Through her bursting, crashing planks three frightful chasms wide it
 bored.

Our guns were silenced, for the beams on which they stood were shattered so
That they went tumbling, with their weight, through the splintered deck
 below.

Unerring they their volleys poured, our timbers ceaseless crashed,
Till ship to ship with us the exulting English foeman lashed,
And, leaping on our shattered deck, a wild, fearful yell arose ;
For, blow for blow, with fiery hate, the pirates met their foes.
Then, by the pale moonlight was seen broadswords flashing, rise and fall,
Lopping limbs and life away of warriors grim and strong and tall.
Down, down, through crashing heads and shoulders, the broadswords
 swept amain,

Till all that rose on high were covered o'er with a smoking bloody stain.
With flame and smoke the pistols spoke, did their work of death as well ;
But all the while I unwarring stood and viewed the carnage fell.
At the helm I stood, till a bullet touched me, there, above mine eye,
And, staggering on that bloody deck, I fell—but not to die.
When I woke from out my swoon and unto consciousness return'd,
I found a fell wound upon my brow that keenly throbbed and burned :
And who do you think I found beside my couch, watching over me—
Kindly bathing the ghastly wound that near set my spirit free ?
Why, it was Guy Colgan !—yes, it made me start to find him there ;
But I scarce had time to fix on him my all-bewildered stare
Before he the silence broke with words that much resembled these :
“ Ralph, old friend, start not at seeing me, but set your mind at ease.
Your scenes of danger, since last we met, your shipwreck and your woe,
One of that pirate crew has told to me, and the whole sad tale I know.
When we'd all that pirate crew save only one of life bereft—
For alive they scorned to yield—so only one is living left.
We searched the deck to see if any among the dead we knew :

You well may fancy my surprise when I fixed my eyes on you.
So I bore you to my vessel and tended you with mine own hand—
My ship, I say, for 'tis three years that I've o'er it held command.
So rest content with me, old friend, and right happy we shall be,
For there's not one in all the world priz'd half so much as you by me.
You and I can yet be happy, if the past we'll bury deep."
What else he said I know not, for while he spoke I sank to sleep.
Bright was the day and fresh the breeze, seas were sparkling to the sun,
Far to the right, o'er waters bright England's shores loomed vast and
dun ;

And with a torn and aching soul, and with a feverish brow,
I o'er the rippling ocean gazed from that vessel's sable prow.
A drifting reed I saw borne upon the ocean's heaving breast ;
It caught upon the prow, and with the wavelets rocked in wild unrest.
At last, with the waters down it went from sight in the floods sublime,
And while I thought how I resembled it upon the sea of time,
In a low tone the voice of Guy Colgan broke upon mine ear :
" Ralph, there's something I've long wished to tell you, which you now
must hear.

On that frosty wintry day, when all the village folk and I
Searched the hills for the wretch who made Laura broken hearted die,
I spied him in the crevice of a rock, securely hid away ;
So I severed from the multitude, and, unseen, climbed to where he lay.
Oh, how he begged for mercy ! I seized the cruel wretch's form—
His piteous shrieks, thank God, were drown'd by the raging storm :
To a tall cliff that frown'd o'er a rocky vale the trembling fiend I bore—
I knew the multitude had not yet searched its rocks and windings o'er ;
But that it soon would throng that way, there I meant the wretch to
throw,

And, whirling him round and round, I hurled him to the rocks below.
Right well I knew he would be a mangled, pulseless corse, when found,
And none save God the deed had seen ; so with content my heart was
crown'd.

When the many seekers found him, their excitement was so great,
None one moment thought by mortal hand he'd met his grisly fate.

But think not with that my deadly hate and vengeance found their goal :
I loathe and hate him still—my hate's undying as is my soul.
Four whole days from out the grave his kin his cursed carcass kept,
But think not through that time that I was idle, or that Colgan slept.
I gathered all the mastiffs grim I could in the village find,
And all the little snarling curs—all the worthless mongrel kind—
Placed them in a cavern 'mongst the hills, deep in a rocky dell,
Where seldom the sound of human voice upon its silence fell.
Yea, there I hustled them, till there I had a hundred full I ween—
Ne'er before was such varied throng of huge and little snarlers seen.
There I kept them starving. Perhaps they thought their jailer harsh of
mood ;

But they little thought I soon would give to them luscious kind of food.
Yea, their dogships little knew I kept them starving, snarling there,
So that time, as might a tonic, for rich food their maws prepare.
'Twas on an afternoon in his narrow room they laid him low,
With all the gilded pomp and pride wealthy folk can only show.
But that night, ere the village bell tolled forth the hour of ten,
I'd torn his body from its grave, cast it in the mastiffs' den.
In small pieces, with a shining axe, his cursed form I hew'd,
And broadcast 'mongst the hungry, greedy brutes the hated pieces
strew'd.

With a lantern in my hand I search that den of dogs around
Until the smallest, meanest mongrel cur I amongst them found.
To him joyously I fed my hated foeman's lower jaw,
And I saw his tongue from off its base the hungry snarler gnaw.
Ere morning o'er the mountains broke done was the accursed feast,
And every dog I held in thrall from that rocky den released ;
And each and all those pieces small of white fleshless bones were cast
From human sight, in a mountain gorge, where rushed a torrent vast.
I may be deemed a murderer and void of every thought refined,
But I give my case to God, nor heed the verdict of humankind ;
For God only knows the truth amidst this world's deceit and lies—
He alone can judge each case with just, impartial, candid eyes."
As ceased his tale of horror a cold shiver all through me ran,

And with strange, bewildered thoughts I turned and looked upon the man.

By his eyes I saw that still all busy was his teeming mind,
In vengeance planning, e'en though some grimmer deed he yet designed.
Can it be true, I thought, that such fierce, undying hate can live
In one I've seen his last, lone crust to a needy mortal give?—
One whom I have seen headforemost plunge upon the heaving wave,
When all others feared the task, and a drowning babe and mother
save?—

One who, when he once saw a lofty building all wrapt in roaring flame,
'Cause he knew in the topmost story lay an old man, blind and lame,
Rushed up the burning staircase till he to the fiery attic came,
And from it, half dead with heat, brought out the old man's trembling
frame?

Yes, 'twas true, though kinder heart than his ne'er beat since earth began,
Till that dark, cruel fiend across his loved Laura's pathway ran ;
Then vengeance fill'd his soul—vengeance void of mercy, fierce and
grim—

But for that cruel fiend 'twas only breathed, 'twas only fixed on him.
Time sped on, and in that village graveyard, on one balmy eve,
I stood by Mora's grave, and saw Colgan o'er his Laura's grieve.
I roamed the grass among the slabs that Colgan from their places tore,
Broken, neglected lay, as I'd seen them lying years before.
In the village, 'mongst our childhood scenes, we dwelt a month and
more,

But no trace of those we heard "The Northern Light" o'er ocean bore :
All thought that on some iceberg or hidden rock, storms had crushed
her plank,

And that she, with all her cherish'd freight to the floor of ocean sank.
Grief-stricken ! again, again, I roamed the ocean's heaving foam,
Colgan my only only friend, and his ship my only home.

Yes, from sea to sea, from clime to clime, through storm and calm
we steer'd,

Till o'er Crimean heights the hosts allied their conquering standards
rear'd.

Around our gallant ship the Euxine's azure waters roll'd,
And far away, with bristling guns, did we the Russian forts behold :
O'er the green hills and hoary cliffs that arise by Alma's flow
We heard the roaring battle sweep, the Russ confront their triple foe.
O'er ocean lie ships of England, Sardinia, and of France,
But foremost towards the hills that volley-death the English ships advance.
The forts are aflame by English volley's fiery, fatal sweep,
And silenced all, just as evening mists fall o'er the Euxine deep.
Again the cloudless morning sun shines on the Euxine's face of blue ;
On Russian forts the English ships their fiery charge renew ;
The dead strew fast the decks, o'er the forts the slaughtered Russians lie,
Yet still ring the shot, the cannon still from ship to fort reply.
Closest to those quaking hills that late looked sweet with sloping green,
Braving all their fiery, fatal roar, Colgan's ship is seen.
'Tis his ship that fastest pours the shot and shell o'er Russian lands,
And on the bloody deck, 'midst hissing shot, the daring Colgan stands.
As gunners from his guns are torn by Russian blasts of steel and flame,
He takes their place, and pours the fiery, fatal surest aim ;
By his sole hand the fastest volleys upon his foes are hurl'd
That ever shook the startled air since roaring battles stirred the world.
" Oh ! for one bare hour," he cries, " to tread on yonder fiery hills,
With sword in hand, and slay the gunners there, just as my spirit wills !
Oh, for one bare hour 'mongst yon Russian gunners' foremost line !—
What a deathless wreath of glory would I for my England twine !"
He said no more, for at that moment burst a hoarse, infernal roar ;
And down upon our gallant ship a red-hot blast of iron bore :—
Surely they'd brought all their guns, so they might full upon us bear—
So they might concentrate all their last, deadliest volley there ?
Prone on the bloody deck we saw the giant form of Colgan fall,
But we return'd roaring, fatal volleys upon the bastion tall,
Till we'd wrapt them round and round with a smoking, fiery pall—
Till ceased the strife and we'd silent made the Russian cannon all.
Closed in a rainy, windy midnight o'er Euxine's stormy flow,
And on his couch Guy Colgan, dying, lay breathing faint and low.
Grim and ghastly were the mortal wounds his face and bosom wore—

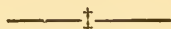
His trophies of that battle-day—and fast oozed out the vital gore.
Senseless to surrounding things he lay, but, from his murmurs low,
'Twas plain his soul was active still 'midst alternate joy and woe.
Sing, Laura, sing, he murmurs—sing, for thy voice I love to hear:
'Tis sweet as the gale of the spring that sighs on the hunter's ear,
When he starts from dreams of joy and beholds the blushing morn,
And sees the fat roes peeping o'er dewy leaves of the waving thorn:—
Sing!—thy voice is sweet as the memory of joys of the past,
When pleasant and sad in the soul their hallowed shadows are cast!
Sing—sing, love! for the star of eve o'er the shaggy hill appears!—
Sing!—sing, ere yon rising storm shall bathe its tender light in tears!
Oh, Laura! how dark it grows!—will the morning never arise?
Yea, now it is coming! See, Laura, how it colors the skies!
Laura! Laura! O God!—art thou dead? Oh, how pale is thy brow!
Ho!—yonder thy murderer is! Aha! I've captured him now!
Down!—down, fiend, to yon rock! Ha! Mercy? There's none for
thee here!

Now shred him for the dogs! God! give me his cursed soul to tear!
Now, Laura! Laura! I come!" With that, dying Colgan raised his head
And propped it on his hand;—but at that instant his spirit fled.
With eyes wide open, fixed, and glaring, it was a sight most dread
To see that scarr'd dead man near upright sitting on that gory bed!
How time has sped away since those scenes of horror and of blood,
And I've gone down the stream of time like reed upon a mountain flood,
And years have robbed me of my friends—for grim Death has ta'en
them all—

Yea, all I knew when life was young, one by one I've seen them fall!
All are gone, my friends and foemen all; and I my foes forgive,
Though I hated them while here on earth God deigned to let them live:
I forgive;—man can't reach his maker with soul all full of hate
Against some poor fellow-worm, which God did for some good create.
Yes, I have outlived them all, and been to view each silent grave—
Seen flowers above them bloom and long green grass above them wave.
And now I stand alone, as some gray cloud on a shaggy hill
That the coming storm shall bear away and scatter at its will.

But yesterday I read of a dashing deed of chivalry perform'd
At Gettysburg, when fell, wildest, and most dread the battle storm'd,
By Captain Moran Percy ; and, as on chaos bursts the flame,
A ray of bright hope flashed in my spirit when I read the name.
And here straight I journeyed, thinking, if that Percy I could find,
I could gain some clue to ease the anguish of my troubled mind ;
For long I've thought more save me were rescued from the water wild ;
So, son of my old cherished friend, oh, tell me where is my child !"
The seal'd scroll that Minona gave at parting was in Moran's hand :
He burst it open : he read : like a leaf it dropped upon the sand :
And Moran stood dumb and motionless with grim surprise, and dole ;—
At last, with eyes fixed on Argentine, he pointed to the scroll.
The gray and lonely wanderer, with a nerveless, trembling hand,
Bent down and picked the little scroll from where it fell upon the sand.
He read, and these were the simple lines it bore : " Angel of my life !
Since thou wilt go once more to brave scenes of danger and of strife,
Forgive this stricken heart, if I through thy journeys follow thee ;
For, when the battle ceases, dead or alive, beside thee I will be ;
For throughout creation vast I've but known two separate spheres
Since reason's dawn, and will until eternity shall sow its years :—
One, that small bright heaven, that paradise where thou'rt by my side ;
The other that dark, lone, wide waste, when from me thou'rt sundered
wide ;
So wear that spotless lily, love—wear it on thy gallant breast—
For I'll seek for him who wears it when sinks the wild war to rest."
Silent and motionless, as two statues all of marble stone,
Stood those men, their gaze upon each other's ashen features thrown :
Dumb with grief they stood, each soul with doubt, surprise, and
anguish torn :
The old man's hoary locks were waving to breezes of the early morn.
'The gray mists of morning fled, grew rosy with Aurora's glow
There was a stir of horses and of men upon the fields below :
Yet, still silent stood those men upon that lone hill's airy brow,
And, but for relenting grief, there, perhaps, they'd been standing now.

THE BRIDE OF GETTYSBURG.



PART III.

Up the bright horizon the glorious sun in splendor springs,
And warm and sweet o'er floating cloud, o'er hill and vale, his beauty
flings.

Oh ! breathes there on earth a wretch with feeling all so cold and dead
Who ne'er paused to watch the bright sun rising from off his glowing bed ?
As o'er the whole creation his warm, mellowing brightness flows,
And earth with thousand glories not its own all resplendent glows,
Is there one through whose breast no thought of thanks to the Creator
ran

For having made so grand a thing to adorn the home of man ?
Majestic as a god, the sun issues from his blazing halls ;
His yellow flood of glory full on the murky cloudland falls,
Robing those that have slumbered all night on some high peak afar
With a thousand hues, sends them off rejoicing on their airy car,
Like men who late were sad, who go smiling on their way, freed of dole,
Ever thankful to the Generous One, who moved anguish from their
soul,

And as the brightness of the sun increases all earth below,
Its whole wide bosom with teeming joy and rapture seems to glow.
All things on its surface wake as though from death to life-like bloom,
With renovated beauty rise, as it were, from out the tomb.
The forests that skirt the mountain sides, wet with the dews of night,
The rocks that rise in silent grandeur far above with towering height,

The broad surface of the floods that wash their awful feet below,
All seem to teem with gladness and with sublimest beauty glow,
When comes that vast apparatus which only the Most High could plan,
To adorn and enliven the whole habitation of man.
The green lawn is refreshed by the dewy coolness of the night,
And its increasing verdure it displays to the morning's light ;
Flowers that bloom o'er its face in the glittering sunbeams lie,
And as brilliant stones reflect a thousand mingled hues to the eye.
By the appearance of the sun all nature is solaced below,
Gladdened by numberless gifts his salutary beams bestow.
Yea, joyously nature puts on her resplendent robe of light,
And dances with pride as the sunbeams grow more intense and bright.
With lowing and bleating the welcome sun the flocks and herds salute—
Yea, at the coming forth of his beams nothing in nature is mute ;
The glad birds unite in song and fill the air with their music rife,
And hail in sweet concert the everlasting Parent of life.
Clouds of bright insects start to life, flutter in the sun's warm rays ;
E'en the dead creation from his touch a mimic life displays ;
Foul vapors, dead and live things through night engender in air,
By him are broken and turned to a general good everywhere.
At his coming nothing is still ; each and all, in their different ways,
Hail him with joy, and for the blest gift shout the Creator's loud praise.
If aught lived on thee, beautiful earth, since thy existence began,
Who ne'er rejoiced at his coming, 'twas in the form of a man ;
Man, whose faults we laugh at every day, or else of them complain—
Whose joys are vanity, whose strong passions o'er his reason reign ;
Who is every way a weak, impotent creature of an hour,
Who o'er himself and o'er external nature hath no power ;
Who cannot carry out one good resolution of his own—
Mutable, irregular, and forever unto evil prone ;
Who spends a few days in folly and sin, vain shadow and show,
And then goes down to the regions of misery, death and woe.
He's nought but thoughts—fleeting, shadowy thoughts—that gather
and go ;
That chase and extinguish one another as fast as they flow ;

Successive and dying as they are is his being sublime,
And only renewed unto him every moment of time.
He is the most helpless of all animal things at his birth ;
His space of life is short that he truly enjoys upon earth ;
In youth forward on things that are to come his vision is cast,
And in his feeble old age he looks back on things that are past ;
He ever lives between the lands of disappointment and of hope,
And to all ills in nature found must yield, or with them bravely cope.
Through life he goes like a waif upon a sea that knows not any shore—
All the past is dim behind him, all the future vague before.
At the pleasure of another he's ushered into the world,
And by a hundred accidents he's swiftly out of it hurl'd ;
His birth and education generally determine his fate,
And neither of those are in his own power to fix or create ;
His wit is uncertain as his fortune or the term of his days,
Whether dark as clouds of the storm, or keen as the lightning ablaze ;
For he hath not the creating or moulding of his own brain—
A blow on the head makes him a fool, stupid as beasts of the plain ;
A little excess of passion, melancholy, sorrow or weal,
Makes him far worse—mad and frantic as torn with fiery steel.
In his best senses he's shallow ; unstable as foam of the brine—
In nothing more blind and ignorant than things sacred and divine ;
He falls down before an ape, a snake, stock, a stone or a clod,
And, all awed and adoring, he says, " Thou art surely my God !"
He can believe nonsense and contradiction, all follies on earth,
And makes it his religion to do so ; they crown his sorrow and mirth.
And is this the great creature—this abject worm of an hour,
Which God has fashioned, created by the might of His power,
And the honor of His majesty—past, ever and now,
Upon whom all things must wait—to whom all things in nature must
bow ?
What's in him that God, through all time, to be his refuge should vow ?
What is there in him that God to him should more favor allow
Than the beasts that he goads with a curse as they toil at his plow ?
Sure he knows no more of that God than brute creation doth, I trow !

His life is but the vestibule of death, the archway to his tomb,
And his pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to its womb.
The pulse that preserves his being beats dead-march of his fleeting
breath—

The blood which circulates his life hastes it to the gulfs of death.
By nature in his constitution disease's seeds are sown ;
They lurk in the cells of every viscus, and granules of his bone.
E'en the earth and the atmosphere, whence he draws the breath of life,
Are impregnated with death, and teeming with its causes rife.
Health is made to work its own destruction, and hasten on its way ;
The food that nourishes contains the germs of swift decay ;
The soul that vivifies first tends to wear an action of its own ;
In ambush on every path the grisly tyrant Death is known.
And such will be man's fate, till the workings of the Almighty Mind
Shall make him that all-perfect being which God at first design'd ;
When out of chaos He made the atoms of this world together bind,
And delighted saw the grand structure grow, His home for humankind.
Yes, such will be man's lot until the High Arbiter of Fate,
His mysterious task with poor, feeble man He consummate,
Until from all humankind, good from evil, love from hate,
Be work'd out through sin and woe, and these lead them to their perfect
state.

Till one law, one God, one element, creation, keep in thrall,
One Being's tidal ebb and flow, and one life pervade it all ;
Be one soul and form, one sound and sight, one feeling's rise and fall,
Like some mighty sea, with one eternal outflow and recall.
Thou, too, oh Earth ! shalt have thy change, when comes the day of
the Lord ;

When the dregs of the wine of His wrath shall be over thee poured !
All the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air,
All things that creep on thy face, and all men shall tremble with fear ;
All the trees of the forests and groves shall bow down to thy sod,
And thy hills shall melt as wax in the flame at the presence of God ;
At His great coming all nature shall tremble with terror most dread—
The sun, the moon and the stars shall quake, fly and hide at His tread.

All the volcanoes of earth, that all the vast ages have known,
Together shall roar, and send fatal flame from each blazing cone ;
They'll make thee, through all thy inmost vaults and caverns, quake
and groan,

And girdle thee round and round with one infernal fiery zone.
A deluge of fluid fire shall o'er thy surface be roll'd,
Clothe thy tallest heights as the mass of waters in ages of old ;
The windows of heaven shall be opened, and fire shall flow on thy
form—

Thou shalt reel like a drunkard, be moved as a leaf in the storm.
On thee from on high blazing comets shall fall, and fiery stars—
All the spirits of fire shall descend in their glittering cars ;
They'll come on thee as figs from the fig tree, or leaves from the vine—
Thick as snows of the mountains that cover their forests of pine.
The Destroying Angel shall wax great at the voice of the Lord,
And the dregs of the wine of His wrath shall be terribly poured.
He shall into thee thrust his scythe, and gather the vine of the world,
And in the great wine-press of the wrath of God shall it be hurled.
Thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and all the sons of fire and flame,
Shall rend the huge iron rocks of thy form and shatter thy frame ;
They shall fall down into those crypts of fire God has hidden in thee,
And kept in a seething mass till the day of His wrath should set them
free.

They shall flow o'er the crests of thy hills as they go thundering in ;
They o'er thy walls shall rise and wrap them round with a fearful din ;
Seas shall roar tumultuously, though no storms are o'er them borne,
But their strong walls are broken in, and their floors asunder torn.
Through their groaning billows, and o'er their startled, quivering frame
Shall leap all-devouring tongues of blue, sulphureous flame ;
All thy waters shall to fire turn at the fiat of the Lord,
And be in o'erwhelming deluge o'er the frame of nature poured.
All through the terrible transgressions of the children of men,
Earth, thou'lt be shattered, ruined ; field, mountain, valley and fen.
All through the sins of thy sons on thee shall be terribly poured
The cup of the dregs of the wine of the keen wrath of the Lord !

But rejoice, rejoice, oh Earth ! thou shalt from thy ruins rise again—
 Brighter, fairer far than now, without a trace of woe or pain.
 Everlasting beauty shall clothe, as with a robe, thy vast domain ;
 For a God of righteousness shall come on thee to live and reign.
 Yea, He—He who once upon thee dwelt so humble and so poor,
 Shall in glory come to dwell on thee, as He foretold of yore.
 Yea, nature's Lord and King of David's line, the Crowned, the Crucified—
 He who languished in Gethsemane, and who on Calvary died—
 He who is the life and light of every clime, and hue, and race,
 Whose brightest crown salvation is—who sends to all His healing grace,
 Yea, He shall come in might and crush the powers of sin and hell,
 And with all His chosen saints on thee in endless peace shall dwell.
 There's a long-lived bird, they tell us, that is single in her kind ;
 Never more than one at the same time upon thy face we'll find ;
 Which appears only at the end of some memorable year,
 Then builds herself a nest of spices and blossoms rich and rare,
 Which, being set on fire by the sun or some secret power,
 She hovers o'er it until the flames her form devour ;
 But swift those smouldering ashes to a second bird gives birth.
 Surely this tale of the phoenix is meant as an emblem of thee, Earth.
 But ere, oh World ! thou shalt feel the overwhelming floods of flame—
 Ere thy dying agonies shall pass throughout thy giant frame !
 The heavens shall open wide, and thou its glorious hosts shalt scan,
 And in their midst, on a flaming chariot, view the Son of man
 On thee from heaven descending, in glory, power and might,
 With all His mighty train of angels, archangel and saints of light,
 Coming to triumph o'er His foes, and save those who love His name—
 Coming with His hosts to gather the tares, and hurl them to the flame.
 Thou shalt hear their hallelujahs breathed into the startled air,
 And their shouts of salvation to God, whom they honor and fear,
 "Now comes salvation and power, the reign of Him the adored,
 And of His Christ our King, our Saviour and Lord."
 And who is He, who leads the armies of Heaven—that numberless
 throng—
 Whose name, glory and praise, is the theme of their shout and their song ;

'Tis He who, in ages ago, into Jerusalem came,
Mounted upon the wild colt of an ass, Christ Jesus His name ;
Round whom the little children and multitude gathered and cried
“ Hosanna to the Son of David ! who for men suffered and died ;
'Tis He, the same One, who, at His first coming into thee, Earth,
Was laid in a manger, instead of a cradle, so humble His birth ;
A naked babe, dropped in a crib, all helpless, weak and forlorn,
His poor mother having no better home when her Sacred Child was born.
This poor babe, that has oft cried for the breast with hunger and tears—
Needed a little milk to refresh and support its tender years—
Who was so humble, so helpless, so poor, so lone at its birth,
Now appears to be the Lord—the Ruler of all heaven and earth.
If this Divine Spirit had fallen from the clouds in a tempest or flood,
Clad in a mortal body, all clothed with human flesh and blood,
And spent His life 'mongst sinners, who walk rounds of misery here,
Even that alone an all infinite condescension were ;
But 'twas not enough to take on human nature, its woes and doom,
He was content to live in the dark cell of a mortal womb.
This is the doings of God—this is a wonder He has wrought ;
'Tis past human understanding, human conception and thought.
'Tis He who has fix'd the time of that fiery terrible day,
When e'en the sun and the heavens shall quake, be dark with dismay.
Oh, how guilty mankind will tremble and be confounded with fears,
When the voice of the angel and the trump's shrill sound reaches their ears!
For this shall give the general alarm all over the world—
E'en the dead shall rise, the womb of the tomb asunder be hurl'd.
“ He cometh ! He cometh ! to judge the world ! ” the nations will cry—
The crucified God is return'd in His glory and power most high,
To take vengeance—dire, lasting vengeance—on all of His foes,
Not only on them that pierced Him with nails, and laughed at His throes,
But them who blaspheme Him, heed not His threats, love not His name ;
On these shall He bring utter ruin, anguish, terror and shame ;
Though they fly to the clefts of the mountains, they'll fall on their path
Into the cup of the dregs of the wine of His bitterest wrath.

The good shall mount up to His arms, then the floods of fire shall pour ;
All thy hills, proud Earth, sink down to the flames that blaze in thy core ;
But refined thou'lt come forth from the flames as from the furnace the ore ;
Or, phoenix-like, from thy ashes rise, more glorious than before.
Though thy hills shall rock to and fro as waves of the sea in a storm,
Melt as snows of the spring in the deluge of fire enorm,
Thou shalt rise from the wrath of the Lord into a nobler form—
By the light of His smile be kept ever fruitful, joyous and warm.
And thou, too, oh, glorious Sun, perhaps wilt suffer a change !
By thy Creator be made more beautiful, brilliant and strange !
O'er a wider range of the universe thy warm beams may flow,
And far more salutary heat and light to creation bestow.
But how resplendent art thou even now—thou giant of light ;
Whether when setting at eve, or at morn dethroning the night ;
Or when thou givest dazzling and warm thy meridian ray—
At thy presence the moon, stars and meteors grow pale and decay.
When the whole world is dark with storms, and echoing thunder rolls,
When lightnings girdle the quaking hills, and wreath the trembling poles ;
E'en then at times is seen thy refulgent all-defying form,
As it bursts through the broken clouds, and smiles on the tears of the
storm.

The moon wanes and changes, grows sick, departs for a season from sight ;
Stars fade ever away that once to man looked ruddy and bright ;
Years on years, ages on ages away like torrents fast run ;
Mountains decay, but thou'rt ever the same, oh, beautiful Sun !
Thou gently takest the watery clouds from torrents and seas,
And, placing them up high on the car of the tempest or breeze,
And by expanding and condensing the air, send them again
O'er grass, flower and tree, in the form of a life-giving rain.
The generous shower thou sendest o'er field, garden and fen,
O'er mountain and vale alike, for the weal of all manner of men.
Then, to warm the bosom of earth, thou comest from clouds in thy pride,
Joyously clasps her like a blushing, trembling and beauteous bride.
When thou hast cheer'd her bosom with thy warmth and mellowing light,
She turns her face from thy beams to the screening shades of the night ;

Heat thou hast given her, she radiates to the starry skies,
And as her surface cools she chills the air that o'er her bosom lies ;
It, losing its solvent power, the mists that float in silence there
Descend in the form of gentle dew, the drooping plants to cheer ;
And the greater the amount of heat thou in her bosom poured,
The vaster in atmosphere will be the evaporation stored,
And the more heat earth lose by radiation the long night through ;
The greater o'er vegetation will be the sweet fall of dew,
The vaster the refreshing draught for thirsty flower and sod :
A remarkable instance of the boundless bounty of God.
And by this process those little shining gems through night are born,
Of which frost consists, that gleam so bright to the rosy beams of morn ;
In those melancholy, dreary, flowerless months of the year,
When o'er earth's surface no green leaves nor buds of promise appear.
Go, nature-loving man, ere those gems are into liquid warmed,
See how every little atom in a perfect sphere is formed ;
A perfect sphere, like everything in creation's beauteous plan ;
Go at early morn if thou aright these choicest gems would'st scan.
And turn your face to the heavens, every object meeting there
Your awe-inspired eye will exist in the form of a sphere ;
Every planet, and every satellite each planet controls—
Each in its own individual cycle eternal rolls.
The earth you stand upon, the firmament that you survey,
E'en the light that on creation sheds its life-sustaining ray,
An indefinite cycle seems to your soul with wonder fraught,
And the majestic proportions of these cycles confound your thought,
Hurling it back on itself till it shrinks with terror rife,
From the minuteness of its own frail individual life ;
And ponders, " What after all is man ? " This revulsion of mind,
From the stupendous compared with the infinitesimal kind,
Is a real attendant of the standpoint, or centre of the sphere,
From which all things made or unmade may be contemplated here.
To the thoughts of a man existing two thousand years ago,
The shadows of the past and the endless ages yet to flow,
Would only have roused his mind while he view'd each bewild'ring clime,

To the mere nothingness of the then present moment of time ;
And yet the very age and moment forming the base of his thought,
The centre of the cycle from which he view'd everything wrought,
Has gradually been increasing—been, as it were, widening vast,
Expanding the diameter of our immeasurable past ;
Flying back, with lightning speed, on its inconceivable way
To the imaginary circumference of the ever and aye ;
Each succeeding small moment making a new centre of time,
Creating a new standpoint or centre in eternity's clime,
And in turn gyrating into the waves of the cycles vast
Of the illimitable, eternal and immutable past.
His present was to him the point from which future and past lay,
Stretching silently, solemnly and equidistant away ;
Nor could his mind conceive either of them—all vast and sublime—
To possess any preponderance in duration of time.
Since then from his contemplated future two thousand years have flown,
And to our contemplated past two thousand years have grown,
And yet still equidistant to us alike are future and past ;
The centre of computation forward two thousand years is cast,
But on and out only the waves of the cycles of time have flown,
As do the rings on the breast of water when 'tis struck by a stone.
The present is the stone ; every beat of pulse in the living frame,
Each vibration of the pendulum, every flicker of flame,
Is one centre of the cycle of time flying back, as if cast
With centrifugal force into the dread expanse of the past,
And taking one or more beat of time from the future's caress ;
Yet the past is no greater, the glorious future no less.
Turning to the contemplation of all-bewildering space,
It we with no imaginative form or limits can trace ;
But that also of an unbounded cycle in shape and plan,
The centre of which is at all times the point wherefrom we scan ;
And as each second is the centre of the cycles of time—
Each beat of the pulse, every tick of the pendulum's chime ;
So every mere conceivable spot on creation's broad face
Is also ever a centre of the vast cycles of space.

But while the centres of the cycles of time waft away
Into the receding waves of the past, forever and aye,
Yet always remain fixed the centres of the cycles of space,
Each a centre in itself, a centre wherever its place ;
An intersection to the radius of every centre there,
But a periphery to none throughout the measureless sphere.
At once a centre to the whole of illimitable space,
Nevertheless to no other centre upon creation's face.
Light and heat issue forth by a series of cycles of rays ;
'The emitting body is the absolute centre, and plays
Off the cycles which stretch so immeasurably into space
As to grow into infinity in their receding race ;
But all their limits, wherever they be, however enorm—
A perfect cycle from the radiating centre still form.
Life aggregates from concentration wrought by heat, light, or both
Of the generative principles essential to its growth.
We find as the principles concentrate existence ensues,
And soon a plant or a being the eye of kind nature views ;
Nor could we fix any time at which this concentration can
Be said to have its first nucleus of existence began ;
Because the cycles of principles, though in chaos spread wide,
Inherent in them the germs of form and existence abide,
Which, brought together by the all-wise Creator's plastic hand,
At His will into visible existence instantly expand ;
The Creator having fixed immutable principles there,
Holding no apparent connection with each other whate'er,
Ordained that a condition should gradually form everywhere ;
And by the mere act of formation the principles should adhere,
His hands from the cycles of chaos and night together He brought,
Guided centripetally till tangible existence He wrought.
Thus we find that gases agglomerated round our earth,
And the very process of their agglomeration and birth
Brought a condition by which a vegetation and fruitage came
Into existence which absorbed such gases into its frame,
Limiting their cycles of influence on space everywhere,

As also their intensity, thus purifying the air,
Making a new condition carrying with it, innate and rife,
Germs forming a need for a new order of vegetable life.
Sound from the centre of its birth in a receding cycle flows,
Which is continually losing its force as the cycle grows ;
Finally the present is gathered up by the cycles of time,
And whirled into the past, as atoms of dust on an arid clime
Are licked up and swept away on the wings of the whirling blast ;
Whilst the formation of all things, however minute or vast,
Spring into existence by the guiding of the hand of God ;
Of the principles He has instituted, which ever obey His nod ;
Gathered from chaos to that point from which He only ordains
Existence its form to assume, and that form destroys or maintains ;
Even as a waif borne on the whirling form of the twirling blast,
Till finally it is on the rolling breast of the ocean cast,
Where it floats hither and thither wherever the waters go,
Till at last, coming within the range, the irresistible flow
Of the fierce centripetal cycles of the whirlpool's control,
It is suddenly, rapidly gyrated down to its goal.
And e'en the blood that circulates—the life of beast and of man,
Its atoms, however minute, are all perfect spheres in their plan.

O'er Gettysburg the sun is mounted high, on it beaming keen,
And far to right and left, o'er hill and dale, the hostile hosts are seen.
As in marshall'd lines they join, like clouds that quickly float and form
In ridgy masses, to give their strength to some stupendous storm ;
And there, 'mongst his ranks, preparing for the swiftly coming fray
That soon shall bathe those hills and vales with a fiery bloody spray,
Is Moran Percy seen, with the snow-white lily on his breast,
And his broad stature towers conspicuous 'mongst all the rest.
But where has his old comrade gone—where is the wanderer now ?
From house to house he journeys, with panting heart and throbbing brow,
Seeking for his long-lost daughter, seeking for his only child—
She who but a little infant was when last on him she smiled.
Anxiously for Minona Argentine, he asks, through street and lane,
But he can no clue discover to the knowledge he would gain.

But seek on, seek on, thou care-worn man, for those who seek shall find,
Thou yet may'st gain a clue that'll fill with hope thy sorrowing mind.
Yes, anguish-hearted father, thou soon wilt meet thy long-lost child ;
But 'twill be upon the battle-field, with slaughter round her piled ;
When sinks yon sun behind the hills, thou shalt meet thy child again—
When all are called forth to nurse the wounded, and to entomb the slain.
Alas ! poor broken-hearted father ! poor sorrow-stricken man !
Few have been thy days of pleasure since on earth thy life began !
Few have been the joys that have brought smiles of gladness on thy brow,
And few will be thy future hours of happiness, I trow !
Thy heart is lone as the sea-rock o'er which moans the winter blast,
Or the snow-clad, trackless forest, where wanders the poor outcast ;
Lonely as the last sere leaf that clings unto the storm-toss'd tree—
Lonely as some lost, wounded bird winds waft at night far o'er the sea.
Though now 'tis scarce a week since first upon Columbia's sod
A sad, lonely, wandering exile, thy stately step hath trod ;
And though within that little time thy success has been so great,
To learn of that long-lost one, whose fate kept thy heart in doubtful state ;
Yet, let not the flame of hope within thy soul too brightly glow,
For grim pain on the steps of pleasure treads ever here below.
Thou hast but come to close the dying eyes of thy last earthly love—
Again, again, with burning brain, mourn thy cherished dead above.
'Tis past the noon of day ; the marshal'd hosts gleam bright o'er vale
and hill ;
But silence o'er them reigns—no drum is heard, no fife nor trumpet shrill
Sends forth one spirit-stirring blast to give soul a maddening thrill ;
Save armor flashing to the sun, all else is calm and still.
All is silent as some parched waste ere siroccos sweep its face ;
Or as the ocean ere its bright breast the roaring whirlwinds trace.
Silent as the valleys, when o'er vale and mountain's shaggy frame
Clouds surcharged with lightnings rise and wreath the hills with
silent flame.
The armies stand in their strength as gathered clouds for summer storm,
That rest all still on the hill till the tempest enters their form ;
Then valleys gleam with flame, and echo long to the thunders vast ;

Eagles shriek on the storm and rejoice on the wings of the blast.
The day is waning, yet motionless stand the hosts of the North—
On their defying foe they send no sallying columns forth,
Nor send one humbling blast on their pride from roaring cannon mouth ;
Will they wait for the strife to be roused by those proud hordes of the
South ?

'Sdeath ! will they stand idle all day in their brilliant array,
As though they fear with their insulting foe to start the dread fray ?
Like a vast crowd of school children who, on some beautiful day,
Rise to fight with an opposite crowd that chance to pass by their way,
But when they see how eager the challenged ones turn for a fight,
They suddenly become mute and weak in their knees at the sight ;
And if not for this fact would instantly decamp in wild flight ;
“ If you hit me, I'll hit you ;” they shout, with faces fearfully white.
Yes, hosts of the North, ye wait, as ye've ever waited before,
For your Southern foes to begin the battle's terrible roar ;
But not much longer in idleness ye will linger, I trow ;
For, lo ! your foe's in motion—he is stirring everywhere now !
The tomb-like silence he has broken, which you seem'd loth to do,
And with one muttering roar he speaks with cannon mouths to you ;
Yea, with sullen roar like that of storms ere all their winds arise,
The seaman hears it far o'er the deep, and to furl his sail he flies.
It comes, the awful hour of slaughter and the willful waste of life,
The hour of roaring tumult, chaos and devastation rife ;
Of shriek and shout of charge and rout, and echoing blows of strife—
On it comes with roll of drums and spirit stirring horn and fife ;
With banners spread, and to their tread the firm earth quivering round,
The Southern hordes, with gleaming swords, in vast masses forward
bound ;
Their eyes are flame, their hearts are rock, their arms fell vapors of death,
When they redden the sun on the blasts of sirocco's burning breath.
As when hyperborean storms through vast crashing forests roar,
And ocean hurls his waves the while on the hollow sounding shore ;
As fiery blasts o'er the billowy sands of the desert boom,
When they cover the echoing world with shrouds of dust and gloom ;

As swollen floods from mountains to narrow valleys flow,
As bursting glaciers plunge and roar on rocky gulfs below,
And thunders roll from pole to pole, so vast is the noise profound
As their cannon roar and mortars pour shot and shell with ceaseless sound.
As bursts the huge volcano with roars terrific, ceaseless, vast,
And burning streams of lava o'er groaning hills and vales are cast,
So the Northern hosts with storms of shell and roaring cannon mouth,
Confront with sturdy valor the coming armies of the South.
Now in awful chaos to and fro the deepening battle reels,
The sabres clash, the cannon flash, and fierce each brazen trumpet peals,
Through vast, crowded ranks of horse and foot, shell, case and grape-
shot fly,
And fast the foaming, groaning steeds with grim riders fall and die.
The battle deepens—more awful still the flames of sulphur flow,
And faster still to the work of death the frantic armies go ;
And louder still, and louder, the red, terrific volleys roar,
Strewing earth with quivering limbs, dyeing it with reeking gore.
Oh ! merciless the cannon pour their awful floods of fire,
Showers of bullets sweep the earth, whole ranks on ranks expire ;
Fierce columns with columns mingle fast, and there condensedly die,
And, lost forevermore, in one promiscuous havoc lie.
Grimmer still the battle grows o'er the hills and vales around ;
All the hosts are rolled in vapor, and the air is wild with sound ;
Hills and vales are heaped with ghastly piles, made slippery with blood,
Fast the dead and dying are trodden in a muddy, gory flood.
As two spirits, sitting each on his own fiery cloud at ease,
When they pour abroad the storms and lightning and stir the racing seas ;
The tumbling of waves is before them and foamy upheavals vast,
Themselves look calm from misty locks that stream on the terrible blast ;
So high on their prancing steeds, with a wide, billowy war between,
Each 'midst his own vast host, battling Lee and dauntless Meade are seen,
And their words go forth kindling the rage of their slaughtering lines,
As storms that lift the wide-winged flame over groves of blasted pines.
Oh ! who could number o'er the deaths of this terrific hour ?
To earth the slaughtered fall as fast as leaves in Autumn's shower.

This way and that the battle reels, with deep and desperate throes,
While from host to host, thick as December's snow, the hissing grape-
shot goes.

High on a woody hill all ghastly grim, with bristling cannon crown'd,
A Southern battery stands, which commands a wide area of ground.
In awful grandeur high it stands, begirt with mossy rock,
Towering to the sky—defying all storm and battle shock.

As up the green slope that leads to it, where the fortress volleys death,
A grim, formidable band are toiling hard, with panting breath ;
In their midst, conspicuous o'er all the rest, waving a shining brand,
Like that grand spirit of ages gone, sent by Heaven's command,
Who at Sodom and Gomorrah did all his blazing terrors don,
And, with God's own lightning arm'd, led the destroying tempest on.
His soul's a lion clad with wings ; he drinks joy in with the breath
Of grim, tumultuous battle and the horrid dust of death.

As to the foremost line he presses, moves out before the rest,
Still is seen the snow-white lily clinging to his brawny breast.

“ On, on, my gallant men ! ” he cries ; “ on to glory or the tomb ;
Let's still yon guns that on us belch their shot and fiery gloom ;
And though we sink before their thunder, and all of us to slaughter go,
We'll die avenged and unconquered with our faces to the foe.

So haste, recharge our cannon ! make them on their ramparts roar—
We'll shake the earth with such a din nature never heard before !

Let the winds that pass o'er our graves tell other climes and years
Unconquered we fought and died, and ages shall wet our tombs with tears.”
From hand to hand that stark command like keen, forked lightning
goes,

And gun, bayonet and sword rush up the slope in glittering rows.
Like a peal of hoarded thunders crashing though echoing glen,
So that fortress pours its volleys full upon that band of men ;
And down on them the screeching grapeshot flies fast and thick as hail,
When the murky clouds are flying before the winter's driving gale ;
Though full on them each volley sweeps, and right in their face it goes ;
Though their battered columns reel awhile, soon the ghastly gaps
they close.

Up the dread slope are seen whene'er their foemen's cannon glow,
Their gallant columns pressing on, spite of all the shot they throw.
And near and nearer to the fort, up the slope their guns they shove—
God ! how awful sound their volleys roaring on the fort above !
Oh, for lightning bolts from heaven, sent by favoring angel's hand,
To crush that cursed fortress down, and whelm it in the dust and sand !
Oh, for one fell sweep of that destroying angel's mighty wing,
That slew in one dread night the thousands of the Assyrian king !
Oh, for a wizard's mighty charm for one brief hour to fling
A dread palsy o'er their foes, and their belching guns to silence bring.
But up, ye warriors ! face their fire, though it comes like blasts from hell,
Let it ne'er be told to future years that tamely ye bled and fell.
On, on, ye gallant hearts, ye're almost up the slippery steep ;
On, though that fortress undulates with fiery, fatal sweep ;
On, on, though they sow the slope with dead and dye your paths with
 blood,
You yet shall over them whelming rise, like resistless mountain flood ;
On, your warring volleys devastating in that fortress fly,
And slower, slower now their fiery, fatal blasts reply.
Beneath their murderous fire, raining shot in ceaseless shower,
Up to the fort's guns they charge—now comes the last tremendous hour ;
Onward, o'er the foremost bastion sweeps the hurricane of steel ;
Ensigns wave, and war-horns sound the charge with spirit-stirring peal !
Now, face to face, their foes they meet ; sabres clash and muskets flash,
And fast in the gory pools around dying foe and foemen splash,
And bursts from fort to sky a yell, stupendous, horrible and fierce,
As columns close and bayonets flashing dart and broad bosoms pierce.
But foremost of his chiefs, 'midst that battle's fiery, fatal storm—
Smeared from head to heel with dust and blood, is seen a giant form.
Grim and horrible he looks, while out-slaughtering all the rest,
And a blood-besprinkled lily is clinging to his brawny breast.
Hark ! Is it an earthquake that shakes for miles around the solid earth,
Or is she in her laboring throes o'er some stupendous birth ?
There's a flash and roar as though she strove to rend her giant frame,
And sought to make the heavens wear a pall of smoke and gleamy flame.

And, aloft, with hurricanes of dust and rock in thunder fly
 Fort and battery, with slaughtered warriors, to the startled sky,
 Like a hill-top cloud, when the roaring blast hath entered its womb,
 And scatters to heaven and o'er hill and glen the curling gloom.
 Never before so fell a roar through the vaults of nature ran,
 Ne'er till then pealed such infernal sound since earth and sea began.
 Down, down, in blinding, hissing clouds all the ghastly fragments fly,
 And Northern hate and Southern hope 'midst the horrid ruins lie.
 As dies the smoke and dust away, down the blood dyed sloping green,
 Where broken guns and quivering limbs of slaughtered men are seen,
 With some dozen of his chiefs, his face in smiles of triumph drest,
 Wounded and alive, lies that hero with the lily on his breast.
 O'er hill and glen so mighty the roar of that explosion rings,
 So far and wide the stupendous blast its deafening thunder flings,
 That 'mongst the warring hordes it an instant's pause from battle brings :
 Motionless they stand, as though Peace o'er them had flapped her holy
 wings.

With dumb surprise all turn their eyes to where comes the dreadful knell,
 And from whence pour above that roar the fierce dying shriek and yell.
 Fettered they stand on quaking land, as chained by some potent spell ;
 The thoughts that pass through each grim mass, oh, what human tongue
 can tell ?

For many an anxious Southern eye had viewed that lofty mound,
 Its strength to aid this day's victory their fondest hopes had crown'd.
 Gladly they'd seen its foemen waste before its volley's fatal sound,
 And sadly seen fresh charging columns crowd up the sloping ground.
 To see it thus sink away in one stupendous overthrow
 Must have to their bosoms sent a pang of deepest pain and woe ;
 And made the Northern hearts with 'freshing hope and rising gladness
 thrill,

For sadly they'd seen their comrades fall along that quaking hill.
 All-beauteous Minona, what stirs thy gentle spirit now ?
 Why those alternate smiles and tears passing o'er thy beaming brow ?
 Dost thou wish thyself once more beside the Hudson's flowing stream ?
 Or to follow thy own loved youth, is it still thy fondest dream ?
 Ah ! gentle maid, thou hast heard that shock, seen that infernal glare ;

In thine ears still rings that exploding battery's terrific blare,
And one only, only thought pervades, fills thy whole spirit's sphere—
'Tis this: Oh, God! can Moran, can the idol of my soul be there?
Towards the battle-field her face she turns, stained with many a tear,
And the anxious glances there she sends now are longing, now are fear;
And fervently to Heaven she wafts her never-ceasing prayer
For him who to her soul far more than its own life is doubly dear.
Yea, prays for her own cherished idol, her heart's own fondest hope,
Who now, wounded, bleeding, helpless lies on yonder bloody slope,
Who from his mortal agony looks up with a smile of joy,
Where stood the mighty fortress himself and comrades did destroy.
Yea, silent gladness illumines his face and sets his soul aglow,
As when the shadows fly from the field of spring where roses blow,
The blue streams of the field in brightness roll on with headlong force,
And the green, flowery bushes bend in arches over their course.
Pray on, pray on, pure-hearted maid! for prayer availeth far more
Than mortals dream of, when it comes from a heart like thine, all pure.
Pray on, pray on, sweet maid! though thy grief is ghastly and extreme,
Yet how beautiful and bright! e'en in thy sorrow dost thou seem!
Thy deep blue eyes are brighter than sparkling diamonds' starry gleam,
When glittering to electric light in Fancy's brightest dream;
Like golden threads thy waving locks o'er thy snowy shoulders stream,
Fairer than the bow of heaven thy glorious features beam;
They're like the coming forth of morn from the clouds of the shower,
When the mists are golden-hued beneath Light's own rosy power.
Yea, sweet thy face as seraph's purest thought in her gladdest hour,
When she reclines at perfect ease in her choicest starry bower.
Oh! that Fate had smiled more kindly upon thy earthly lot—
Left thee, with thine idol, on Hudson's stream, in thy vine-clad cot!
Oh, how thou mightst have filled his soul with every joy and comfort rife!
Thy sweet voice and loving smile would have solaced all the woes of life,
All the grim cares that here with the spirit wage unrelenting strife.
But who'd not be happy, with such a sweet creature for his wife?
Methinks I see thee back on the Hudson, in thy vine-shadowed cot,
As thou wouldst have been now, had Fate not frowned so dark on thy lot.

I see thee roam, at balmy eve, down the mountain's shady side,
Arm in arm with the angel of thy heart, thou his promised bride,
While "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," or some other blissful song,
From thy sweet, silvery voice floats far the silent vales along.
Oh, grand, harmonious, pure, sublime, and deep and rich and strong,
Thy sweet voice sends o'er hill and valley the blissful tide of song.
All mute on its bough the whippoorwill sits and lists to thy voice ;
Soft sounds spread through the woods, and the still valleys of night rejoice.
And pouring joy in thy loved one's soul, like calm showers of spring,
Or the dews of the night that life to the fading leaflets bring,
Or like breeze of morn that drives the gathered mists of night away,
And leaves the lake's blue, still face blushing to the earliest ray.
It melts the griefs of his spirit away like the frosts of the field,
When to the warm, laughing beams of the sun they instantly yield,
Or like clouds that glide off that lay in ridges, gloomy and still,
Till came the breeze of the morn, and brightened the flowery hill.
Oh ! that cruel fate had kept from thee its bitter blasts and rime,
And let thee with thy loved one journey down the stream of time !
How sweetly would both lives have pass'd, in one ever blissful chime,
And showed a home on earth of perfect joy and happiness sublime.
Yes, yes, that home had been from every bickering discord free,
With nought to mar its holy rest or disturb its sacred glee,
Like some ever-placid, sunlit, ever calmly-flowing sea,
Where never ruffling tempests blow, had fate not frown'd so black o'er
thee.

Ho ! take back the impious words, and blame not generous Fate ;
She never to thee was cruel, nor e'er showed thee aught of hate ;
She loves thee so, she'll not leave thee here 'gainst ill of earth to cope,
But give her loved soul a sphere of action of far grander scope—
A radiant home in heaven, where no souls with sorrows mope,
As do all the happiest here who through this existence grope ;
And she shall kindly send thee there with thy own heart's darling hope—
With thy loved and loving idol, who, on yonder bloody slope,
Lies shorn of his strength, like the bold eagle in its wanderings,
That flames of night in the desert meet and spoil of all its wings.

Yes, thou shalt pass from earth to heaven, a spotless, virgin bride,
And there no more of parting know, for ever journey by his side—
There find that life of wedded bliss that was to both on earth denied,
And be through all eternity by each other deified ;
For no shadow of care shall through either happy spirit flow
As aye annoy the brightest wedded pair this whole wide world can show.
Sure, death is the gate to endless life, and also boundless bliss ;
Nor should we regret to leave a cruel, gloomy world like this,
To bask within the smile of God, by His love be ever blest,
Where all earthlings cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.
But, deep as is all her anguish now, it is not more, I trow,
Than is hers who, with woe-riven heart and sad and thoughtful brow,
Beside her stands with a babe that close to her heaving breast she draws,
And, with head bent forward, listens to that battle's sudden pause.
Have you seen a statue some skill'd sculptor carved from marble stone,
With a life-like infant on its breast, with arms around it thrown—
A statue with every sign of grief round its lovely features wreathed,
Its parted lips so human-like, it seemed it spake and breathed ?
So, in her deep, mute, still agony, that woman, mother seems
And but for her heaving breast, and fire that from her dark eye gleams,
You would have sworn she was a marble figure, lifeless, cold, and dumb,
But of such beauty, 'twould charm through all the ages yet to come.
And who is she, this sorrow-stricken mother, that here we see,
Who, e'en in anguish, looks all lovely as might some seraph be—
Whose babe, all unconscious of the grief that sways her spirit free,
Looks up in her pale sorrowing face, and smiles with happy glee ?
Three years ago, beside the Hudson, she near Minona dwelt,
Roamed with her the same bright vales, and at the same pure altar knelt ;
Still side by side, whate'er betide, the glorious maids were seen—
Never a pair so sweet and fair trod on Hudson's banks, I ween.
Both, both were bright and beautiful as two roses in their prime,
That bloom all glorious in some well watered Oriental clime ;
Within their foam-white cheeks did the blood with such a color rove
As though for equal hue the snow-drop with the bright-red rose strove.
The crimson glow of ruddy health was over each fair visage spread,

So, 'neath the glow of Northern lights, wide fields of virgin snow blush
red—

So glows the foam on ocean's breast, smote by the rosy beams of morn ;
So glow the milk-white clouds when day's last ruddy smiles their forms
adorn .

So glows the peach, or apple blushing red, or melon's rosy core—
Red and white divinely mingle, their blending shades together pour.
Their lips like red coral reefs that round the shores of ocean curl,
Their shining, even teeth the glittering hue of spotless pearl.
Tall and comely was each perfect form, of native ease and grace—
Sweeter creatures ne'er roamed this world, nor moved 'mongst the human
race.

Theirs was the pure unfettered grace that Art had ne'er warped nor
spoiled,
And theirs that wholesome purity foolish Fashion had not soiled ;
Their armour was their honest thought, simple truth their sword and
shield ;

Queens of themselves, though not of lands, yet all to them did homage
yield.

Yea, though they were poor in things that mortals solely prize, as
wealth,

They'd those priceless dowers ne'er bought nor sold—beauty and ruddy
health.

These are the most glorious things the whole vast world can ask or give :
With these was joined a life of virtue, and that's the only life to live.
I see them now, as of yore, at morn and eve, among their lowing herds,
Gathering fast the reeking milk, tending to the cream and curds,
Or scattering crumbs in winter time to feed the hungry birds,
While in dream-like harmonies they pour some old ballad's stirring words.
Minona Argentine, with golden hair and eyes of deepest blue,
With sunny brow and angel face, spirit noble, kind, and true ;
Inez Gray, with locks of jet, dark as the raven's glossy wing,
And eyes dark as clouds of night, but bright as the lightnings that they
bring ;

With ruby lips and rosy cheeks, and brow pure and white as snow,

Never on a breast more good and kind did fanning breezes blow.
And from childhood till their glorious prime dwelt these kindred souls,
Together shone like meteors, dazzling all that round them rolls.
But Fry Roland came and wooed and won the lovely Inez Gray,
And to his home at Gettysburg he bore his blushing bride away ;
Though far apart the maidens dwelt, their early love knew no decay,
She's the mother who beside Minona standeth with her babe to-day.
But her heart is anguish riven now, for her cherished spouse and lord
Is on those smoking fields where late the horrid din of battle roar'd.
When that fortress had been blown in air, and the roar had died away,
And that unearthly silence came so sudden o'er the roaring fray,
Fondly, fondly had they hoped and prayed the horrid strife was done,
But now—O God !—again three hundred guns their ears with thunders
stun !

Again they hear the battle blare, red meteors hiss along the sky ;
Dread ring the shot, as guns again from host to host reply.
The war wakes from that pause with ten-fold rage to what it raved before,
As though the rest had stronger made each host, and lent a keener thirst
for gore.

Dreadful, dreadful now the combat grows, and charging horsemen fly
Amidst the mingled mass of frantic men, to conquer or to die.
The mortars roar and cannon pour their flaming fires of hell,
While the dying and the flying shriek above the burst of shell ;
The horses neigh and trumpets bray, and loud rolls the stormy drum—
With banners spread and clamors dread to death cohorts thousands come.
The clouds of smoke hide hill and dale, and shroud in night the glow-
ing sun.

And, like rivers beneath their feet, wide the gory torrents run ;
But fiercer still the armies rush, and far wilder grows the din
Of hissing shot and bursting shell and fell roaring culverin.
As before contending tempests waves of ocean rolling flow—
So in dire, fierce commotion the war surges to and fro ;
Through heads and forms the swords descend, and steel echoes loud on
steel ;
Around in black, hellish tumult the columns charge, break and reel.

And fast and thick as Autumn rain comes down the iron shower,
Screaming, bursting down it comes, clothing all with gory stour.
Fast, fast o'er their slaughtered comrades the fierce hinder columns flow,
'Midst sulphureous gloom they charge, save when the red cannon glow.
Slay, slay on, ye gallant men ! ten thousand orphans mourn
The fell havoc of this day, and countless widows weep forlorn ;
Each will think she hears her loved one's tread, but 'twill be the night
winds rude.

While her sad soul is pierced with cries of her helpless, starving brood.
Fight on, fight on, ye gallant men ! for far broader grows the strife;
Volley for volley roars—the air with flying shot and shell is rife ;
The roaring batteries fiercer glow o'er quaking hill and glen,
Clothing all with reeking gore and quivering flesh of slaughtered men.
On shattered foot up slippery hills the panting horsemen charge,
Or down the hills they broken roll like a river red and large ;
Yes, 'midst this hell of sight and sound, now they yield, and now they gain,
While yells and oaths and shouts and cheers mingle with the cries of pain.
As the deafening noise of mountain waves that burst and roar and foam
On adamant rock, when o'er Biscay's floods the tempests roam,
Like the din of countless hammers that on ten thousand anvils ring,
When burly men on sounding steel their ponderous sledges swing,
Such is the mixed, tumultuous roar and never-ceasing sound
That loud and louder grows on the echoing, shaking fields around ;
Far to right and far to left, as dies away the rolling smoke,
Which at times conceals the hosts like a dread wizard's magic cloak,
Hand to hand in mortal fray are seen the vast embattled lines,
The gory sabres rise and fall and the reeking bayonet shines ;
The waving banners gleam like flame, and red, white and sable plumes
Toss in one vast mass like a rolling ocean, when it roars and spumes.
Loud the maddening trumpets blare, urging on the awful waste of life,
The roll of drums mix with the shrill horns and spirit-stirring fife,
As battalions on battalions rush with demoniac yell and shout ;
Louder, louder rise their strains with each recoil, rally, charge and rout.
Have you seen the forests reeling when the whirlwind rends the pines,
When clouds with lightnings come and a wreath of flame around them
twines,

And heard the ceaseless crash of boughs when through groves the tempests tear ?

So the squadrons reel, and such the crash when blazing rifles blare.
The air for miles around they filled with ceaseless streams of flashing light,
As ten thousand glow-worms rising on a murky summer night.
On prancing steeds steering on the awful work of death and woe,
Warring Lee and battling Meade like two blazing meteors glow—
Two meteors that come riding each on his own wild storm at night,
And far o'er cloud, o'er hill and valley pour their terrible light.
Before them storm-quivering clouds are gathered horrid and vast,
Lightnings flash and thunders crash on the roaring cars of the blast
Serene each meteor shines as his armies of clouds before him roll—
Their armies which nought but themselves can guide, can tame or control.
Their storms together they pour, as van on van their columns they throw;
The fronts are broken—they halt, spread wide and recoil to the blow;
Hills and valleys are shaken with thunder and girdled with flame,
The air filled with sound as if rock-worlds together crashing came;
Column on column their clouds they hurl full on each other amain,
Till their strength is lost in flame and thunder, and all dissolved in rain;
So Lee and Meade their ranks together hurl, wave on wave, flood on flood,
Till their strength wastes in thunder and flame, and flows in showers
 of blood.

Cohorts on cohorts waste away at each volley's fatal sweep,
Like dry grass when tempests rush the fire o'er the withered steep;
They waste away like flakes of snow that fall in flames which roar and leap,
Or like misty dreams that depart for aye when we start from sleep.
Yet still o'er the quivering hills the vast hosts rush line on line,
Their bosoms full of rage and hate as the Dead Sea is of brine;
They rush 'midst cataracts of fire, fuel for the cannon's scorn,
And are quickly into palpitating piles of ruin torn.
With face colorless, as foamy wreaths that raging seas adorn,
Or the waning moon smote by the bright beams of the coming morn,
Her heavy tresses o'er her shoulders streaming like golden bands,
Leaning against a vine-wreathed fence poor Minona trembling stands,
Listening to the vast din of carnage that thunders from afar,

That shakes the ground as though it trembled from some fell earthquake's jar ;

And while the recoil, the rally, charge and rout ring upon her ear,
And groans and shouts and dying screams, thus her spirit moves in
prayer :

Oh, blessed Saviour ! Lord of all ! hide us 'neath Thy sheltering wing !

Oh, cleanse our hearts within ; keep us from each unholy thing !

Oh, Thou, whose sacred blood for the weal of all mankind was spilt,

Come down amidst this cruel world, keep us from its woes and guilt

Thou'rt the sole one in whom we can safely lay our hopes to rest ;

The sole one who knows the weight of anguish in each mortal breast ;

Thou alone canst understand and sympathize in all we feel,

For Thou alone canst view the all-perplexing ills with which we reel.

Thou alone canst see our thoughts, nor wilt Thou severely chide ;

Thou art far too full of love to set our frailest claims aside.

Still Thy pity falls on us like sunshine on the gloomy heart,

Nor wilt thou ever stir from us, though all other friends depart.

Yea, Thou wilt stay with us when all loved ones in the tomb are dumb ;

Thou wilt go with us when earth's pilgrimage to its close has come ;

Thou canst strengthen and support us, and sufficient grace canst give,

To bear us up through woe,—keep us stainless while this life we live.

Thou wilt be nigh when others fly, to wipe off the scalding tear,

To soothe and heal the wounds we feel, and stay frail man's timid fear.

Thou'lt be harsh to none, but tenderness itself to all wilt show,

For Thou knowest each heart, listenest to its faintest wish and throe.

Thou art the sole one, dear Christ, for whom no love too strong can flow,

The One who will give us perfect bliss when from this world we go

The one who'll keep watch and ward o'er the dear mortal that I love

Who'll sanctify us both, bring us safely to Thy home above.

Pity, pity us, dear Christ, for Thou alone canst pity feel ;

Let all this speechless grief of mine be repaid with equal weal,

Chase my doubts away like clouds that fly before the coming sun,

That long have kept the lonely earth chill, and dank, and drear, and
dun.

Pity, pity me, I call to thee from all deepest depths of woe,

All that a living human soul has power to feel or know.
Oh, guard, oh guard my loved one 'midst yon battle's fiery glow ;
Oh, safely, safely keep him 'midst its unearthly ebb and flow !
Pity this poor aching soul, and more than sorrow-maddened brain,
And bring the idol of my heart to these longing eyes again ;
For if at Thy stern command he's numbered 'mongst the reeking slain,
I am wrecked and lost, a shattered waif on sorrow's whelming main ! ”
So wrapt in earnest prayer is she—in communion with her God,
So wholly, fervently bowing there beneath His chastening rod,
Faith, hope and doubt the while, alternate in her spirit glow ,
Yea, all humanlike they still rise and fall with ceaseless ebb and flow .
She marks not the clouds of war that near and nearer to her roll,
Louder than ten thousand billows bursting on a rocky mole,
Where vindictive thunders peal the while from quivering pole to pole,
And rocks are whirled in air, and forests crash beneath the storm's
control.

Yes, she marks it not, though near and nearer still it roaring comes,
With shout and yell, blare of horn and fife, and rattling roll of drums.
For vainly now 'gainst their whelming foes the Northern armies strive,
And from the reeking hills they fly like chaff the roaring whirlwind
drive.

A mile and more their flight they pour, till a craggy steep they gain,
And there they halt for the dread assault that onward sweeps amain.
On, it comes ! it comes ! like the fellest, deadliest sweep, and last
Of some mountain-shaking huge volcano's grim, fiery blast,
That sends all hell from out its crater in one terrific roar,
Then sinks down in unearthly, tomb-like silence, forevermore.

The charge and repulse is o'er, the thunders of the conflict die ;
The Northman too weak to chase, the Southron too weak to fly !
Yet all so fervently to heaven her prayer Minona sends,
She heeds not that last dread hell of sound with which the carnage ends ;
Nor heeds she the droves of snorting steeds that riderless rush by,
Their bodies wreathed with reeking foam, all tinged with a bloody dye.
Heedless she stands till in her ear there rings a piteous scream,
And from her thoughts Minona starts as from trance or death-like dream,

O'er her shoulders fair her loosened hair waves to the sultry air,
A mournful smile lights the while her features pall'd with despair ;
For sorrow, though it rends the heart, will oft bring a pleasing thought,
As blasting lightning glitters round the grim ruin it has wrought ;
And sweetly gleam her radiant eyes beneath her crystal tears,
Like sunlight o'er the valleys cast that behind a rain appears.
Far across the lawn, towards the highway that forms the southern marge,
'Long which she views the horses fly, neighing as in battle charge,
With their nostrils open wide and their manes waving in the breeze
Hastening there and screaming as she flies Inez Roland now she sees ,
A horseman fall from off his frightened steed has Inez Roland seen ;
Sees him in the stirrup hanging, helpless dragged along the green.
To stay that charger's wild career and bring the poor one aid,
Inez Roland darts along swift as a sunbeam through a glade ;
Before the steed she darts, eager catches at the flying rein,
But like a thunderbolt he flashes by her noble effort vain ;
And scarce was she with fright bewildered, of what she'd done was 'ware,
Ere she hears him fall on earth, stopped sudden in his fierce career.
But whose was the sinewy arm that stopped that thundering steed,
That came to save that helpless horseman just in the time of need ?
Who takes his foot from out the stirrup, and bears his torn and bleeding
form

To a tree, so he may lie screened from the slanting sunrays warm ?
Yes, who is he who so sudden came to give a helping hand,
Like some succoring angel sent by saving Heaven's command ?
Tall is his sinewy form, and deep and broad his massy chest,
And on his giant's frame strong, ponderous limbs and sinews rest
His noble features all with a short grizzly beard are overspread ;
His long, light heavy locks wave in ringlets from his manly head ;
His large, deep blue flashing eyes, rays of mingled pride and feeling shed :
His voice is strong as mountain storm, firm and stately is his tread ;
Yet plainly his pleasing, noble features signs of sorrow wear—
A truthful index, they, of a spirit filled with grief and care.
Mournful is his musing gaze, and, when he struggles for a smile,
Woebegone and grim and gaunt his manly features seem the while.

But who is he? 'Tis he who, years ago, on India's plain,
Poured out the blood of proud England's foes upon the sands like rain :
Who, for her right, by day and night, stemmed the rolling battle tide,
Till her cause was won and on the breeze her banners waved in pride—
He who on jungle, wold, and fen the grim beasts in slaughter piled
Till he became the terror of e'en the monster of the wild—
He who saved from the lion's maw the proud Hindoo chieftain's child,
And was the "Bravest of the Brave" by the fearless Hindoos styled—
He who twice in foul prison pined for a long and weary time,
Although he was free as light from every single taint of crime ;
Who won the lovely Mora, the fairest maid of Britain's clime,
Who like a matchless lily bloomed till fell sorrow's blasting rime—
He who from the sepulchre and shroud brought forth his earthly love,
Kissed her changeless brow, wept, and prayed her pulseless form above—
He who from the wrecking ship was tossed upon the boiling sea,
Upon a mast, for three days and nights drifted with the billows free ;
Who, with Colgan, stormed Russian forts when their fatal volleys blazed,
And fearless warred until he saw their lofty strongholds razed,
And on the Euxine waters won a proud wreath of deathless fame—
'Tis he, the man of danger, woe—Ralph Argentine his name.
But, lo ! another steed, riderless, is fast approaching now ;
His long flying mane is white as snow upon a mountain's brow—
White as the foam of ocean, white as the down of cotton weed,
White as the hue of milk, is all the body of the flying steed.
Wildly o'er the saddle the stirrups fly, clash, and ring in air,
And from his foam-wreathed bit the reins are like flying streamers there.
Just as the snorting charger gives a neigh and rears his head on high—
Yea, just as he seems to pass the burly man of sorrows by—
Swift as the greyhound on the deer, with a bound Argentine springs,
And full on the startled steed his giant form of sorrow flings,
And reins the charger in, as oft on the Hindoo wilds he's done
When he'd captured some wild horse that chanced to close beside him
run.

Young lady, a youthful friend I have on yonder battle plain,
And I go to seek him now amongst the living or the slain ;

So be thou this man's nurse until other aid I send or bring:
Fetch water forth and lave his brow, for just yonder is a spring.
Thus he to Inez Roland speaks, and gives the foam-white steed a goad,
Which, swift as a whirlwind, neighing, sweeps along the grassy road—
Yea, rushes proudly on, as joyous of his sinewy load
As conscious that a noble rider his snow-white form bestrode.
And, fading from her view, she sees the steed and the rider pass,
Swift as the darkening wave of the storm along a field of grass;
As away he speeds like the lightning wings of tropical blasts,
On the woman and wounded man a lingering look he casts.
And thus to himself he murmurs: Was it fancy, or did I hear
The name of Minona by yonder woman shrieked in mine ear?
Alas! wherever I turn—yes, wherever my wanderings go—
I fancy her name I hear; but 'tis only fancy, well I know.
Grief stricken man! 'twas her name that woman rung upon thine ear,
And thou hadst seen thy long-sought child hadst thou longer tarried there;
For with Minona's name Inez Roland makes the air resound,
As she o'er the half dead horseman leans and bathes each ghastly wound.
Just above yon distant fence, that is with twining ivy crown'd,
Where violets bloom, and roses blow, and spread their perfume round,
Minona's head is seen, with the babe Inez left upon the ground,
Which, crying at her feet, when she started from her prayer, she found.
The sultry day is declining, the breeze of the vale is still,
Slant looks the sun, on the earth slowly grows the shade of the hill,
Vast clouds on clouds of buzzing flies suddenly start into life,
Flutter in the rays of the sun o'er reeking scenes of the strife;
Seeking for their missing comrades o'er the waste of blood and woe,
Poor, weary, sad, and anxious men are wandering to and fro.
And thousands, too, are busy now with strong pickaxe, spade, and hoe,
Digging graves for those that in the arms of Death lie still and low,
Oh! who could limn the vast scene of devastation, death, and blood?
The reeking earth is dyed as though o'er it had passed a crimson flood.
Heads, trunks, limbs of slaughtered beasts and men grimly strew the
ground,
Rotting in the blistering sun, sending noxious vapors round;

Or, with broken cannon, wains, spears, and swords, with torn ensigns
crown'd,

They're piled o'er hill and vale in many a huge and horrid mound ;

Or, trodden in the miry earth, their mangled forms abound :—

Thus, with nought but foot, hand, or hair displayed, slaughtered men
are found.

Far more grim and ghastly 'tis to see the wounded than the slain,

To see them writhe in speechless agony and view their looks of pain,

Or hear their horrid groans of woe as on the earth they toss and roll,

Their deep shrieks and wails would chill with awe and dread a demon's
soul.

Though all the dead look grim and dread with their bodies bruised and
torn,

With their arms or legs by shell, by ball, or sabre rudely shorn,

Yet on each upturned face rests a smile of calm and still repose,

As, with eyes unclosed, they look to him who ceased their mortal throes.

Though they are stark and cold, and ghastly look on their bed of gore,

Though the hands we pressed and the voice we love we hear and feel
no more,

Though we find them when half gone in giving the vulture a feast,

Yet, while viewing the wreck, we feel grim pain has left it at least.

But to hear the groaning of the wounded, hear their wail forlorn,

And see them writhe and toss with their limbs and bodies crush'd and
torn,

To know there's no instant relief for them human heart can find,

Stupefies with horror grim the feelings of the human mind.

Yes, to see their pleading glances, imploring look to ours,

And hear their groans as 'neath pain their torn body writhes and cowers,

And each effort vain with which we strive to ease their ghastly pain,

Such sounds and scenes confound, stupefy with awe the human brain.

Yet far and near such sights appear, thick as sheaves on harvest plains,

And loudly flow the wails of woe from hills red with slaughter stains

And valleys deep whose fountains leap now o'er dead forms of men,

Till they all flow with crimson glow, and red wander down each glen.

There's a gentle murmur on the air, the sickening groans abate,

The wounded seem to forget awhile their grim and gory state ;
They look up with smiles of joy, for towards them o'er the bloody green,
Hastening to their aid and comfort, woman's graceful form is seen.
With sad, piteous look they come, gone are all womanly fears,
They haste forth to soothe the wounded, and to bathe the dead with tears ;
Like angels sent at Heaven's command to solace human woe,
They o'er the wounded lean, and all balm within their power bestow.
And 'mongst the numerous throng of female forms that crowd the scene
Minona and Inez move, with hasty steps and anxious mien ;
Like the rest their hands are busy soothing wounds of dying men,
Water up the hillsides bring from a deep and gory glen ;
Burning, aching temples laving, and slaking feverish thirst,
Staunching wounds whence wells the blood-like streams that from their
fountains burst,
Raising heads of feeble dying men from off their reeking lair,
And breathing prayers for them as their parting spirits wing through air.
Blessed be woman wherever found, be she mother, maid or wife,
She's the spirit of our soul, the Aurora of our life,
The sunlight of our joy, and the starlight for our gloom ;
An angel God sent to guide us from the cradle to the tomb.
She, she who when the Almighty Mind had unto being brought
The whole grand creation, and man after His own image wrought ;
When He had made earth, sun, moon and stars—yea, all the planets
bright,
And all His countless trains of angels, archangels and saints of light;
Yet His whole grand work imperfect was, saw the Almighty Mind,
And in Eden His crowning task of creation's birth designed.
All, all His noblest, grandest elements His plastic hand combined,
Formed a creature beyond all others angelic and refined.
To form her all-perfect soul, bewitching, spirit-speaking eyes,
He brought the radiance from the stars, and the pure bright azure of
the skies,
Her lovely features from the choicest flowers of heaven He wrought,
And to wreathle them o'er with smiles, beams from the laughing sun He
brought.

The snowy whiteness of her skin formed of choicest seraph's plumes,
Hair of the mist of heaven that round His secret dwelling looms ;
Then He formed and fashioned her—her limbs He grandly grooved and
 paired,
All the grace and harmony His thoughts conceived were in her laired ;
Then into her His spirit breathed, gave to her a deathless soul,
Throuh her being did the noblest feelings of the Godhead roll,
That through never ending time should her glorious race control ;
Then He pronounced creation done, perfected, complete and whole !
As when first across its face the first glad ray of light was seen,
All creation thrilled with joy when it beheld its lovely queen
Moving from the plastic hand Divine upon the glowing green,
Superb in form and limb, with majestic, all-transcendent mien.
And though womankind have fallen since on earth her race began,
Yet Nature's queen she's still, and the sunlight of the soul of man.
If she's fallen so have men, and all in creation's endless round—
More sinned against than sinning is lovely woman ever found.
Behind a shroud of crimson cloud the sun has long rolled from sight,
And fast, fast pour o'er hill and moor the damp, cooling shades of night,
Till like a huge and distant barn wrapt in folds of ruddy flame,
The red moon rises o'er the hills, looking down with eye of blame.
Like a mournful, tear-eyed widow moving to her loved one's tomb,
She rises o'er the hills, looking down upon this world of woe and gloom.
Oh, thou lone, cheerless, queen of night, sad companion of the earth,
Has e'er a race like mortal man on thy surface had its birth ?
A race like man, though by nature heir to innumerable woes,
Still daily seek new means to increase each other's ghastly throes ;
Yea, fondly nurse and cherish all the bitterest pangs and worst
With which God in time of anger the whole vast race has curst ;
A race that gladly on its kind fell war and devastation deal,
And aye creating woes and wounds they've no art to soothe nor heal.
Has e'er a race like mortal man o'er thy regions ruled and swayed ?
Has e'er a carnage pile like this been e'er upon thy bosom laid ?
Has e'er thy realm been trod like earth, thou sad, cheerless queen of
 night,

With a race so haughty and so bold, such indomitable might ?
Were e'er thy hosts like earth's, and were e'er such mighty armies thine ?
The even trench, the bristling mound, and the legion's ordered line,
Whose rears lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn wakes the spacious van,

And call the battle on, kindling it as flame before the fan ;
Or hast thou seen, in unfathomed space, since first thy course began,
'Mongst all the countless planets there such mysterious race as man ?
Man, who's magnificent in death and glorious in the tomb,
With a halo of immortality he sleeps within its gloom.
Godlike he riseth again and the robe of immortality wears,
And glorious e'en in the infirmity of his nature appears.
Oh, ever mournful orb that calmly gilds the murky throne of night,
O'er what vast, mysterious realms thou must pour thy rays of light !
O'er what vast, unfathomed vaults of space thy silvered beams must flow !
To what unnumbered worlds in creation's endless range they go !
O'er what worlds of evergreen, or worlds of everlasting snow !
O'er convulsions dread, flames volcanoes ceaseless from their craters
throw !

Over worlds all wrapt in storm, where never-ending tempests blow,
Where rattling thunders volley, where riving, blinding lightnings glow,
And wrap the vales and mountains there all in mist and sound and flame,
To which the wildest earth yet beheld were feeble, mute and tame !
Where ruins vast their terrors cast, all is marked with flame and blood ;
Where wreck and desolation grim terrific stalk o'er land and flood,
O'er burning worlds, where howling fiends and demons writhe with
endless woe,
O'er boundless worlds, which from their birth did only pain and anguish know ;

And all in space which thou canst trace, all to where thy beams can flow ;
Where all beyond thy reach doth darkest night and wildest chaos show !
Yet, yet o'er a sterner scene than this methinks thou ne'er looked on—
Yea, ne'er saw so fearful sight other planets of creation don
Since first from nothing at God's call, thou camest forth all pale anon,
And took thy place in endless space, and grieflike o'er creation shone.

Rise and throw off the crimson hue that shrouds thy disc this awful
night,

And o'er this fearful waste of wreck and woe shed thy intensest light ;
Guide me forth, that I may view the scene by horror made sublime ;
Find those who'll bring me to the sequel of my mournful rhyme.

Yes, guide me along, thou Queen of Night, o'er gory hill and swale,
Bring me to those whose untimely end shall close my doleful tale.

There is a murmur in the air, rising from yon bloody glen,
Where a dying chief lies surrounded by sorrow-stricken men.

Though wounded, sore, and bleeding, his visage all with smiles is drest,
And lies a blood-besprinkled lily upon his brawny breast.

His head, all gashed and gory, is pillowed on Minona's hand ;

Busily with the other his fevered brows are laved and fanned ;

While she o'er her loved idol leans, soothing every pain and care,

Though her heart is bleeding, thus her spirit moves in silent prayer :

“ Bow down Thine ear, O Lord ! O Lord ! and pitying hear Thou me,

For daily I've called, and still will call, O Lord of Hosts, on Thee !

Be gracious, Lord, to me—deal gently with me—gently with me, God !

For daily I will call, O Lord—will call on Thee and kiss Thy rod !

O Lord God most holy ! O Lord most mighty ! give ear unto my
prayer

Oh, high and most gracious Judge and Saviour, all my pleadings hear !

And I will thank Thee, Lord—will thank Thee, O my God ! for
evermore !

And I will praise Thy name, O Lord ! and only Thee, my God, adore !

If Thy will be pleased my earthly idol dies, O holy God !

Let our souls together go o'er that path by spirits trod ;

For deep in my heart he's fix'd as meteor-stone in earth is hurl'd,

When sent, with thunder force and lightning speed, from some far off
world.”

While thus mutely to her God she prays, her long, bright, wavy hair

Falls in glittering folds o'er her beaming face and forehead fair,

And gleam her bright eyes like diamonds glowing amidst golden sands

When the radiant sun is laughing over Oriental lands ;

And lovely as the crystal rill that flows out from twisted roots,

That stays, eddies, dimples in shade, ere forth to the light it shoots ;
Or beautiful as two sweet stars seen through clouds that o'er them glide,
When vainly strive the floating mists their pure loveliness to hide.
At this dark hour so fair is she, though woe her spirit gnaws,
And wastes her heart away like icicle that 'neath a noon sun thaws,
Though grief falls on her soul with that quick welcome that a flame
receives

When the fanning tempest wafts it to a grove of withered leaves.
Yea, though Peace and Hope have ta'en wing, with all their train of
varied joys,

Like a flock of fearful birds dispersed in haste by sudden noise,
Yet all calm and bright is she—soothes her dying hero's pain and care ;
Though her heart is bleeding, her soul at duty's call is steadfast there.
Come down, come down, immortal Faith, thou holy, heaven-born maid !
Let thy ethereal peace the regions of her soul pervade ;
Let thy sure trust and everlasting peace o'er all her doubts prevail ;
Let nought but thy pure blissful essence her gentle soul assail !
Come, thou Saviour of Mankind, thou sole-begotten Child of God,
Who for the weal of mortal men every path of sorrow trod,
Heal Thou her bleeding heart, all her 'soul's deep anguish soothe and
still ;

Make her resigned, O Saviour kind ! to the Almighty's will !
Now, like stars at midnight struggling through the roaring tempest's
gloom,

Through her agonies bright gleams of joy and hope her soul illumine ;
For, lo ! her hero riseth up, to his frame his strength returns ;
But, alas ! within his eyes a strange unearthly lustre burns !
Poor girl ! from her rising joy, she little thinks, she little dreams,
That in those loved sparkling eyes 'tis but dread coming death that
gleams,

And that mighty tide of strength that so sudden sweeps throughout his
frame

Is but a momentary force that soon grisly Death shall tame.
Yes, she little dreams the tide of strength that through him seems to roll
Is but a mighty struggle between the body and the soul—

The poor mortal warring hard to keep its spirit in control—
The immortal struggling to hasten forth to its eternal goal !
Hope on !—let hope and joy, fond maid, warm thee with their brightest
ray !

But, alas ! alas ! thy hope and joy too soon will die away !
Yea, die away as flowers round which the blasting lightnings shoot,
That fall, wither in their bloom, and never ripen into fruit.
Yes, gladness brightens her soul, like the beam of a cloudy day
When it falls on a flowery field just ere the whirlwinds bray ;
Or brightens as the green dewy tree, when the sun o'er its form
Pours his streamy beams ere he hides his face in the coming storm.
Be happy while you may ; your cup is full, and its bitter draught
To its very dregs shall soon by thee, alas ! sweet maid, be quaffed !
Though thou'rt fairer than the fairest flower that e'er bloomed on heath,
Yet thou shalt groan 'neath sorrow, as Atlas groaned the world beneath.
Yea, rejoice, sweet maid ! for, lo ! to make thy happiness complete,
Inez and the chaplain of the ranks draw near with hurrying feet ;—
With her infant on her arm, fair Inez hastes with eager tread :
One sole desire is hers—to see Moran and Minona wed !
Well, too well, she knows the vital spark that in the hero burns
Is waning fast, and hastes the soul from whence it never more returns
Till earth and seas give up their dead, at the angel's trumpet roll,
And man starts from out the grave to receive once more that guest, the
soul.

Side by side the wounded hero with his cherished idol stands,
And now the reverend man fast together joins their trembling hands ;
Now from his thin white lips, sublime and solemn on the midnight air,
Bursts the sacred rite that makes them one—the holy marriage prayer !
'Tis done ! They stand as one ; their vows are registered on high ;
And those God has bound together let no man dare to sunder try ;
For those that God has bound on earth shall be bound in heaven too—
None through all eternity but Him the bonds that bind them can undo.
“ Press me ! press me closer, wife !—by that dear name I call thee now,
Though my sands of life are fleeting and Death's damp steals o'er my
brow !

But, when I am passed away, search thee o'er this waste of carnage wild,
 And find thy father; he is here, alive, and seeking for his child !
 Start not, love, at what I say—he will thy kind protector be
 When thy Moran's voice is dumb alike to all the world and thee !
 But, oh ! I feel my strength decay—hard and shorter comes my breath !
 Pray for me, my own dear wife, when my voice is hushed in death !
 Yea, let thy prayer ascend for me like a fountain night and day :
 More is wrought by prayer than mortals dream of—pray !—for ever
 pray !

For angels hover round us, and all our prayers to heaven convey !"
 With that, his voice is still, and from his form his spirit bursts away
 To eternity—eternity—that sphere infinite, sublime,
 That drinks up, as ocean doth the rivers, all the years of time :
 A cycle ever wid'ning still, as to it the ages bow—
 A cycle infinite : its centre—an everlasting now !
 Had earthquakes yawned and the hills around from their foundations
 raised,

And the hoarded lightnings of all time in one blast before her blazed,
 It had not aroused Minona from that fixed and stony stare
 With which she gazes on her mute lifeless husband lying there.
 Vainly Fry Roland and his Inez speak—she hears not what they say ;
 Vainly, vainly do they strive to bear her from the corse away.
 Closer, closer round his lifeless form her snowy arms are pressed,
 Till in a swoon her head falls down where lies the lily on his breast.
 "Bring water !" Inez cries, as she gazes on the gaping crowd ;
 But no one stirs for water, although she shrieks it wild and loud ;
 For all seem fix'd in dumb surprise, or stony lethargy of grief,
 That now throng around Minona and her pulseless lord and chief.
 Forthwith, her infant on her arm and a pitcher in her hand,
 With her raven tresses by the night winds o'er her shoulders fanned,
 Swift through the crowd fair Inez darts down the corse-encumbered hill
 To where, o'er a tall rock clear as crystal, leaps a sparkling rill.
 Heardst thou that burst of thunder that shook the startled midnight air ?
 And sawest thou that flash of fire that shot o'er hill and dale its glare ?
 Hark !—there comes another and another hoarse infernal blare,

Till all the hill's aglow, as though artillery were blazing there !
Now on and on it sweeps to a grove of cedars and of pines,
Which far to right and far to left the summit of the hillside lines.
Tall leap the flames amidst the grove, and fast wrap it o'er and o'er,
Till broad sheets of crackling fire devouring through it pour.
But where is lovely Inez and the rosy infant that she bore ?
Ask of that blast that shook the air with a dread infernal roar—
Ask of the fragments of the bomb that their forms to atoms tore—
Ask the blazing air—ask of the shreds of clotted flesh and gore—
Ask of the groves that sink the all-devouring flames before,
As in wave-like motion they rise and fall as seas upon a shore—
Ask of earth, which ne'er till now a denser shroud of carnage wore !
Ah ! alas ! fair Inez and her rosy infant are no more !
While she on her errand sped to fetch the water from the spring,
So she might from the deathlike swoon her own loved Minona bring,
Half-way down the hill she stumbled o'er the fragment of a rock,
Which rolled along, and on a huge torpedo bounds with heavy shock,
Which burst, and as its fiery fragments scattered far and wide,
A fearful train of bombs ignited that thronged that hillock's side.
Thus she died, on Mercy's path—the only path she ever trod—
The sole one by which she ever hoped to safely reach her God.
As one wakened from a frightful dream, who all-bewildered stands,
Whose soul and body seem bound in Horror's adamantine bands,
While all o'er they quiver like the aspen to the unseen blast—
Thus, dumb and horror-stricken Roland gazes on the scene aghast.
Yes, poor wretch ! he sees and shudders, and casts one long glance
around
Upon the fiery horror, and hears their deep sullen sound.
His arms are bare, his wavy hair shakes upon the winds of night ;
The lurid glow illumines his face with a strange unearthly light.
Poor wretch ! he gazes there until reason flies his reeling brain :
A wild maniac, he seeks his idol there, but seeks in vain.
Unheeded by the throng, towards the flaming grove his footsteps march ;
Unnoticed, he staggers o'er a torrent's dizzy quaking arch.
Never since that night of horror was Roland seen of mortal men ;

'Tis thought flames consumed him as he roamed along the burning glen.
Some say they saw him standing hard by the grove of hissing flame
Just as a bomb exploded, and to their sight he no more came.
Poor lone man ! thy God, who on thee dealt thy agonizing pain,
Shall repay thee for the woes He dealt, and heal all thy wounds again :
He will gladly bring thee to the fount where healing waters flow—
Teach thy soul that joy is still the sweetest which is born of woe.
Who is he who o'er Minona leans with tall and brawny form—
Whose long heavy locks are waving on the night winds damp and warm ?—
Who smiles on her as he gently lifts her body from the earth,
As the sun beams o'er the lovely flower his rays have given birth ?
Closely to his breast he presses her, and calls her by her name,
Seems unconscious that her soul has just left its mortal frame ;
But when he sees she stirs not, and no murmur cometh from his child,
His voice grows hoarse and changed, and his look is haggard, strange
and wild.

Oh God ! it is a dreary sight as ever yet on earth was seen
To see that mournful, frantic parent o'er his lifeless daughter lean ;
To see him press those cold, white lips to his, from whence no answer
came—

To see him caress his lifeless child while he calls upon her name.
Soon his throe of agony is o'er, and he lays her down to rest,
Her head upon the lily that still clings unto her husband's breast,
And all beauteous e'en in death lies each cold and pulseless form,
As two fair, full-blossomed trees that are overturned by vernal storm.
Blame not that parent if now he gazes on the mournful scene
With visage that seems by yon pale moonlight for sorrow too serene ;
For so much sorrow has he seen, his poor heart has callous grown
To every ill grim Grief around our mortal lives has thrown ;
Though they sometimes wound, yet like the wounded air the rents soon
close,

As in the ether the flying shaft no trace behind it shows,
Or from the fell lightning flash no scars the silent skies reveal,
Or as parted waves retain no furrows from the ploughing keel ;

Yea, though he lingers here, no more with earthly cares his spirit grieves,
Its varied woes lie heaped round his soul as round rock are withered
leaves;

And long he'll sojourn here, as a forgotten atom of the light,
Some glittering world has lost upon its never-ceasing flight ;
As some lofty mountain's brow, on which eternal sunbeams glow,
While damp and black vapors drown in night the spacious vales below,
So undarkened by despair he thus augustly rears his head
At this dark hour, which general woe upon the throng has spread.
Sweet peace and heavenly hope, and humble joy untouched by dole,
Divinely beam on his manly face and his exalted soul ;
Innumerable sorrows have crowned him for the world of light
With lustre all his own, with incommunicable glory bright,
And afflictions gather round great souls as storms round mountains sweep,
Though dread and vast comes the thunder blast, forked lightnings flame
and leap ;

Unharm'd their lofty peaks they rear, and break all the storms that blow,
Serving to purify the air on the spacious plains below ;
Each dark, heavy load of sorrow seems like stone hung round the neck,
Which bears us on to the gurge that teems with ruin and with wreck ;
But they are often like the stones used by those who dive for pearl,
And who 'midst shipwrecks search for gold where strong roaring eddies
whirl,

Which enables them to reach their prize 'midst ocean's stormy flow,
And from out its floods far richer rise, dread ocean's treasures show.
A little grief distracts, confounds the soul, unnerves both heart and hand,
While at one of far greater bounds we do all collected stand
As a bell when slightly cracked redounds with harsh, grating sounds
surcharged,

But recovers all its clear, deep tones when the fissure is enlarged.
Up the east, Aurora, rosy-fingered, drives her golden car,
The moon wanes dim in heaven, fainter grows the twinkling of each star,
And like a god, all dressed in glory, the sun resplendent glows,
And full on mountain field and valley his cheering lustre flows ;
But o'er the hills and valleys is heard no sound of war to-day,

No noise of drums, nor stormy fife nor shrill trumpet's stirring bray ;
To-day no frantic columns rush, hastened by their leaders' call,
On the heads of men to-day no broadswords, flashing, rise and fall ;
The gory sword rests in the sheath, the dread cannon's mouth is dumb,
In stacks the muskets rest, and flies round their bloody bayonets hum ;
Steeds ungeared o'er pastures roam or crop at ease the welcomed hay—
O'er all the hills and valleys no sound of war is heard to-day.
But each and all the living are busy with the ghastly dead ;
Many a much-loved comrade is placed within his narrow bed,
And as earth and pebbles rattle down on each unconscious head
Many a sigh is heaved and many a scalding tear is shed.
'Tis a sight most solemn to see them round the tomb of loved ones kneel,
And gaze upon the mournful faces that scarce half their griefs reveal,
As they raise them up to heaven, eyes with sorrow red and dim,
And for their cherished dead ones pray, then sing the funeral hymn.
Along the glen two biers are borne by men with bodies bent with woe,
And moves at their head Ralph Argentine, with measured tread and slow ;
To the far-off Hudson he'll carry them, unto their favorite town,
And their tombs will be, as in life they wished, on that high breezy down.
See how bright and beautiful Minona looks upon her bier,
Her long tresses falling o'er her brow, her neck and bosom fair,
Sleeping like a glorious maid whose heart was ne'er by sorrow torn,
Just waiting for the dawn to break, waiting for her marriage morn ;
And see how calm and stately on his bier her silent chief appears—
See the glorious smile of triumph his noble visage wears ;
How grand and comely he resteth like a Spartan on his shield,
Waiting for Aurora's beams to burst upon the battle-field.
Oh, how grand and beautiful is Death when o'er the dead he throws
That radiant smile of fixed and calm and glorious repose !
That tells us, as we gaze on the features of the cherished dead,
That all their woes are ended and all their grief forever fled.

Years have swept by, and their graves are seen on that high breezy down,
Nigh to the busy din and hum of their own favorite town ;
And early in the morn and late at eve beside their tombs is seen

A man with hoary, wavy locks and of tall and comely mien ;
He plants the flowers, and o'er their tombs he's reared the willow's shade,
And daily, morn and eve, for them above their graves his prayers are
made.

Let winter come and icy tempests sweep, and earth with snows be crowned,
Yet still morn and eve beside those graves that hoary man is found.
Perhaps at times he weeps, but no trace of grief his visage shows ;
Perhaps he longs for rest like theirs, for as deep and still repose,
Till soul and body, like peevish man and wife, united jar ;
Yet they're ever, ever loath to part, whate'er their troubles are.
But thou, sweet maid, who sleep'st in the grave from human eye concealed,
To whom all the awful mysteries of Death are now revealed,
Come, come if thou canst to him who sings of thee and mourns thy fate,
And guide his steps, daily towards his God his spirit elevate ;
Teach me by day or night, through woe or weal, whatever land be trod,
To ever keep like thee that fixed, abiding faith and trust in God ;
Whatever rolling wastes of desert lands torment my aching eye,
And howling o'er those burning wastes roaring simoom blasts sweep by ;
And woe at length with fullest strength pours forth all its wrath on me,
Still let my mind, to fate resigned, place all trust in God like thee.
In smiling peace and calm let my soul with faith in Him be stored,
As when the nights of storms close in, awful tempests are abroad ;
The air that makes the furnace roar, o'er flowery vales has blown,
The air that soothed a fevered brow, has to storms terrific grown ;
Flowers that sweetest perfume gave, around have deadly poisons thrown,
Mankind live by every breath of God, and not by bread alone.
Bright as the star of diamond ray, outshining all within the pole,
And firm as the everlasting hills, be the faith that fills my soul ;
Not like the gourd that in a night arose and threw its shade around,
And ere the noon-sun's beams appeared lay dead and withered on the
ground.

A thousand weeds grow, decay and rot, and from the soil are cleared
Long before one sturdy, healthful tree is unto fruitage reared ;
The oak a hundred years have reared shall long ages crown the land,
And defy all roaring hurricanes, however rough 'tis fanned.

So lasting and so strong be the faith that shall illume my soul
 As the rock of adamant which no waves can move that round it roll ;
 If calm and peaceful days make my love for God less true and warm,
 Then let me live in strife and toil, dwell forever in the storm ;
 Yea, though I live 'midst polar snows, where terrific icebergs roar,
 And driving, riving tempests fan their lofty summits grim and hoar,
 Or 'midst burning, arid wastes, where never-ending simooms pour,
 Wrung by sorrow, pain, disease, and by fell famine dread and sore ;
 Or in Eden lands, where bliss and weal throng all my path before,
 Where crystal streams with zephyrs glide and flowers deck their mar-
 gins o'er;

Where all is rapture, health and weal, and such shall be forever more :
 Still let my faith in God be fixed, only Him my soul adore !
 Through weal or woe, where'er I go, may I all for Him ignore—
 Being above all beings, whom none can comprehend and none explore ;
 Who from their ancient thrones, grim primeval Night and Chaos tore,
 And in their place 'midst endless space, bright unnumber'd worlds upbore;
 Placed blazing stars on glowing cars where all was gloomy void of yore,
 Till all the face of utter space shone like a diamond-sprinkled floor ;
 Till everywhere marks of the plastic hand of the Creator wore ;
 Till all unbounded space he ruled, swayed, controlled from crust to core ;
 Heaved up the everlasting hills, gave to every sea its shore,
 With monsters grim that through them swim, which do the might of
 God avour !

Him only let me fear and love, my spirit know no other lore,
 Till its dull sphere of action here this lone spirit shall abjure,
 And leave behind to earth consigned its mortal form of flesh and gore ;
 And when 'tis flown to realms unknown may it still take that love along,
 Yea, may the Lord be still adored, to Him flow all its praise and song ;
 Where'er its course still may that force with faith forever pure and strong,
 Fill all my soul complete and whole as in the seas the waters throng

And Minona, I have always fancied, just the same as thee,
 That spirits are ever near us, although them we cannot see,
 And they see all we do—oft methinks I've heard them sighing low,
 Just as I have turned from good to ill, yes, turned from weal to woe.

Man knows the skies are as full of stars in day-time as at night,
Although they are not often seen by his eyes' weak, mortal sight ;
So with spirits—we see them not while we breathe this vital breath,
Though face to face we'll meet apace when comes our night of death.
When our souls tread that mysterious realm where spirits dwell,
And unto foul corruption leave the forms they loved on earth so well—
Yea, leave to foul corruption, which is at once the womb and tomb
Of every thing which ever yet did our God to Nature doom ;
Through it these frail forms of thew and bone shall unto dust return,
And o'er Nature's broad highway their atoms breaths of winds shall
spurn ;

And unto grass and plant and flower rich nourishment shall give,
On which other mortals like ourselves shall flourish, thrive, and live—
May it be the lot of every soul that ever sojourned here
In mortal flesh to meet all those they loved in some grander sphere
Beyond the reign of woe and pain, grim Corruption, Death and Time,
In bliss and joy without alloy, amidst harmony sublime ;
Where never sound of discord fell since first eternity began,
And never such shall sound throughout all that region's boundless span.
When from this vale of care and bale my lone spirit forth shall go,
Dead with the body may it rest, unless it shall find it so.



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